







Memorial Sketches

WRITTEN OF MANY FRIENDS

—BY—

GEORGE NEEDHAM DALE.

(G. N. D.)

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PREFATORY.

MY father sought the essential quality back of the form, and dwelt upon it with admiration. Because of his seeking, he found it among all classes, and, therefore, he expressed an almost universal friendliness toward his fellowmen. Reading this volume, one must perceive this, and realize that he was greatly blessed to gain such friends. It was a rare element in his nature by which he recognized the best qualities in men and women, and appreciated children; and by which they were drawn within his friendship. Such friendships are eternal. They were this side the grave; and they are beyond it.

"All is this side the grave or beyond.
There is nothing in it."

His sketches teach a faith—without assumption or speculation—a reasonable and logical conviction. A friend dies,

"But he goes not into darkness.
He travels with the ever circling light
and leaves us in shadows."

He knew this book would be published, and read the proof sheets to the ninety-sixth page, the concluding sentence of which is a check on the otherwise incessant regret that the work had not been earlier completed.

The collection of these sketches was commenced in the hope that he would take a cheerful interest in their publication, and that others would welcome them, both for sake of him and in memory of their friends whom he appreciated; it became a memorial to him, builded of the words he wrote of many friends, and is concluded in the hope that all who read may feel his reasoning force, and find it less terrible

“To lift the veil that hides from us the eternal world,
and look and go beyond.”

PORTER H. DALE.



Geo. V. Hale

We are following the dear old
associates of swift and ardent lives
into a more genial clime. Hope
teaches us this is so, and we listen
to her anxiously and approvingly,
because it is she who has made life
so grand and death so consistent.

G. H. D.

AN ALLEGORY.*

IN olden times when gods and demi-gods were said to rule the world a fond mother bitterly complained to Jupiter because death had cruelly and causelessly invaded her sacred association and taken her most cherished idol, a little girl of supernal beauty and loveliness, while others, rude and indifferent, were suffered to remain alive.

Jupiter replied that it was not intended that the child should live long, else she could not have done her little errand on which she was sent to earth; that she was simply sent to inspire finer, tenderer and purer sentiments in others, and that could only be accomplished by the purity of childhood. Besides she had become just what she was intended to be, a sad, sweet memory, seasoning all the emotions of a mother's heart and filling all her life.

Still supplicating, the applicant begged to be relieved of the load of bitter memories which it seemed to her she could not endure.

"Be it so" replied the deity; and all the memories of the bright beautiful little being vanished. With momentary gladness the mother turned, but only to face a vast void. She stood an instant but saw no ray of light and felt no atmosphere of love, or hope, or agony. Then in the midst of barren, pulseless and emotionless nothingness, and with a long, lonesome sigh, she fell in a swoon at the feet of deity. When consciousness and reason came again, she begged to be restored to all the living memories she had lost in order that she might, walking amid her sorrows, see the figure of her hope pressing a little cheek against a window pane in one of the many mansions so grandly reflected in sacred song and story. The cruel decree was reversed.

** Lines suggested by the death of Helen Genevieve, daughter of Mr. Wm. H. and Mrs. Jennie Merrill Shurtleff, of Lancaster, N. H.*

GEN. GEORGE P. FOSTER.

WHEN an eminent statesman falls, the commonwealth shudders. When a brave soldier wins renown, and escapes all the perils of war, and his fall is unbroken by the excitement of battle, an inexpressible sadness settles upon his comrades. When a fit representative of the family, society, the civil service of the country, the grand army men, and that heroic period through which we have just passed, goes to his long home, the news of his death travels far and wide and pierces the hearts of us all.

And now, long, very long, and deep, are the shadows which fall across the land, for General George P. Foster is dead. His death brings more of personal sorrow than usually comes to us, because he was the representative of so many interesting phases of life. It comes with startling effect, because it follows so suddenly his strong and healthy appearance among us,

and because his attachments to life ran in so many directions. A kind husband, a generous, careful father, a genial, pleasant companion, a firm, faithful friend, a good citizen and a brave soldier, an important actor in an intensely interesting period; all these, and more than these, were fitly represented in him. His connection with all that was interesting in life was intimate and extensive. His social relations were joyous and happy. His official life was harmonious and without reproach or suspicion. No situation can hardly be conceived in which death, in the midst of a desirable life would seem to be more unwelcome, and yet, with the fortitude which bore him through the perils of war, he was able to submit with resignation. His indeed was a fortunate career. When we look at his successful achievements in the army, and especially at that scene in his own native State, and see the kindness of that swift winged fortune which bore him through crowds of Fenians amid swiftly marshalled circumstances sent by a kind, quick chance to contribute to the accomplishment of that act which quickly solved the ugly problem on which the government was laboring, and brought to its actor a bright fame, adorned with active, dashing courage, romance and mystery, we are lost in wonder. And when we look back to the time when Vermont called for fitting representatives of her Allens and her Warners, and find his name high up in the roll of those who so completely responded to that call, and who so effectually reproduced

and secured the continuance of Vermont's ancient military renown, our hearts are more than ever filled with gratitude and thanksgiving at the result, and with the deepest sadness at this irreparable loss.

While the Grand Army in silent sadness closes its broken ranks and his companions and friends mourn his sudden taking off, the rich consolation still remains that we never have and never shall be called upon to bid farewell to his good reputation, which shall ever live, or to his military fame, which shall ever last, while the institutions he fought to sustain shall endure.

ELIAS LYMAN.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Chester, Mass., May 25, 1804. At the age of 12 years he came with his father to live in Columbia, N. H. When 24 years of age he married Clarissa C. Smith, who, after a happy and contented life, went just before him into the great hereafter. Directly they were married they went to Dixville, P. Q., where with characteristic energy they constructed a rude log cabin and commenced clearing for a farm; but the forests were unyielding, circumstances and seasons unfavorable, the soil rigid on account of being uncultivated, and the young couple were away from all the accustomed associations of their lives. At length after four or five years, their strong determination to build a home in those wild woods, yielded, and they turned their faces toward their old associates and into the productive Connecticut valley, to which they had become attached, and the softer or more willing soil of which yielded less reluctantly the comforts of a home and

gave richer promise of prosperity. From the time young Lyman returned from Dixville until 1847 he resided at Columbia, struggling with limited means and a rapidly increasing family. He then moved to Lemington and purchased a farm on which he resided as long as he lived. Thus located, by strict economy, honest industry and fair dealing, in a short time he surrounded himself with all the comforts of a New England home, and soon saw numerous and enterprising sons go out into the world in every direction, who, never forgetting him, now one, and again another returned to live with him on the farm. And while one daughter located very near him and within call, another, with the truest filial devotion, remained in his home and never deserted the old man while he lived.

He had now become a fortunate man, simply because he had come to comfortable circumstances. He looked upon the cheerful prospects resulting from so many years of waiting and toil, with grateful satisfaction and happiness. He looked upon his comfortable farm, and little, but well cared for stock, and upon his many sons as they came and went, with just pride; and it all gave immense satisfaction to his social nature. He saw with pleasure the friendly faces of his townsmen, who constantly kept him in office, where he carefully and honestly looked after their interests. In 1869-70 he was Associate Judge of Essex County Court and saw therein a widening circle of pleasant acquaintances ripening into lasting friendship in every part of the county, for

his genial presence was always welcome. He saw, with ardent devotion to country, the name of the old Whig party fade and go out, but he hailed with joy the new Republican party with which he always acted, with no blind devotion to party, but with an intelligent appreciation of its uses to the country, as he conceived. He had reached a point in his humble life at which he saw with satisfaction a country in which he felt safe to leave the lives and fortunes of his numerous family. He saw the accomplishments of a reasonable and humble ambition. He saw all these things with the delight peculiar to age, and then he saw—NOTHING. A sad accident had occurred and all through the twilight he saw nothing. The next day dawned to others, but not to him. Once only during its long hours as the sun shone bright on the face of the old clock it mockingly threw the familiar objects of his home into his soul, but only an instant, for they vanished as quickly as they came, and he went out from the bright light into total darkness and remained entirely blind until his death.

During the short remainder of his life, although compelled to grope his way along where he could almost touch the familiar objects and acquaintances of his life without being permitted to view them, he never lost his cheerful and good old-fashioned social humor. He delighted to greet his old friends and loved to live in the past which yielded to him a warmer atmosphere than most men enjoy.

His death occurred as fortunately to him as one could wish, for it was unexpected, sudden, almost instantaneous.

The death of Judge Lyman brings not only his numerous family but nearly all the dwellers in the valley and in our county very near to the shadow of that great valley through which he passed so suddenly. Even kindly nature, which for some wise purpose had cast deep, long shadows upon him for four years, with a gentle hand quickly relieved him at last, and we all feel that the last representatives of that old school of men who represent the pioneers of this country are fast passing away, and taking with them much of that romance, hearty sociability, strict probity, and deep indignation at petty and low lived characteristics, which were so peculiar to the early settlers of this country and made them so worthy of imitation in many things by their children, who, let us hope, will be equally fortunate in honest lives and happy deaths.

PORTER HINMAN.

A moment's reflection upon the life and death of a man so extensively connected with the business and social interests of a community as was Mr. Hinman, cannot be unprofitable. Being a descendant of the early settlers of Derby, (a son of the very first settler,) and consequently connected with a large, but now somewhat scattered family, gives the subject more or less of general interest.

He was born in Derby, January 26, 1812, and married Mary P. Wilder, August 19, 1836. The circumstances of his father's family at the time of his birth were somewhat peculiar. His father was one of those who left their bloody footprints in the snows of Valley Forge, and who in his lifetime had been of stern and regular habits, and was a man of sterling worth, uncompromising probity and dignity of character. He occupied positions of trust. Among others, that of trial judge in



Porter Hinman

the County Courts. But at the time of the birth of the subject of this sketch, solely through misfortune, occasioned by the perfidy of a trusted agent, and a stern refusal to take advantage of circumstances, and by any questionable means shift the responsibility of his obligations, he was a victim to that cruel law which permitted imprisonment for debt. Under these circumstances, the dawn of Porter's life was upon misfortune and absolute want. After struggling along with his father and mother until their death, he began business in a small way, living in Derby for a time, then at Beebe Plain, where his sister, Mrs. Horace Stewart, lived; from there he moved back to Derby, and soon after to Charleston, where he actively engaged in the mercantile business and farming. He resided in Charleston, with the exception of a short time during which he was engaged in business at Morgan, until he moved to Island Pond about the year 1866, where he immediately entered into business, taking the liveliest interest in all the little village enterprises and industries connected with our community.

Looking along the line of his work, the eye is constantly passing from one to another of the enterprises back to the old town of Derby, and scarcely one is to be found with which he has not in some way been connected. And seldom is a man met on the route who has not known him intimately or had business relations with him. His last enterprise was the completion of the Stewart House in our village. He never owned a place

that he did not improve and give it an air of comfort, exercising the best judgment and the strictest economy in respect to it. His busy life bringing him in contact with so many, it would be singular if he escaped criticism from some. But under the circumstances he was peculiarly fortunate, escaping more differences and controversies than most any other man would in so busily traveling the same road.

He was always accommodating. No man ever came to him in financial embarrassment, to whom he did not lend a willing ear, and no man in the community was ever applied to more frequently in such cases. Imbibing strong puritanical and somewhat old-fashioned notions, he often ran counter to the more modern style of thought and life. His education being limited, and his nature retiring and undemonstrative, his motives were often misapprehended. This made life at times hard. He never sought public promotion, and because of his diffidence and distrust in his abilities to perform the duties of office, always shrank from them. When elected by the people of this county to the office of Assistant Judge of the County Court, he hesitated about attending Court at all. His success lay in his strong common sense, and in the possession of a memory seldom equalled.

His loss was not anticipated, but is now felt. Scarcely, if ever, have the active business men of our community been so moved by death as now. He died—as most men would like to die—in the harness. Nature

was very kind to him. In mercy she instantly severed his connection with the world. Trained in the school of adversity, educated by a father's fortunate example, taught by a mother of remarkable piety, and associated with a wife of untiring devotion to his interests, and constant supplications for his spiritual welfare, he was brought from darkness to light, and about three years since made a public profession of religion, thus leaving to his companion the richest inheritance she could possibly possess on earth—the assurance that it is well with him.

We have endeavored to speak of him as he was. Whether we have or not, as he lies peacefully asleep in his dear old native town, it will be entirely immaterial to him. In any event, we cannot err in saying that we can learn from his life lessons of untiring industry, tender heartedness, warm friendship, and the kindly care and sympathy of a husband, father and true friend.

RUSSELL LYMAN.

 OUR community was startled by the intelligence that a fearful accident had occurred to Russell Lyman at the Butters' mill. While he was winding some spun yarn on to a shaft, which was making over 300 revolutions per minute, his hand was wound in, and he was thrown over the shaft. While being whirled round, he caught a post, and held on for life. His shouting attracted the attention of a workman, and the mill was stopped, but not until his arm was completely wound round the shaft, to his body, forming an arbor, in which the shaft played until it burned to the bone. When help arrived, he directed about extricating the arm with as much coolness as he would about any piece of work, and when released, he walked out over the difficult passages of the mill, declining all help, and going to his work bench, laid his arm upon it and calculated about the chances of saving it. He then walked to the house, a surgeon was sent for, and

his arm was amputated. He survived the operation less than forty-eight hours, and was fifty years old when he died.

A rarer exhibition of courage and presence of mind is seldom seen than that shown by Mr. Lyman. He was a true friend and disdained falsehood. He had just spent two or three years in leading his aged father, from whom the light of day was shut out, while he was taking life's last steps.

He came among us, an artisan of more than common skill, a fine musician, a genial companion and an honest man. He busily engaged in the details of his trade, and during his stay he provoked no censure, no criticisms and no resentments. He made many warm friends. With a characteristic enterprise he was working and fighting the battles of life amid some misfortunes, but with a courage equal to them all. He was away from home, but among the warmest friends, whose expectation of his life was undoubted, and who little dreamed that they would look out on the morning of the 18th and find their surroundings so solemnly quiet. Seldom have the middle aged men of our village been brought to such suddenly sad reflections, as by this event, and when he, who had been a close friend, perhaps the most intimate, took the hand of the dying man, it was plainly visible on that friend's face that he was being led very near the shades of the eternal world.

When death comes to us in our homes, there are

many compensations for suffering. When men die in battle, the enthusiasm of the cause, and the surrounding circumstances, mitigate its woes. But when torn and crushed by cruel machinery, swung in the air, and thrown violently down, it seems to be all cruel, with no mitigations. And as we look to his warm and genial intercourse of a week ago, and then at his mangled form as it lies so still, among strangers, it is unutterably sad, relieved only by that token of respect very feelingly exhibited by his employer. In all events Providence has concealed deep lessons. In wandering amid the mysteries of this one, let us seek to learn what it teaches.

EUNICIA L. HUDSON.

THE subject of this notice was the daughter of Russell Hosford and the wife of S. S. Hudson. She was born in East Haven in 1835, was a member of the Baptist church, had always lived an exemplary life, and in some respects was a remarkable woman.

She went with her husband into the forest and they began to clear up a farm and build a home, which by patient industry they had accomplished at the time of her death. Her sympathy with suffering, and her sacrifices for the sick and afflicted, were unlimited. Her mother being feeble, she took her husband to her home and remained until the object of her care had gone beyond the line, over which human aid or sympathy never will go. She willingly, though sadly, submitted to the absence of her husband, who was in the army for three years; and when her brother, from whom she had parted in equal grief, was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness,

she could not endure the idea of sitting idly down at home, with her husband at far off Petersburg, and her brother dying at Baltimore, where she found him unable to move, as soon as flying trains could reach there. She remained with him days and weeks, and until he was brought to Burlington and placed under that kind and careful treatment so characteristically exercised by Vermont toward her stricken defenders.

Last fall Mrs. Hudson was in feeble health, but had recovered and was in apparently good health until Saturday evening, when she was attacked with a sudden distress about the heart. Everything that kindness and presence of mind could do for her, was done promptly, but the nearest neighbor was alarmed in time only to see her breathe her last. It was indeed a sad "Cotter's Saturday night." And when that still, cold Sabbath morning dawned, and her companion would fain have gone with her to those sacred exercises to which she was so devoted, she was so silent, that he was oppressed almost to the point of murmuring against that stern inevitable, which would have little heeded him if he had. And why should it? Reason teaches that death is an essential element in the nature of man, and one step in the accomplishment of his hopeful destiny. Her extraordinary devotion to her friends while she lived, and her complete preparation for her departure, ought to have earned a resignation to her going early to those great rewards which are so surely in store for her.

This is said not unfeelingly, nor without great sympathy, but in obedience to that reason which also instructs us that resignation to Him, Who is kinder to her than earthly friends, is their great duty. We can only commend the lonely to Him Who will never lose sight of the wise purposes to be accomplished by this event.

HORACE STEWART.

HORACE Stewart was born in Derby, September 25, 1804, and died at Beebe Plain May 25, 1883. He was a son of Major Rufus Stewart who came to Derby in the beginning of the town. About 1836 he went to Beebe Plain and commenced business. February 2, 1830, he married Miss Catherine Hinman, a woman of remarkable benevolence and possessing the fine qualities of a wife and mother, with whom he toiled and worked amid difficulties and sorrows, including the loss of three out of four children, their only surviving child being Mrs. Martha Haskell of Derby Line.

Mr. Stewart was a remarkable business man. He was a man of commanding figure and very gentlemanly deportment. In appearance he was a fine type of the old school gentleman. Beginning at Beebe Plain, by his tact, energy, and industry he soon outstripped all competitors, and stood foremost among the business men of

the vicinity. He was methodical, painstaking, and always had a care to his business in general and in detail. He did business to the best advantage financially and rapidly grew rich. He had probably more extensive and varied relations to, and connections with, men than any other man in this vicinity. It is not a little remarkable that with his extensive business, reaching from the Connecticut river far into Canada, and involving all kinds of men, he had next to no litigation, and what he did have, usually grew out of the relations and difficulties between others.

When a child dies it is as if a little, growing twig had been plucked up by the rude hand of a passing man; when some men die it is like the dropping of a branchless tree, disturbing little; but when a man like Horace Stewart goes, it is as when a large, live tree, with its branches extending far and wide among others, and its roots reticulating from the center to the circumference of a great circle, falls, and its fall affects others, even to the extent of tearing them up or breaking them down. It was considerations somewhat analagous to these that moved so many on the day of the funeral to express such sincere regrets that this remarkable business man had fallen. Business men, fast friends, the community in which he lived, and enterprise in general, all will greatly miss him.

ALEC CABANA.*

JOHN FOWLER.*

THE going of any one of our friends or acquaintances into the vast unseen is an event which creates in us sensations akin to none produced by any other cause, even if the departed went gradually out of sight, and his going was not expected. But to what tension is every faculty of mind or body strung when more than one type of health and strength is hurled in an instant to the end of that journey "whence no traveller returns." When two honest, industrious men, in the prime of life, surrounded each by a pleasant family circle to which he was coming from a day's honest toil with joyful anticipations of happiness and rest, and when nothing exists in the lives of either to justify a particle of enmity in the minds of anyone, is it any wonder that men are struck dumb and speechless at the tidings of their cruel taking off? Is it a thing incredible that men wept who for many years had not shed a tear?

Never before did so long, deep shadows fall upon our village, never before was there such a lull in business or pleasure, or did such lonesome stillness pervade our community, as on the days which succeeded that terrible night of darkness in which Alec Cabana and John Fowler met their fearful deaths. None seemed to have any consolation to give to others, or to the poor stricken families. The sudden crash that made widows and orphans in an instant, so paralyzed all that it seemed impossible to recover. People begin to say what all knew before, "they were honest," and then reflect that that fact makes the loss to the community all the greater; that "they were industrious," and that again makes the loss to wives, children and friends still greater. Words of sympathy are powerless to assuage the grief of a home circle bereft, but the sorrow felt by everyone, bringing hundreds from a distance to pay a last tribute to the memory of the dead, will, in these sad cases, be some slight gratification, we know, to the mourning. We can pay no tribute of respect to the departed that is not already in the minds of all who knew them. We can offer no consolation to the heart-stricken families except an assurance of the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of the whole community, and to commend them to the will of a Providence "Who doeth all things well."

**Killed in the railroad accident at Stratford Hollow, May 31st, 1883.*

JONAS CARRUTH.

THE longer a man lives and the more intimately we are associated with him, the greater is the shock and the keener our regrets at his death. This is the situation of this community on being startled with the intelligence from Burlington that "Jonas Carruth is dead." His life and character were such as to make a momentary reflection upon them profitable.

He spent his early life on a farm in Concord, and afterwards engaged in mercantile pursuits in Hardwick and East Charleston, at which latter place his strict integrity, ripe and candid judgment, his remarkable ability as an accurate accountant and his tasty penmanship, attracted attention, and he was invited to a position in the Custom House at Island Pond, which he occupied for several years, and then was called to service in the revenue department at Washington, where he remained until some ten years since, when he was called to the

chief office of customs in this district, at Burlington. It has been his lot to be called to those positions in which there was the most labor to be done, and the most difficulties and intricacies to be overcome. He mastered them all with a fertile brain and facile pen, until he encountered the inevitable. His positions exposed him to all kinds of temptation and to available opportunities, for an unscrupulous man, to obtain wealth, but he never yielded to the former nor acquired the latter. Modest, unassuming, of the finest literary taste, and possessing a logical mind, he was yet content to live comparatively unknown, earn what he had, and to enjoy the pleasures of domestic life, in which he was peculiarly fortunate, possessing an amiable and accomplished wife and two interesting daughters. His friendship was firm and lasting as his indomitable will. His sincerity secured him, as much as possible to human nature, against deviation from fidelity to his friends, or truth. His courage was unbending, and his sympathies as tender as a woman's. He never recovered from the keenest grief at the loss, many years ago, of his little boy, of whom he could never speak but with tremulous tones.

And now that he has gone, his associates in office, in business, and in the communities in which he has lived, with unusual unanimity join in saying, he lived "to give the world assurance of a man."

PATRICK FOLEY.

THE solemn tones of the tolling bell have died away, and as we write, the funeral train is passing. Moving slowly and sadly along we see the banner of the Friendly Sons,—that beautiful type of the memories of that unfortunate and romantic country, whose sons and daughters are semi-exiles, and who have fought successfully every battle but their own,—but more proximately the type of that fraternal feeling which cements in one common bond that little band who are bearing Patsey Foley to his long resting place.

Death in any form is filled with a deep mysterious gloom by reason, perhaps of the uncertainty beyond; and it seems to the living terrible (it is hard to see why it should) to lift the veil that hides us from the eternal world, and look and go beyond. But when it comes in the form this did, and to one so energetic, so full of life, so accommodating and kind, the shadows fall very long

and dark. But if his acquaintances feel his death keenly, how must that mother feel who saw her son go out from his home buoyant and hopeful, and then in one short hour see his lifeless form brought back crushed between two cruel, relentless cars! Tears for the boy who has gone to his long home are unavailing. But it is the hour of sympathy for the living, and the hour of deep and serious reflection for the men and boys all along the line.

WILLIAM H. BURNS.

THERE are periods in each life when mortality seems greater than at other times. This probably grows out of the fact that one loses a greater number of personal friends in quick succession during those periods. At this time it seems to me that individual friends are hurrying after each other into the unknown faster and more unexpectedly than ever before in my experience. Among them I am startled to learn of the death of Hon. William H. Burns of Lancaster, N. H. The more brilliant and cheery the light, the quicker it is apt to go out, and the greater the darkness and the still gloom which succeeds its extinguishment.

Mr. Burns, in every essential and desirable quality that goes to make up the man socially and mentally, was the peer of any man who ever lived in Coos county. Socially delicate, modest and refined, he was polite and courteous to all, without regard to position. This does

not imply that he was tame, by any means, for his life was full of zest. His sarcasm was keen in debate, but always of that pure quality which placed it beyond coarseness, vulgarity or criticism.

As a lawyer, he had not to depend on one quality alone. He was not deficient in any. He combined a thorough knowledge of the law in all its details, with a brilliant and logical advocacy. Many years ago he was injured in a collision of trains on a railroad, and was crippled for life. But he was very, very graceful even in his disfigurement. For a few years he had retired from the bar, but not to gloom, despondency or churlishness; but patient and cheerful, with his wonted courtesy, he accepted the inevitable, and lived as he might, with nothing to look forward to, but to live in the past upon a short but brilliant career, cheered by the care of one whose devotion to and love for him, is truly admirable.

As one after another the lights are extinguished the world gradually grows dim, but when the light of such a life as his goes out, a quicker and deeper darkness suddenly falls upon our eyelids. But he has gone, and we are glad that he lived, for we can fondly cherish the pleasant memories of his life, and his death seeming to hasten the transition of our associations, and to center them in the great house of mysteries, will make us the more reconciled to go to them.

HARRIETTE GONYA.

MRS. Harriette Gonya was born in Quebec in the year 1812, married there to Jean Baptiste Gonya September 5, 1832, and was buried at Island Pond, after a long residence here, on September 5, 1885, the fifty-third anniversary of her wedding.

The excellent and womanly qualities exhibited in the unpretending and modest character of the deceased incline us to a moment's recognition due to them. In the presence of death we are inclined to feel and act honestly. Many times we show respect for the departed in obedience to conventional rules of society, at other times from feelings of personal friendship, and again we do homage to the dead out of pure and just respect for the character of the deceased. The subject of this sketch went from the walks of humble life respected by such considerations and many more. Her natural kindness of heart and deep sympathy with the sick and

afflicted led her many times to beds of sickness when the care and wants of a large family rendered her going almost too great a sacrifice to be entirely consistent. In the midst of these cares and helpful offices, her steps were suddenly arrested and her cheerful voice is silent. The procession has passed and the last rites are over ; passed with no pomp or show, and no vaunting of her virtues, but deep in the hearts of many are pleasant recollections of her cheerful manners in life, her generous and womanly exertions for neighborly peace and welfare, and her charity for all. Standing aloof from impertinent meddling with the affairs of others, her quick ear caught any call for help, to which she always responded, regardless of personal consequences. Many today stand by her grave, who owe their own, and in some cases their children's lives, to her care, with hearts filled with tender grief. In tears of gratitude, to her quiet resting place come the living with unmistakable tokens of the purest, truest, and most sincere regret at her departure, and the warmest appreciation of her generous life. To be so truly and pleasantly remembered is a fortune denied to queens. It ought to reconcile the living to her death, for under its seal these memories are secured forever.

LILIAN MARIAN BUCK.

TENDER and delicate the dying girl lay on her couch. The terrible struggle in the hearts of those who surrounded her, against the decree that had silently gone forth, moved her not. She was all unconscious of her surroundings as she lay there in the sweet innocence of childhood. It was the morning and the evening of her brief day. Quietly she seemed moving away. The cords of life were not being rudely snapped. They were softly disengaged by the kindly offices of nature. The form was so still and the air so subdued and silent that all seemed to be listening. At last a message comes from the unseen world, sweet as the song of angels: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." It was a beautiful picture of death. Let us accept the heavenly invitation and let the little favorite go. It would be unkind to strive to keep her now. The delicate

and sensitive being has been kept by kindly hands thus far from gross contact with the world, but her little life-boat was too frail to weather the storms. The plucking of the tender branch from the parent vine takes a part of the very vine of its paternity and maternity; still it would be selfish even in father or mother to desire to have their wounds healed with a life of suffering for her whose sensitive nature could not withstand the un pitying things of this world. "Why was she not of a different nature then?" Idle question! Why then you would never have had the being you have loved and lost. "Then why was she sent at all?" When you ask that you know you would not put out the light her being has brought to you—for your lives you would not. As she sinks in the grave to the level of kings, and the mighty of earth, her little errand here will rise to the grandeur of theirs in the eternity of things, and exceed them all in the supernal beauty of its nature. She may have been unconsciously sent after some one whom she is waiting to welcome to and lead in the land of the hereafter. Who knows? But it is quite enough to fulfill the wisest purpose if this being of matchless beauty was sent to earth only to show how fair a flower in paradise might bloom.

HUGO JORDAN.

DIED in Washington, D. C., May 2, 1886, of typhoid fever, Hugo, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chester B. Jordan, of Lancaster, N. H., aged two years.

There are childish little arts and incidents, which, coming from the nature of childhood, tenderly play around the heart and linger in the memory of strong men longer than those things which the world would call more important, and like the finest and most delicate tones of music weave themselves into the coarser fabric of our being. When the strong man, one of the prominent characteristics of whose strength is paternal affection, and when the mother, under most favorable circumstances, each blend into their very being an object of affection, the connecting links are of a different nature, but are equally strong; and when snapped the worshipers are left alone powerless, and are inclined to yield to the wounds. In their weakness they can see no reason in it

all. They struggle in vain to find any compensation for the loss. But when reason asserts her sway they begin to reconcile and harmonize their different circumstances. They chide themselves for having almost said, "Why was this blessing sent to torment us?" They begin to see that they have almost made the pleasant little visit unwelcome, and to realize that there is much of subtle mystery in the tender influences which those fleet, tiny beings exert in their flying visits to earth. At last, with softened and subdued but never dying grief, they become reconciled in gratitude for the delicate and tender memories left behind.

JUDGE POLAND.

WHEN a person dies who through weakness excites sympathy, and consequent affection, or whose amiability finds a way to the hearts of associates, such death creates a sorrow more passionate than deep; but when a man dies who is connected with his friends by the most tender and interesting bonds of friendship, who possessed a great intellect and an intense and active mind which animated all around him, and made every one feel his existence, then his going stirs the hearts of his survivors as nothing else will. I do not mean that it cuts as keenly as sorrow for one's offspring which often turns the after life even of strong men awry, but that when we lose friendship, a wonderful intellect, and a great mind—the sunlight of which develops pride and admiration for the man—the sorrow has many sources and comes to us like the voice of many waters. Such are the feelings and sentiments awakened by the death of Judge

Poland. We look at his massive intellect, strong will, and at him so full of life. It does not seem possible that such a life can go out; but suddenly he disappears, summoned by the messenger against whose errand the intellect and genius of man is unavailing; and so we follow him into the eternal shadows farther than any other man who has gone in a long time. His going startles us and we stand almost in awe of life and death. The greater and more extensive the light of man's life, the more deep and wide is the darkness that succeeds. We are startled by the stillness, and turn to see where that old school of gentlemen which he represented (and taught I might say) are now. Where is Bartlett, Slade, the two Cahoons, Stoddard, Brown, the Davises, Hale, Potts, Rogers, Burke, and enough more to make a long line who are but our file leaders marching to final destiny? What one of the present judges occupied a seat upon the bench a few years ago in the times which we (exaggerating the length and importance of our own lives) call "those early days?" But Judge Poland has gone, and it is not for us to moodily reflect upon his going. Let us be grateful that his life has contributed so much to the justice, enterprise, industry and broad common sense of the Bench and State generally.

MRS. J. B. GRANT.

NOW that death has passed away with his victim, (though not to be long gone) the gloom and terror inspired by his actual presence has so far subsided as to enable those left behind to look more calmly on the visitation. Sadness has not gone. It has only sunk deeply and quietly down into the silent hearts of the survivors, to be awakened, even after long years, by the slightest recollections.

Unusual grief fills the circle of the life of her whose death suggests these reflections, and although it will remain as long as her memory lasts, its intensity is now. Sad hearts move around amid the memories of a quiet, amiable Christian woman.

Grief for the dead is dependent much on circumstances. But to human considerations the dark angel has no regard in making his visits.

To the quiet, and perhaps neglected old man he

comes perhaps without noise, or disturbance of his victim, or even of those around him. His coming is then regarded by mortals almost universally as an errand of mercy. But when he suddenly snatches his victim, for whom the world is filled with the most interesting associations of earth, from a companionship which has ripened by years of cultivation and association, and from a group of young life surrounded and filled with the intensest love and enthusiasm, it stirs to life every emotion of grief, terror and dismay, and it seems for the moment the most ill-timed visit ever made to earth by any messenger from the spirit land. It *seems* do I say? Yes; and what seems to be (to the mourners) *is*.

There is no occasion for sad sympathy for her who has gone. Her life was such that it is well with her. Sorrow is meet only for the living. Mourn only because the silver cords are loosed, because the Eolian tones of a life whose harmony could be disturbed only by death, are gone. To struggle for an explanation of the mystery of this affliction, under the circumstances, would be vain and unavailing, and would only bring pain.

Let not sorrow defeat courage, nor turn away any from moving along on the line followed thus far in their lives. Let it not disturb by its seeming unreasonableness the faith of any in the things on which their hopes are founded, and which have been cultivated and cherished through many years of comfort and undisturbed reason and affection.

DAVID H. BEATTIE.

" Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

DEATH seems a shadow, yet it moves and works with a silent yet irresistible power. Noiseless it comes. It says no audible word to its victim. It gives no cheer, no hope of release. It is a power to which mortals do not presume to appeal for delay. It seems impossible that the consciousness of a large mind should ever cease to be. But this power, moving swiftly amid concealed mysteries, lays the princely intellect beside that of the idiot, and that of the pauper beside that of the millionaire; and they are the same inanimate substances so far as the world is concerned. All animosities, envies, jealousies, and prejudices connected with them become mean and contemptible in its presence. Without passion this power is inexorable. No reproaches are addressed



D. H. Beattie

to it except such as come from the lips of those who are unbalanced and delirious with grief. Its visits are unwelcome to most of us, yet agreeable to many. It gives repose and ends all sorrow, suffering and pain. In what manner, or how long, we cannot tell. We know by sleeping and waking the existence of inanimation and revival, and so we know that death and resurrection is no greater mystery, only less familiar. But to what nature that final awakening shall be we cannot tell. And so, through all its silent mysteries, that invisible power moves and works—that old, old death; as old as time and as mysterious as eternity.

And now it has come with more than usual awe and hushed sadness in the decease of Hon. David H. Beattie, at his residence in Lancaster, N. H., December 24, 1889.

“Turn backward, O! time in your flight,” and let us see him coming through half a century, starting with the hopes and ambitions of early life and with quick, elastic step, then settling down to calm, consistent yet thorough work, and then rousing himself for life’s final struggle, and walking with nervous and enfeebled gait to the grave buoyed up by an unwonted courage.

He was hunted even to his grave like a fretted stag whose horns are entangled in the branches of a forest. He was bayed by cruel circumstances. He was followed to the door of his tomb by a whole kennel of ugly events, which were sometimes controlled by those who eagerly follow even honest misfortune as if it was a generous chase.

Mr. Beattie was a man of very strong and marked characteristics. He had held almost every position of honor or trust that the confiding people of "Gallant Little Essex" could bestow. He lived an active, energetic and honest life. But he has gone, and the places once occupied by him are filled by others. He was a man of more than ordinary mind. His researches were logical and thorough, and his reading (especially of current events) was very extensive. While Assistant Judge of the Essex County Courts he did more than assent to the opinions of the presiding judge, and often he maintained an opposing position and frequently his views were sustained by the supreme court in those cases.

Energetic, courageous, and possessing the very soul of honor, he was respected by all who knew him, whether they were in accord with his views or not. His solicitude for his own was unbounded, and his friendship only ended with his life. Did it end there? We hope not. He never under any circumstances let go the hand of a true friend. His resentment of an injury was very strong, but it did not betray him into boisterous or undignified demonstrations, nor swerve him from an honorable course.

He had no shade of hypocrisy in his being. He was a descendant of that Scotch race whose convictions were unyielding, and with parents rigorous, even to practicing and exacting those things from all around them which belonged to the most austere days of religious discipline,

he was early imbued with deep settled principles which he carried through life, and which were in his mind the foundation of absolute fidelity and veracity, and prompted him to the exercise of evenhanded justice in all his doings. He was always genial, yet peculiarly reticent in respect to his deeper thoughts, and private or personal connections. He was not perfect, but would that none were less so.

His energetic life brought him in contact with many, and into collision of interests and pursuits, yet seldom does a man die amid more universal and profound respect than he did.

He has silently passed from our view. He was, and in a moment is not. For nearly half a century he has contributed extensively to the enterprise of Essex county, and has been a part of its associations and mental strength—associations so long and harmoniously continued that they seem to be a part of our lives, even of ourselves, and while we imagine that they are immortal, they are gone, leaving nothing but their rich memories which we will cherish, until we too shall be shrouded in those deep mysteries which, if explored by our lamented friend, he will not be permitted to reveal to any living man. His intellect lightened and cheered our pathways, and his energy and strong characteristics encouraged us in life's pursuits. All there was, or is, of him was in his life and is in the memories of him, and they are all this side of the grave. All is this side the grave or beyond. There is nothing in it.

Death seems impossible, but we know the fact is different, and the nearest we come to realizing it is when we look after those borne away by it as far as we can see their faint receding outlines. And in this way many of us have never followed a friend farther into the shades of eternal night than now, nor did longer or deeper shadows ever fall on us before.

But life's duties awaken us from the sad reveries of the hour. And so we turn from the grave to speak a word of consolation to the true and faithful companion, who, stricken, sits in her arm chair thinking of the joys of long ago, and the hopes of the coming morning that shall dawn in the bright hereafter; and a word of comfort and encouragement to the large group of sons and daughters, and then go to imitate our late friend's virtues and to avoid and forget his errors.

WARREN NOYES.

"On many ears my words of weak condoling,
Must vainly fall;
The funeral bell which in those hearts is tolling,
Sounds over all."

HOW different are the ties which bind each of us to earth, and how various are the causes of grief when they are sundered! From the tiny little one whose innocent, artless nature stirs to life the delicate sensibilities of our nature, to that strong over mastering manhood, which gives us such a sense of protection, care, confidence and respect, run all the intermediate tones and touches of life.

When the delicate and amiable go, their departure excites a subdued and gentle sorrow, and though deep and poignant, it is often soothed with the reflection of the happy state into which the life has gone with only the beginning of life's troubles. These frail beings just touch the borders of life, and then go gently back, noise-

less, as if dissolving into the moonlight of death. But when the strong man dies, going in all the strength and glory of manhood, the sound of his going is heard afar off. It awakens a sentiment that runs through all the veins of large communities. It casts a deep shadow far and wide.

When a strong man comes in contact with the world he stirs and enlivens all his surroundings, and imparts an abundance of life to individuals and communities; wakes drowsy enterprise, gives greatest zest to friendship, speedily sends benevolence to want, charity to error and misfortune, and from a stern and stirring nature, sheds a strong yet mellow light upon the charmed circle composed of wife, children and friends.

When such a man, in the full vigor of manhood, with a step keeping time with every laudable enterprise and purpose of life, and a heart beating in full sympathy with every noble hope and aspiration of the human soul, is hurried away, many and many are the hearts that are shocked at the sound of his going. They stand in awe before the power that can so suddenly remove so much of life which seemed created to live forever on earth. They look with tearful eyes on the last struggle with nature, in which (as if in admiration of his heroic endurance) she gently and by slow degrees disarms him, and at last reduces him to a quiet sleep, in which he has no share in the terrible grief in the midst of which he lies.

And now what I have written of manhood is but a

faint picture of the life and death of Capt. Warren Noyes. He was born with the most sterling qualities. He inherited a most wonderful physique which possessed remarkable motive power, but which was controlled by a most generous nature, so that if he ever pursued or punished a wrong or contemptible act, his large heart made ample amends for any over zeal he might have manifested. Thus strongly equipped he started in life in that school which rigidly taught frugality, honesty, and the most thorough industry.

He was born into the great railway enterprise of the country and, as it grew in the confidence of the public, he grew with it. His engine became his favorite. He seemed to enter into the very life of it, (for engines sometimes seem to be alive,) and with his own broad common sense he had not only learned her mechanism, but also her nature and wants to the minutest details.

But when he rose to the position of Master Mechanic, and so quickly saw the nature of the work, and read the nature of his men, as to be able to effect the most perfect organization and harmony in his department, he was fixed in the confidence of the company and the public, and in the gratitude of his workmen, where he will live in memory till the expiring breath of the last one, who will die blessing the "Father of the Gorham shopmen."

He was urged into the legislature, and was a vigorous and effective legislator, but he declined to go farther. He loved the chosen business of his life. He had learned

much the books did not tell, and learned it better than books could teach. Nothing but his country's peril would tempt him from his family and his life work, and he bore the same characteristics in the army that possessed him in early and home life.

The many qualities which I have attributed to Capt. Noyes always must beget perfect fidelity. No influence tending in the least degree to divorce him from his family or friends could possibly enter his great heart. A truer friend never lived, and his friendship was perfectly unselfish and self sacrificing.

But he has left them all. It seems still and lonesome where he was. The sound of the hammer is heard farther off. The forge fires seem less glowing; and when consciousness calls back his memory each engine bell seems a funeral bell. His Knightly brethren weep for him, but they have the consolation that on his heart was deeply graven, "FIDELITY," encircled by the sublime motto, "*In hoc Signo Vincas.*" His comrades in arms are waiting the sound of that eternal reveille which will take them to join the gallant and lamented Captain. His lodge mourns his loss, but rejoices that he is not forever lost, and that he has found a greater and truer word than ever was pronounced on earth. The brethren of the mystic tie see through deep shadows of grief his chains fall to earth, while the Angel of Mercy shadows him and proclaims the three mystic words immortal. His family and friends are glad that he has lived and filled so

large a space with usefulness, and poured so much into the world's cup of benevolence and humanity. They are not so ungrateful as to repine at his going, and exercise no gratitude for his coming and the rich inheritance which he has left. He lived and bore the great responsibilities of life with magnificent courage and fidelity. His death was heroic, firm and consistent. And so we sadly leave him to his rest.

REV. L. H. TABOR.

A long life of industrious accumulation garners up much of the mental things which belong to life, and which are so interesting and useful, and which we fondly hope will survive the grave and be enjoyed beyond the borders of time; for it cannot be that all the results of the care and toil bestowed in the cultivation of the human mind are to go out with an expiring breath. To the individual his own conceptions and his own consciousness of himself is all there is of him, (or all there seems to be). All external objects are to him merely incidental to his being. But his existence is very much to others; and the larger and the more complete space he fills in the world the greater is the void when he goes.

Seldom has there gone a man who left so much of friendship, respect and reverence, as has the Christian gentleman whose loss we now deplore. When he died at Bryant's Pond, Me., on the 27th day of September, 1890,

the Rev. L. H. Tabor took from the world a presence which can never be replaced. The reaper then bore away a much richer harvest of all that pertains to mentality, fraternity and humanity than usual. Our friend has gone beyond the sound of human voice, and beyond the reach of approval or blame by the living.

And now what we say, we say to and for ourselves, and for our own consolation. For the sake of ourselves and his memory we would speak of him as he is and was. His life is now among the things which affect the living only. It has crystalized into a mass of grand and interesting memories. Looking backward we see him vigorous in body, more rugged in mind and immensely strong in personal and religious influence. He was, and still is. He was a living reality. He is in the deep, grand memories of his lifelong friends. We once thought with him. We now think of him. We then walked with him. We now grope along the paths marked by him. Those who do not follow his religious courses, endeavor to imitate his Christian and gentlemanly ways in going their own. *Fortunate Senex!*

Yes, fortunate old man! Fortunate in all his pleasant relations. Those silver cords, strong paternal threads, that bound him to his own loved daughter were never lost or loosed. His marital relations too were always tuned to a harmony produced by loving hearts and willing hands, which were reciprocated by a gallant and chivalrous man. His friendships lasted through life,

and live, like his influence, right on beyond his death.

He was a man of decidedly masculine tendencies, with a most vigorous physique and lionlike voice, while in his symyathies he was as tender as a girl. He could denounce what he disapproved with a storm of denunciation, and yet portray the love of the Creator in terms most gentle, pathetic, and becoming. Probably no man in Vermont, in his day, made a more deep or lasting impression on his denomination than did Mr. Tabor. Original in thought and expression he moved his people with great influence nearer to the middle and more conservative and consistent doctrines of his church, especially to the benefits and necessities of repentance, the expectation of a reasonable punishment, and the restraining influence of such belief, as well as to the bright hopes which keep the souls of men from despair. He formulated much which he thought to have existed in too indefinite conceptions.

He was neither a recluse nor a man of the world. He never shrank from the duties of a citizen, or sought preferment. In 1860 he was urged to represent his town (Concord) in the Legislature owing to the pendency of a matter of great importance to his constituents. He commenced by gaining the respect and esteem of his opponents which he retained through life. He soon became one of the first men of the House, and especially one of its strongest debaters. He never had else to do with politics (as it occurs to the writer now) except to vote and express his opinion as a good citizen always should.

As a busy, active, enterprising man he filled the minds of many. His energy was admirable. His genial presence enlivened all. He inspired an affection, heightened and intensified by respect. But the exercise of all his manly qualities has ceased; and we stand around his grave awed into silence, and submission to a power before which the strongest man is turned to dust. As we mentally follow him from an animated life, to the great darkness that even overshadows our understanding, it seems to us like going out from a bright, sunlit day, and from all the animated sounds produced by man and nature, into the cold, damp and darkness of a night hushed to absolute silence. So still; oh, how still! And here we stand crying with voices that startle us in the dread stillness: Oh! what shall the morning be? Through what deep mysteries shall kindred hearts be reunited? But before the fiery darts of scorn and pride, faith never retreats. It always remains above the dead and amid the dying. But to him how vain are all the utterances of the living! Our emotions move him not, and they should be controlled and directed with reference to ourselves alone. Then, paying a last sad tribute of respect to his memory, let us turn from the grave to live our little time, thankful that heaven has vouchsafed to us in enduring form rich memories of him who seems to be going along with us yet.

“Nor further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hopes repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.”

LEVI SILSBY.

WHEN we look upon life or nature in its varied forms we observe certain objects, like trees in the forest, which distinguish themselves from their surroundings. They are distinguished in our observation and memory from those which make up their environment. And so it is with men. After long and active lives they become imprinted on the minds of communities.

Looking back thirty or fifty years we see men identified with the history and the interests of Essex County; men like Dr. Dewey, the Beatties, Hartshorns, Judge Brooks, the Darlings, the Silsbys, and many others that will take their places in the minds of Essex County people at a suggestion. Not most prominent of all, perhaps, was the late Hon. Levi Silsby, of Lunenburg, but no more characteristic man ever lived and died in the county. Hardy, energetic, absolutely and uncompromisingly honest, industrious and faithful to his friends, terribly tena-

cious of his opinions, but with a mind broad enough and generous enough to respect the rights and opinions of others. As a public man he was very useful. The predominant attribute in his character was perfect fearlessness in relation to public or private matters. He exhibited great courage in announcing his views and maintaining them, and he contributed to every department of society the results of his energies. As a politician he was somewhat partisan, but was always consistent and loyal, and these qualities gave him a real influence beyond what was apparent. As a representative of his town he was a thorough working member, and whatever he touched felt his influence. The expression that would seem to best convey an idea of his prominent qualities would be, "the elements were so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say, this was a man." As an Assistant Judge he exercised a superior financial ability in respect to the affairs of the county, which is the most essential qualification for the position. His social qualities were fine, and beneath a rough and somewhat stormy exterior there played the finest sentiments of friend; and in all his domestic relations he was tender and considerate.

Living in the good old New England style, always in the same town, rearing a large and interesting family, he lived and died as one might well wish to do himself. He had reached his three score years and ten and gradually, with all the attendance the world could give, he went to rest.

"I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord"

WILLIAM S. LADD.

WHEN death comes to one who is indifferent to social, literary or forensic life, to one who has not taken hold of life and appropriated all its interesting incidents with lively zest, and has not been keenly alive to its importance, he will go away amid corresponding indifference. But when, with the scythe and the hour glass, the messenger runs by all such, and reaches the front ranks in social and intellectual life and suddenly severs countless cords that bind the victim to a world of beating hearts, then the keenest sensations are stirred to life and most lively activity.

It is a wonderful thing to live; yet death takes all when life is ended, intellect, learning, hopes, loves, fears, joys and sorrows,—everything there is of earth.

And now we may speak no more to the late Hon. William S. Ladd. He is so still and irresponsive. From us his ripe learning, his true friendship, his honest and

practical counsels, are gone; all gone. His going cannot be looked upon with stoicism. It will not avail to say, "This must needs occur to us all. It is in the nature of things that he should die."

These considerations do not ward off the terrible shock we feel at his sudden going. It is true as we approach the brink the scenes shift. We look at the objects before us with changed views, with different natures and emotions. We make our exit from the world more reconciled but not more indifferent than if from life's fresh morning, when hopes are young, when unsuspecting love and friendship fill the hour, when happy youth sees only the golden bowl from which they quaff the fresh cool waters of their early lives; and when what seems to be (for all purposes of happiness to them) is. Our friend so intensely interested in life did not wish to die; and so when kindly nature gave him notice he accepted the friendly warning and tried to avert it. He had no childish fears, but prudently and heroically tried to avoid the danger. He rode on horseback. He walked. He tried to avoid work and excitement, but his friends and clients were numerous and pressed hard upon him and he was crowded beyond life's brink. So to go when reason is ripe, and when the man is capable of looking upon the probabilities of going, having consistent views and feelings, is a blessing to any man. And so,

"Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come,"

he began to prepare for it, cautious that he might not disturb others.

It seems to me like yesterday when I saw him first. He was fresh from college, with a rich store of learning none of which seemed to me to be cheap. It struck me that he was as well equipped for life's work as any young man whom I knew. As the author of "Home, Sweet Home" wrote and sang in notes of supernal beauty of its pleasures and happiness because he conceived the loftiest notes of his song in the street without a home, and while looking through bright lighted windows into a pleasant home circle, so I, who had scarcely seen the schools, looked upon his store of learning with like intensity and interest.

Judge Ladd was one of a few rare minds from whom I borrowed much, and to whom a poverty of learning forbade my making fit returns, but they brought rich mental gifts from colleges and generously gave to others.

We walked and talked on the bank of the river. I omit much we said of interest to us that I may be as impersonal as the emotions of this hour will permit. He had that day been associated with the brilliant and accomplished Burns in the defence of a suit. Young Ladd had prepared the defence. I am not sure but it was his first case. I sought by a certain move to surprise him but it was no surprise. He was prepared at every point, and Burns in elegant style only ornamented the structure that the young lawyer had so strongly

built. His conversation that afternoon took a wide range, for his miscellaneous reading had been very extensive, (and he kept it up through life) and he had very fine conceptions of belles-lettres. We talked of the grand old masters of oratory, and although he said he did not expect to excel in oratory, and should not aspire to, he had studied the old models very much, and exhibited rare taste in his reviews and criticisms, and in his comparison of ancient and modern styles. He discovered strong and clear ideas of men and books, and showed by his talk that they had made distinct and deep impressions on his mind. Among other subjects he spoke of Lord Brougham. He admired him much. He reviewed his speech in defence of Queen Caroline, the peroration in which Brougham had re-written eight times. He spoke of it from a legal point of view, and then reviewed its literary merits and developed from it a far deeper meaning than I had ever seen in it, especially that portion in which he draped Jachimo in a literary illusion and presented him as a sample of the bulk of "this filthy cargo" borne against the Queen. And so we walked and talked, he always suggesting beauties beyond what I had reached in every book mentioned, although I had carefully read it, until, as we turned to go back to the Court House, our long shadows reached far up on the grass-land, and there was cemented a friendship which was secure through life. We did not think or talk of death. We were contemplating life then, its hopes, its possibili-

ties, and its most direct roads to success in our profession. Our day was just dawning. We were just in the gray of its beautiful morning.

And then the last time I saw him was the day after he had received his first warning. He saw its deep significance, but spoke of it with that courage and consistency which had characterized him through life. He spoke of his impressions of it as being like a dream and not unpleasant. And so I saw him at the beginning and substantially at the close of his professional life. And the interval was so full of honesty, candor, fidelity, (especially to his clients,) and work, that I could write of it for hours. But I do not quite like to be betrayed into feelings of tender friendship beyond what is consistent. I prefer to speak of him with more courage, to be more obedient to the golden rule.

As a lawyer he knew the law. As an adviser he did not enter into the prejudices or desires of his clients. He did not seek what his less informed client wished, but what he needed. He was not swerved by his desires, nor did he become his advocate at once, but assumed the attitude of an impartial judge, looking at both sides of the case. He eliminated all that was immaterial in the client's statement, stripped it of its verbiage, and arranged the material facts in their order. His system, together with a strong logical mind, constituted him a very safe adviser. His ravenous appetite for learning, caused by his early country home life, induced him to fill his

mind with a large stock, and his strong logical faculties prevented any confusion. He was absolutely independent, but not obstinate, in respect to his opinions. He was honest, and never swerved from his convictions by any desire to please his clients or associates. His arguments in court were solid, consistent, logical, and well considered, though nervously delivered and sometimes with hesitating pauses. He was too good a lawyer to make stump speeches in court. His mind was judicial, and well stored to begin with, and constantly replenished with the current legal literature of the day. His appropriate place, it always seemed to me, was on the bench, where his rich store of mental accumulation could be best appropriated and made most useful. But he has gone, leaving the rich results of his works to bless his survivors.

I am in the beautiful village where he lies, so still and peaceful. It is sunrise to me, and reason and hope says it is to him. No one is stirring yet, and I feel lonesome, and fear I may be betrayed by my emotions into being garrulous.

Judge Ladd's death brings us as near to the sacred gate that opens into the great unknown as we have ever been before. The shadows would be very deep if it were not for the great law of compensation. His fortunate life is secure. He reached a success beyond his most sanguine hopes when he started. He died as he wished. He escaped the nervous vexations of old age. He was

spared the long weary task of gazing listlessly, and the impressive apprehensions of a mental decline. He gave to the world the best efforts of an honest, industrious, faithful life; to his family a courageous protection, wise counsels, the fondness of a devoted husband and father. He bequeathed to his own not only his earnings, which now look insignificant, but more than all, the rich memories of a life filled with all that could adorn the lawyer, the judge, and, what is higher than all, the *man*. And in this (although it is not full compensation for his death) we find comfort and consolation enough to banish despair and unreasonable repinings. Nothing remains to us but "hope for the dead and consolation for the living." It must be well with him for he has gone to

"Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key
Of time to be
When God and Man shall be as one."

LEWIS F. BIGELOW.

AS the sounds of soft music die away, and tone is swallowed up in time, so has passed away a social and melodious life. As silence succeeds song, so has the stillness of death succeeded the harmonious life of Mr. L. F. Bigelow, who died at Island Pond, on Sunday, July 26, 1891, aged 51 years. In life he was possessed of that frail and sensitive temperament best adapted to the cultivation of music, in the arrangement, execution and teaching of which he had been for many years without a local superior. He was born and passed his childhood at Brownington, came to Island Pond early in life, and went with our brave Gen. Thomas in the 8th Vt. to New Orleans, was in the Red River expedition and at Algiers. A general debility followed him from the army, and he has had all he could do to fill his engagements since, gradually failing until he was obliged to quit work entirely. He leaves a wife and young daughter. Mr. Bigelow has been so intimately connected with all the social features of society, and has been so intimate socially, that he will be missed by many warm friends.

JANE A. (MORSE) MANSUR.

THE history of another life is told so far as it can be by mortals. Each life has its own special interest and each death its peculiar sadness. The individual possesses in himself or herself but a small part of that which makes up the earthly existence of each. We ourselves are not all there is of us. Our associations with and relations to others are a great part of our being and of what makes life interesting and death sad.

The varied and intimate relations that Mrs. Jane A. (Morse) Mansur sustained until her death at Island Pond, October 24, 1891, made up a life of unusual interest and usefulness. She was born in Barnet, February 11, 1808, and was a daughter of John and Jeannette Morse, and the last of eleven children. She came on horseback forty-five miles in one day to Morgan when fifteen years of age, guided only by spotted trees. She married Warren Mansur at Morgan, August 15, 1825, and bore

him fourteen children, eight of whom survive her, and one of whom is Col. Z. M. Mansur. In humble toil she gave in earlier life a mother's anxious care, and in age received rich returns of kindest filial comfort and support. She lived in Morgan thirty-three years and in East Charleston twenty, and came to Island Pond in 1881. Among the earliest settlers she was intimately and extensively connected by affinity and consanguinity.

Hers was an attractive though humble life. It was surrounded during many of the most interesting years by the stern romance of forests. It was supplied by those pure and fresh but scanty opportunities which the then rude but neat circumstances afforded for literary and religious privileges, and which gave keen appetite for and zest to pure and mental training. She lived in a day when little communities were supported by strong and hardy men, and influenced and sometimes controlled almost absolutely by uncompromisingly yet modest and unpretending womanly virtues.

She early saw that she was born into the grandest and most worshipful sphere in social life, and labored with patience and true womanly skill until she achieved an almost perfect model of a fond self-sacrificing mother and devoted wife, deftly arranging and throwing around her family circle all those Christian virtues with which God and nature had endowed her. She constantly practiced the stern humility of the Church, of which she was a consistent member, and held her Church in such

esteem and fond affection as was second only to that of her family. Married to a man of numerous relations, whose traditions reflected the light far back into the past, she had a wide field for the exercise of those kindly traits and motherly cares which so happily distinguished her; and the most queenly word "MOTHER" will thrill more hearts than those of her own sons and daughters.

But those cheerful smiles are hidden in the shades that precede a brighter morning than any on which she had yet been awakened. Her sweet counsels are secure in the storehouse of memory, but she will utter no more to earthly ears. She lies, so still and peaceful, amid memories so pure, so kind, so good, and so secure, that they would weigh against the wealth of all the world. Shall that sad, sweet stillness be disturbed? Not yet. Let friends stand awhile in this silence. They must and will, like a group of little children in their cottage home when the mother leaves them awhile some dark still night to gather around the fireside. Though closely grouped each seems to be alone. They listen not to each other's voices, but eagerly for the sound of her footstep for which they have such terrible longings. In childish faith they say we shall surely hear it. So shall it be with hers. You feel and know that in gladness you will hear it, but not until morning, for she will be all night with the dead.

"In your ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of as sweet a soul
As ever looked with human eyes."

JOHN GREGORY SMITH.

A more than ordinary man lies dead in Vermont. There is a lifeless form that heeds no envious thought, no cynical criticism and no self-appointed censor's utterances. He who once was a human being, as such (or in any manner or nature,) is absolutely indifferent to any judgment man can make or pronounce, and to all enquiry except that of the Great Eternal.

Let any man before he presumes to pass upon the details of a great man's life, or the means by which he accomplished a great life work, observe his immediate surroundings. Let him have a care in this instance that the views he takes come not through mental cameras which distort, diminish or magnify. Let him speak of him as he was, and set down truly his opportunities and the difficulties he encountered. The primitive Green Mountain Boys had only a common foe to contend with. No one envied their work or their hardships. Their lives

from the very circumstances that surrounded them could create no envies or jealousies. Contrast that as a situation into which nothing could come but approval, and in which everything ran in harmony with the desires and inclinations of all, with the surroundings of the foremost man in all the state, in some respects, in its development and progress. While Allen and Warner in rougher times severed certain territory from neighboring inchoate state organizations and builded a state solid, rugged and enduring, he in more polished and systematic times established one of New England's greatest arteries of commerce through which, and its connections, rushed a mighty current to the seaports and back again, distributing itself into every hamlet and every home in the land. He toward whose fresh grave the eyes of all Vermont are turned, created the setting of a commercial act, and exhibited to the bewildered eyes of the dwellers in all the long and rugged mountain passes a giant movement, which in a superstitious age would be taken for the thunder of gods; he controlled for more than half a century more of the machinery which developed the state than any other man, and devoted his individual attention to the exclusive interests of the state and enterprising men in it, turning aside only when

"Liberty wept for the man in blue
And sighed for the man in gray;"

and when he stamped that period in the history of Vermont with those heroic features which distinguished it from all others. He was entrusted with more state secrets

by the federal government than probably any other man in like situation, and went to his work as War Governor with even greater energy than he had ever displayed in peaceful enterprises, and brought to his work an unexpected genius, exercising that delicate skill, prudence and caution so much demanded by the crisis, yet his life touched all along innumerable antagonisms.

His whole life was a constant warfare. He was so bound up in his life work that he had no time for other ambitions. It may not be said of him that he had unseemingly political aspirations, for twice he turned aside from the highest position in the gift of the state. Most of his participation in public affairs was induced in self-defence. He was in the midst of commercial rivalries. He was in position best calculated to engender jealousies and envy. He was constantly called upon to reconcile his enterprise with conflicting interests or to defend it against them. Few men have undertaken more than he. To be successful he must needs harmonize the views of the people long accustomed to provincial ways and manners in business with the discipline and system absolutely indispensable in the management of railroad affairs. He was constantly called upon to encounter legislatures whose members had little practical knowledge of railroad business, and who, however friendly or intelligent, could not know practically in all cases just where or how his work touched the public interests, or how any rule of law that might be prescribed by them would affect his work.

He was in advance of the times in which he lived, in commercial progress. He was among a people, elevated by their customs and habits in not only a moral, but, being studious, in an educational point of view, but hidden by mountains from a full view of their surroundings, they did not feel the direct influence of those currents of the commercial world until they were opened up and set in motion in their very midst; and so they naturally conformed slowly to the changes which have brought Vermont into complete harmony with the commercial world; and it is fitting that she stand in sad and respectful silence at the grave of one who, instead of fawning for favors or hypocritically posing as a patriot or high-toned martyr, early saw the situation, seized the opportunity, and developed the greatest interests of the state. His was no place to cultivate the tender affections of the people. He dealt with stern realities and the rigid discipline of circumstances, and commanded respect.

His attainments in law, letters, and in a knowledge of the vital interests of the state were probably as varied as those of any man of his day. Some men in Vermont have attained greater heights than the late John Gregory Smith, in law, literature, statesmanship, war, or some other specialty, but Vermonters will turn from his grave to look in vain for a man who will be so long and so intimately connected with her progress and material interests, who will do more for her advancement in every respect, or whose death will take from her so much of her substance.

JEAN BAPTISTE GONYA.

HOW seldom does a man fulfill the desirable conditions of his destiny! The three principal beacons which enable life's mariner to sail safely and smoothly to harbor, are the light of his home, the light of his church, and the shining light of childhood, no matter how humble or of what kind, if they correspond to his wants and desires. To be unsettled in reference to either of the two first, or unfortunate in respect to the last, confuses and delays a man just in proportion to the space each ought to light. But when a man dies who has possessed and enjoyed all these conditions during a very long life, the grief which attends his going out is softened and rendered consistent by a comforting reconciliation.

Jean Baptiste Gonya was born August 11, 1800; married September 5, 1832, and died May 12, 1892. His was a humble, unpretending life. He had active enjoyment in early years, and was lively and pleasant

whether rafting on Canadian waters or in his frugal little home. Blessed with a wife equal to any emergency he never wanted for the greatest comforts of home, which are the things most needed, and which came to him just in the time they were wanted and appreciated; and when in the natural order of nature the time came to her, on whom he so much depended, to go, he found himself in the midst of active, enterprising children, ready and willing to furnish him everything to satisfy his economical desires. The man was old, but his heart was young, for his ways had been so unobtrusive that it had never been hurt in coming in contact with the world. The river was so quiet and so smooth at last, that one could not see a ripple to tell where it left off and the great waters began. Many will miss the genial and unpretending greetings of the pleasant old man.



Charles E. Dutton

CHARLES E. BENTON.

DEATH always brings sadness, the intensity and extent of which depends upon the conditions and area of the surroundings of the subject. No man, in the community in which he lived and died, sustained more extensive or varied relations than did Mr. Benton. He was active and fearless in his methods and practices, and yet he was conciliatory. In matters of religion, education, politics, business and social life, he was a keen and careful observer, and generally, especially when aroused, a determined and vigorous actor. He was not a man of constant activity, but he possessed bold, distinct and practical ideas of business, and the principles which should determine the rights and actions of men, and had a somewhat impulsive, but distinct and frank manner of expressing them.

Although a member of the bar, his position as clerk of the courts prevented his entering into controversial

matters in court, but his advice was much sought and highly esteemed. He was more distinguished by his practical business traits and broad common sense than by any display or ornamental accomplishments.

From boyhood memories and admiration of the man, he was a Henry Clay whig, and came along with the Republican party and was always in accord with it. His influence in it was always felt, whether on the state committee, as representative, senator, or in his private intercourse with his associates.

Coming from hardy ancestry he inherited a strong and somewhat rugged physique, but beneath a vigorous and masculine exterior, played the most genial, companionable and tender sentiments. As it happens to most men whose physical structure is largely developed in early life by vigorous manual employment, sedentary habits affected him unfavorably. The blow that suddenly fell upon him startled his friends, but he had been descending a gentle declivity for a long time before he died. "The beginning of the end" was farther back than a casual observer would notice. Ever since fifteen years or more ago, when he experienced the loss of a promising young son, in whom he had a father's pride and hope, a shadow seemed to have fallen upon him. To my mind he has since then exhibited less inclination to buoyancy of mind and bodily activity.

I would describe him faithfully—truly. I cannot do it fully for no man can describe the mental character-

istics of another any more than he can the emotions of his own soul. I know that through friendship we may see many good qualities in a friend not disclosed to common observation, but speech concerning a prominent or public man should neither exaggerate his virtues nor falsely deny his faults. We sometimes refer to our personal friendship with those now gone, but I often think that such talk should be restricted to the ears of those in close relation with the subject, for the common world will listen to such words only with an indifference that almost seems to rebuke and chagrin the friend who utters them. His position as County Clerk, and more recently as Judge of Probate, by virtue of which he held courts around the county and among the people, probably brought him into more intimate relations with the people of this county than any other man of the time sustained.

Being called by his positions and surroundings to be concerned in more of the business, social and political concerns of the county than any other man of his day, our friend who has gone was more than any other exposed to criticism, but it was of that kind that passed away with the occasion, and I believe that not a single bitter memory will live after him.

A plain, practical, hearty, unassuming man, and a man of rugged and deep sentiments and sympathies has gone.

His presence was felt by his friends and the place filled by him will refill slowly. His being was substan-

tive, his speech was graphic and forceful, his laugh was hearty, and his life, until it began slowly to go, was full of zest.

Mr. Benton was happy in almost every one of the essentials of life; in having boys who early and ambitiously started into life, each running quickly in the right direction through the schools; and more than in all else was he happy in the union of his life with one who was entirely devoted to him, one whose true womanly courage rose in corresponding proportion to his decline and bravely met the emergencies of his every situation and condition.

We can only speak *concerning* our late friend, but if I could speak *to* him I would not call him back, but bid him go on; for as we the surviving comrades of almost forty years are hurrying along after him, we run more willingly because we are following the dear old associates of swift and ardent lives into a more genial clime. Hope tells us this is so, and we listen to her anxiously and approvingly because it is she who has made life so grand and death so consistent. It is not good or brave to war with death. It is not reason to arraign a kind Providence when bearing a grief that wars with nature, but with subdued sadness let us rather say :

“Peace; come away; the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song;
Peace; come away; we do him wrong
To sing so wildly; let us go.”

MRS. PORTER HINMAN.

MRS. Mary P. Hinman, who died at Waterbury, where she resided with her grandson, Porter H. Dale, was almost the last of her generation. Her age was seventy-six years, and few of those who started with her in life are now living.

As Mary P. Wilder, and daughter of Abel Wilder, she was a relative of Marshall P. Wilder, so well known in New England, and of many of the family now living in Vermont; and as the wife of the late Porter Hinman, she had still more numerous relationship with the very first settlers of the good old town of Derby, so rich in traditions, filled with the interest, romance and adventure of first-class frontier life.

Although we are still near the beginning of our New England communities, yet their characteristic features are growing more and more obscure to the eyes of those now living. Very few who possess the training and

customs of our first settlers remain to us. Those of us who first saw the light shining through the wide spreading branches of trees that surrounded the "clearing," look through the holy memories of childhood upon those grand, devoted, kind and genial men and women who link us to primitive New England with the reverence that antiquity awakens in the mind for far off generations.

As the mind of the child, through mystery and the liveliest imaginations, sees most vividly the wonders which burst upon its sensitive vision, so do we older children see, through the mystery of an ancestral death, the virtues which have filled and adorned the lives of the fathers and mothers who cleared the way and laid the foundations of happy, cultivated communities. If they were clothed upon with rugged ideas and austere manners, like their garments of very reliable and comfortable homespun fabrics, they covered as kindly, true and devoted hearts as ever beat in the bosom of man or woman. Very few remain who were made heroic by necessities incident to pioneer life. Good qualities are now less stable, more cultivated, less inflexible, but perhaps more abundant than in the olden time of the fathers.

As we look back through the lights and shadows of the past it sometimes seems that the sunshine was brighter and more cheerful in the settler's little clearing than anywhere else, and that the recollection of its scenes is among the most pleasing. But of all the delicate, tender and interesting recollections of life none are more

so than the childlike memories of a rural home; and the good Christian grandmother whose form and being are softly melting into pleasant tradition is the most cherished of all the queenly memorials of that home.

In such times and circumstances Mrs. Hinman lived. She was a fit type of that grand old school of matrons in the plain and homely days, when genial skies lit up the forest-born hopes and joys of their early lives. In that train, moving along in the course of woman's destiny, we see her, as

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life she goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

Though born and reared amid severe, rigid and sectarian influences they never interrupted her in the exercise of sentiments and charities of the broadest humanity. Unexcelled in wifely and motherly offices of good to all, as severe as virtue itself, and yet as relenting as benevolence, she filled a larger space in domestic life than usually falls to the lot of any woman. Well may all women of whom she was known thank her for the lessons of fidelity to life's relations which she has taught them. Life had no purposes in which she was not steadfast, and eternity has no promises so rich as to be beyond the hope and expectation of her living friends for her. In her going there was an exhibition of reconciliation conquering death, far exceeding any victory over fear won by a heroism born of passion, or hope of personal glory.

She was unpretending in deportment, but severe in the exercise of all the virtues. As a member of the Congregational Church she rigidly adhered to its discipline, and worked untiringly for its interests, living in a faith as constant and immortal as the soul itself. Worn and weary with long and faithful toil, she has gone to that quiet, peaceful rest which all mankind dread yet covet. In her tired moments she said "It is well." Perhaps she saw the one or two of her old time girlhood friends rocking in tired, sleepy age, simply waiting like herself for the Master's kind words, "Come in and rest."

* Those of us who reason must not weep. But just before the summons came, in the hush and stillness of the curtained room, age and childhood embraced, the light of morning and evening blended and shone about the old life and the new, and then the shadows fell, and at the dawn, the new life was alone, and she must needs weep.

Come, let us go! We can only hope that she who wears the kind, good, Christian woman's saintly name may repeat her life, and pray,

"Oh! Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when hope was born."

* *References to the parting from her granddaughter, Mary Dale, who died at St. Petersburg, Fla., in the autumn of 1901.*

HUGH DONAHUE.

THE long funeral procession which followed the remains of Hugh Donahue to his last resting place in the Roman Catholic cemetery showed that it was an occasion of more than usual interest and sadness. His occupation had been such as to bring him in immediate contact with the general public, and he made friends of everybody and provoked no enmity. He was a kind, genial boy who always did his best to make things cheerful around him. His remarkable activity, lively and pleasant ways, and accommodating disposition, were so strangely in contrast with him dead as to arrest the attention and excite the sad interest of every one who knew him. As the long train moved along carrying him away it bore none but good thoughts of "Cuey." His grave presents a pleasing object lesson teaching that the humblest of human beings who lies down amid pleasant memories, unmixed with scorn or hate, has a resting place that kings might covet, and that all the kind words that may be said of him are only cheap return for the many little kindly offices he did for those who say them.

MARTHA M. BUCK.

THE kaleidoscope presents an endless variety of new forms and colors. Human life exhibits the reverse. In it different views are constantly recurring; but they are the old, old-fashioned shades of light and dark, of joy and sadness, and are limited. The lengthening shadows of the rebellion fall, constantly alternating; now reflecting the glory of sublime lives, and again the rich, sad hues of patient sacrifice.

The brave man who dies on the battlefield buoyed up by a determined patriotism and courage has made untold sacrifices, yet he is not unsupported. Soldierly courage and patriotic enthusiasm ever attend him, and they are at the highest tension and fullest usefulness up to the very moment of his death. But those silent, delicate, uncomplaining sufferers who go weary and broken-hearted alone through long and lonesome years, seeing, knowing, feeling and suffering what is, and sadly sighing for what

might have been, deliberately contemplate, and constantly endure, a torture both mental and physical, ever increasing as the heart fails and hope dies.

One such there was whose heart beat fast when touched with the news from Lees Mills, and stopped and went, in the suspense, and then, stirred to life by gleams of hope, followed the irregular and terrible carnage to the Wilderness. From thence came news of all, except death, she ever knew, or dreamed, or feared of war's fierce agony. And then the news came of death itself, and came with a shower of hissing, stinging, scornful bullets which went speeding North till they reached the homes of the brave and the hearts they loved. Hearts which ever fluttered and murmured, "Oh! the hopes that are lost, and the hearts that are still."

It is better "to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all?" Better! For whom?

To go as maid and matron all alone is far from woman's happy destiny. But when bright and settled hopes and joys and all the maternal aspirations of woman, fade and go out, giving place to all those qualities that are the types and symbols of a desolate heart, and she is compelled to walk alone amid blasted hopes, broken dreams, and bright realities just beyond her reach, then the contrast is terrible, and the aching stillness of her journey reaches the intensest degree of mental suffering.

Through such conditions Mrs. Buck had walked with the womanly courage and Christian fortitude of a heroine.

Following still the path of duty she turned to her children, one of whom, Walter Erastus, is in the west, and the other William M., here with her, almost alone of all her friends to attend her final going.

She was a loving, kind, good Christian woman. I could say no more if I attempted to further portray her womanly qualities, for that to my mind expresses the fullness of woman's perfect destiny.

The war is past; the heroes will soon pass away, and when time shall turn backward to review these scenes, the brightest and most unselfish heroism will shine among those whose fond devotion suffered all and took but little comfort, ah! none at all, save the old comfort of the glory of their lost.

“Where manly hearts were failing,—where
The throngful street grew foul with death,
Oh! high souled martyr! thou wast there.”

GEORGE L. RAMSAY.

GEORGE L. Ramsay, who died at his home in Lemington, Vt., December 29, 1892, was not only a characteristic man, but belonged to a family the history and traditions of which are filled with events historic, enthusiastic and romantic, such as would most likely be incident to the lives of such men as in the stirring and closing years of the last century came from the banks of the Foyle and the shadows of the Grampian Hills. His grandfather crossed the ocean some twelve or fifteen times, having in charge Irish and Scotch emigrants. He came from the Pentland Hills in the Scottish Highlands to a town in New Hampshire to which he brought and gave the old historic name Londonderry, and from which Robert Ramsay, the judge's father, moved to Brownington, Vt., where the judge was born at what was known as "Ramsay's Corners" October 3, 1829.

Moved by that restless and enterprising disposition which characterized the family, Geo. L. went early to seek employment, and found it with Aaron Aldrich in Faneuil Hall Market. From there he went to California, and after a stay of two or three years he returned and

went to work for Briggs, Guile & Co., now Briggs, Shattuck & Co., Boston. As a traveling salesman for these wholesale grocers he formed an extensive acquaintance with the public. His energy, push, and companionable manners soon made him very popular with local traders and the general public, and beneficial to his employers; but failing health soon compelled him to abandon what had become a very desirable and permanently established business, and from which he retired to an ample and an abundant farm, with which he connected a wood manufactory, and engaged in those industrious and busy occupations among which he died, working up to the very time of his death, as all men who regard life as they ought, desire to do.

Judge Ramsay had not the *suaviter in modo* which is always accompanied with a smile more or less sinister, but he had a real lively interest in the hopes and plans of friends, and talked about them with the same zest that he did concerning his own. He was a bold, impulsive man, with absolutely masculine tendencies, but his heart was as sensitive to the touch of suffering and want as a mother's, and his friendships were as touchingly tender and clinging as a woman's. He was one of those whose living is something, and whose dying is the loss of a part of the substance of the life of a community. To live and die indifferently, even escaping pains and difficulties, is not to be desired, but to valiantly contend with adversities and adventures is. To go quickly to rest amid the results

of a successful life, with plans achieved and difficulties surmounted, is indeed a happy exit.

I see too plainly what the complaining and ill-boding spirit points me to. I see a group whose young hearts are filled with faculties for joyous hopes, for tender loves, erstwhile waiting and longing to do most kindly offices of good, who had stored in hope the fondest cares to be bestowed on a long and quiet old age. In their midst I see, also, her who left home, country, early joys and all her girlhood hopes, to centre two lives in one and all in one. I see, too, that the object in which all of so many lives was centered is gone—dead. But I see no broken vows, no cold contempt where love agreed to be, no indifference or scorn where once was that which some demon stole away. I see no silken cords broken by any fault of theirs. I only see just common death which all knew was coming and which is as likely to come in his time of life as any.

And so I see them all turning from his quick relief by death, to his life, especially the wife and mother, for an example to teach her that sublime womanly courage to carry out the plans of him who was, and somehow is, till the young lives which sprung from theirs shall mingle anew in the world of others and be lost to sight in the eternal repetition of lives as little known to us as ours to them.

“Her office is to rear, to teach,
Becoming, as is meek and fit,
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each.”

WILLIAM HEYWOOD.

THE subject of this tribute was born in Lunenburg, Vt., October 6, 1804, and died at the residence of his son, Henry Heywood, at Lancaster, N. H., on the 22nd day of April, 1893, after a long life of remarkable enterprise, probity and usefulness. His life work was so extensive that it would not be permissible to undertake more than a random reference to some of the personal characteristics of the good old man.

A man's own life is his horizon of human events and purposes. It must from the nature of things be the utmost limit of his own experience and desires. His ideas of human destiny are shaped and limited by his own personal aspirations. Only objects and events within his own touch and view are to him realities. All else is but common history or philosophy except as it is rendered personal by coming through his own experience. Yet each generation is filled with groups of men with common

ideas and ambitions. In youthful ardor our young ambitions do not always reach the highest ends of social life, but in the furious heat of the desperate contest of men, in zealous unisons of fierce antagonisms for the common good of all, self is often lost in the boundless purposes of all men. And so the selfish youth who is alive to those keen encounters without which life is ignoble, often comes out from the discipline of fortune and of men a brave, generous, large-hearted being. It matters little whether he is born so or becomes so. He stands before us just the same.

One such is in the mind's eye now. A venerable man; perhaps the last survivor of the strifes of his day. He stood upon the brink but yesterday. Deep into the shadows of the past he looked where all the lives he once knew, and nearly all he ever knew, had come and gone loaded with noblest aims and countless errors. He looked upon his own achievements. How little has he wrought of all the great work man has done! Yet he sees that the little he has done has gone into the mental substance of the universe. It has been done generously and self-sacrificingly. It is good, and he may well be content. He stands in rich autumnal lights while soft evening winds kiss the cheeks of the grand old man who now has vanished into the great universe from whence he came so little time ago; and yet such long, long time since, when compared with the lives of other men. Let me in my few remaining days look not on him, but on his life.

I will not look upon his lifeless form. I will only see him as he was, and as we conceive he is to be. When memory takes me back to him through the intensely interesting days that were, I will ask to go first to that long twilight of his day, pleasant as the memories of his life, gradually and harmoniously deepening into that night which precedes the eternal day. As the setting sun gives glad promise of the morning, so does the going down and out of a ripe, pure, serious, consistent and upright old man. But he goes not into darkness. He travels with the ever circling light and leaves us in shadows. The earth is between him in light and us in darkness. In a sense he has passed from our view. His serious face, that index of large and deep convictions, has gone beyond human vision, and we sit at the close of his day in the stillness and shades of death, thinking of him (too much as he now is) while we repeat in whispers the deep lessons which his life and death have taught us.

How various in kind as well as degree are the loves and animosities which spring from the touch of our different natures ! My associations with him of whom I am now thinking differ from those I have ever had with any other human being. They are unlike those of two boys who hold everything in life in common; each sharing the same lightsome joy and zest that boyhood brings, while the pulse of each thrills with the same tenor in the songs of life, for each loves the other with a sort of *amour propre* because each feels as though the other was a part of himself.

My affection for him was, and is, not like any of the pleasant associations which pass away with the passions or fancies of young days. It was, and is, a tender, respectful regard, born of reverence for age and experience coming from youthful sentiments which develop in the boy when he first comes in contact with the earnest, stern and almost sad mysteries of a mind having almost complete mastery of life and the science of its work. My connection with his life started with a curious sense of mystery brought on by coming in contact with a mind so unlike my own. The first impression was that behind the rugged features of the almost stern man there was a broad common sense filled with accumulated wisdom. With a covetousness intensified by want I would almost have robbed him of a share of it, but soon found it would have been no robbery for he gave us young men generously of all he had, and had the more for all his giving.

"For he was rich and I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine."

Day by day, as light shining around some rugged hills develops the grandeur of their forms, the fine and tender qualities of his nature shone on its more rugged features all warmer and brighter because they were strikingly in contrast with the bold and solid outlines of the man, and were much subdued by a modest reticence. His was just such a mind as a youth, with ambitions, and struggling against fearful odds, is fortunate to meet. It was full of encouragement. It inspired hope. It woke

young minds to the substantial things which belong to the profession. And as he looked back on us, "his boys," (as he used affectionately to call us) our paths seemed to grow broader and more familiar. Through the grave and modest decorum which he wore, the pleasantries of his gayer hours shone brighter by the wide yet pleasing contrast. His joyous demonstrations seemed to come from an atmosphere of sad romance, and were attractive and modestly patronizing. And so, long, long ago, we young men learned to love him with a veneration that went from youth to age, and then returned in generous responses full of tender consideration, charity and benevolence. We admired him too because he was a characteristic man. Our affection for him was not a mere impulse, an ebullition of feeling stirred by a passing circumstance or some temporary occasion; it was more substantial, and wove us more and more into the life of a grave, serious, consistent and kindly gentleman, who wore the charm and mystery of other days, and whose purposes and friendships were substantial, rich and continuous through life.

As incidental to a strong nature, of course his resentments and indignation were equally strong. He had capacity even for anger, but it was rather the passion of his work and profession than anything personal. He did not seem to me to have had even the revengeful tendencies of other men. With him,

"No angry cloud e'er came to stay,
For by a smile 'twas chased away."

He was almost doggedly obstinate. He was a determined,

lion-hearted man, exercising not so much in sudden sallies as in endurance and persistent courage, and yet he was as modest and kindly affectioned as a girl. I speak of him now as in his most vigorous time of life.

He was one of the first of Vermont's State Senators, and was longer and more intimately connected with her legislation and jurisprudence than was, or probably ever will be, any other man. The history of his immense personal labors runs through almost the entire line of the Vermont Reports. He was known and loved as a kindred in every household in the County of Essex by men, whose sons yet living, sat before the blazing fires in their early cabin homes and listened to their fathers—returned from Guildhall—as they discussed the mysteries of a court in the foreground of which always stood "Lawyer Heywood." He was not a man of whom the old adage *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* could in any manner apply, because there was nothing in his life, reaching over the greater part of a hundred years of constant activities before the public, which might not be told to the sensitive ears of his most intimate friends.

No allusion now is intended to any analysis of his mental or professional traits. That task will be performed by others and on more fit occasions. It may not be a digression from the present purpose, however, to say that he did not charm men with fancy speech. His thoughts wore no ornaments. He never produced surprises by manœuvres, but he often, with irresistible logic

and deep thought, marched straight through boasted structures, leaving his adversaries surprised and chagrined amid the ruin of their work wrought by causes deeper than the builders had ever dreamed. His words were thoughts; his language substance; his manners serious, profound and impressive; while all about him the atmosphere seemed to be historic. He stood the central figure amid a throng of local mental athletes whose skillful work I saw and vainly sought to do. Long time ago, (when time is measured by a single life) he had got beyond rivalries, for no one presumed to rival him in the possession of that honor and respect which by universal consent was conceded to be his own. He was stern and uncompromising in his beliefs. His political, religious and legal convictions were limited only by his clear and just conceptions of, and contempt for, intolerance. He had not sufficient selfishness even to get just returns for his work, and when it was said by some that

"God

Had formed his feelings on the noblest plan,
To grace at once, the lawyer and the man,"

others said, "Yes," and added, "He successfully vindicated everybody's rights but his own." But, fortunate old man, he had no need of gain! He had what all the mercenary wealth of all the world could never purchase:—Golden memories of all the good he had done; the grand principles which he had upheld; the poor whom he had protected; the innocence and virtue he had defended; and the good warm consciousness of having per-

formed life's duties well. Besides, kindly nature, through a happy life union, had given him the *sina qua non* of his last declining days. Filial solicitude, material support, and a young devoted life, which years of mutual dependence and bereavement had made the care of a father's health and life even greater than that of her own.

He had more and a greater variety of ability and attainments than he seemed to have; and with an undemonstrative nature he was kinder and more abundant in sentiments of humanity than the public knew or thought. And those who knew him only when subdued by age will never know the latent but lively sentiments which burned within him when his life was most intense. Can it be that all that substance, and all those rich qualities of head and heart, have gone out of existence, and that they were created only to just touch the earth, then go? Have they no more endurance than that? Had their creation no other purpose in the vast universe? Oh! do not fill the songs of human life with notes of such hollow empty sound. Let us not fill our hearts with a joy in his life that ends in almost pain. Just how this single life shall be woven into universal good, except as we have seen it in the past, it is not for us to know. It is sacrilegious to enquire. "Father" Heywood in life spoke of this to us. The last time many of us heard his voice in public,

"He spoke from the treasured volume,
The poem of his choice;
And lent to the rhyme of the poet
The candor of his voice."

He said,

“Behold we know not anything,
I can but trust that good will fall,
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.”

And now from his quiet resting place he bids our hearts
be still, and listen to the sentinel,

“Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.”

GEORGE C. STEELE.

 OUR community was shocked to learn of the sudden death of Geo. C. Steele, who had so long and constantly supplied our tables with the nicely cultivated luxuries of his garden. He was a pleasant, polished gentleman of the old school of Vermont men, and had attained the age of nearly 75 years. Just before his death he had been enjoying his usual health except experiencing a decline incident to men of his age, and last Friday was in as good health apparently as usual. About 4 o'clock P. M., of that day he went to his barn and on to a mow of hay to feed his cattle. Having been gone longer than usual his hired man went in search of him and found him helpless. The stricken man was quickly carried into the house, where he expired before medical aid could reach him.

The death of such a man moves a little community like ours with unusual sadness. He was a man characterized by many marked traits. He was very unobtrusive and unpretending, nicely and exactly honest and industrious, always attentive to his own business, and

in every way a man of the deportment of those old times which are passing away all too soon.

A man having no kindred touches the world so lightly that his going is scarcely felt at all. So, too, one numerously connected by not only ties of kindred but other relations, and who sweeps out from a busy, hurried life, is lightly missed and soon forgotten in the swift and noisy currents that go on seemingly all unmindful of his absence. But when in a quiet New England home, scarcely touching the currents of a busy world, is found a complete family circle, each member representing a distinct link, and all a complete chain in the circle in which the loss of any one would bring the absence of those comforts and joys which father, mother, brother or sister represent, death cannot enter there without bringing sorrows which crowd into the silent chambers of the souls of the survivors, and occupy them to the exclusion of thoughts which would otherwise afford relief.

As their home comforts and joys have been abundant and filled with lasting devotion, so will come a long continued sorrow, but it will be calm and consistent, and filled with the mighty strength of true philosophy and a quiet and becoming resignation which will smooth the paths of the survivors, leading them into new relations and conditions in which, in love and truth, they can ever repeat, "Fortunate being! You never wronged a fellow being, and now neither kindly nature nor its God will ever do you any harm or injury."

CHARLES W. KING.

IT might almost seem that the constantly recurring tidings that another enterprising and seemingly vigorous man had gone out would lessen the weight of such announcements; but such is not the nature of public or private bereavements. And now from its unexpected recurrence our community is even startled to learn that Hon. C. W. King, of Lunenburg, died last Saturday. He is taken at a time when his private and public relations were numerically at their height, and when all his ties to life were at their utmost tension. No man in a like sphere of life to his, seems to have centered in his life offices more of anxiety, and solicitude, than he.

Enterprise, energy and absorption of a man in business, especially financial matters, too often dulls moral tone and reduces a lively zest in the personal and domestic relations of the man, but from the humanities of his nature they never divorced him. In the midst of the

most perplexing and complicated work, when a pause or diversion permitted it, he would indulge in exhibitions and expressions of friendship, boyish memories, domestic allusions and moral sentiments, which from their freshness and soulful utterances, would show that they had only just been laid aside for the time for the necessities of business, and had not been hidden nor tarnished in the least by them. All about him was the clear ring of clean, moral sentiment.

He had peculiar advantages in his starting in life. His mind was early awakened to the necessities and longings for education. Nature and circumstances early created in him a keen appetite for learning. He was not crammed and surfeited with training bestowed on him by the hands of hireling instructors, but he took it in from the very nature of his surroundings in life. He digested and arranged information as he acquired it ; so that when he went from the farm and the far off schoolhouse, and when his shadow disappeared from before the old fireplace he had, it is true, a limited stock of educational knowledge, but it was bright, and intelligently arranged, and it was supplemented by deep determined sentiments of business, morality and religion, which remained as an enduring foundation of his character to the day of his death.

He was polite, unassuming, and never intrusive; but when awakened to an enterprise he entered into it with the utmost industry, care and anxiety, and with a will that always overcame the obstacles in his way.

His skill and prudence in financial matters attracted the attention of business men, and he was called to assume responsibilities which more than exceeded his capacity and time. Many a poor person has been deprived of his skill and care in the management of their little affairs, when surrounded by complications and designing men, by the multitude of business which was constantly heaped upon him. He never sought opportunities for business or promotion. He was called to the legislature of 1874 when, true to his instincts, and keenly alive to the necessities of rural education, he expended all the energies of his being for the time on the subject of education as aided by legislation, and in 1878, (when he represented Essex County in the Senate,) as a member of the committee on education he continued a work, the results of which will not be outlived by our common school system itself. He filled nearly all the minor offices in the gift of the people of his community, but only when his friends demanded his peculiar and practical abilities in the occurrence of the little emergencies that were upon them. There was always a filial and confiding feeling toward him, in the minds of the poor and perplexed especially. The funds of private parties, the management of estates and the absolute supervision of money interests were intrusted to him by more individuals than he had time to serve.

His convictions and friendships were clear, distinct, and so formulated and crystallized that no man need ask

how Charles W. King stood in respect to any public individual or any general or abstract subject. All the elements of character that were in him were beneficially utilized for his family, friends and the public; but the loss by his death to the material interests of individuals or the public is by no means inferior to the loss of him which is felt socially.

He died at the age of nearly sixty-one years, when his ripe counsels were most important and beneficial to his children, and when that rich confidence in which he had lived with his tender confiding life partner would be most rudely disturbed, and when his genial and social qualities, his generous humanity and most unswerving fidelity would be most vainly and longingly sought to be recalled. But there is no welcome time for death. There are no words which can smooth his entrance to the souls of wife, children or friends. None but his own when in-urned with him have peaceful sleep. He brings peace to the dead, but only trouble for the living. Yet he will finally furnish an untroubled couch for all. Death taken all in all is not a misfortune. Why should we look with abhorrence on that which is but an attribute of God himself, who takes nothing from His universe or His eternal plan! From them our friend can never go.

But we may not blow the chilling breath of philosophy on the tender sorrowing heart of womanhood or childhood. It only chills the warm good memories of their summer time of life, and brings no tender sympathies, or

sweet or cheerful airs, to chase away the long, sad and constant hours that now will cast their shadows. Dull forms of speech have little comfort in them; even reason has a stinted audience in such a time as this. Heaven send them living Faith, and cheerful Hope—messengers who alone can parley with sorrow. They can bid the troubled look up through much rejoicing in that our true, good friend's grave is not in a melancholy waste, but that it is amid glad and joyful memories of kind, good words and works.

JOSIAH CONVERSE ROBINSON.

AS innumerable and various as are qualities and quantities, so numerous and diverse are the conditions and results of different men's lives. Classes of men may sometimes resemble other like classes, but each life differs from every other. Beneficial results of a man's life are most felt and longest enjoyed when that life was occupied in establishing something. Some build up and defend government for posterity, others invent or formulate wise and equitable laws for the happiness of their successors, but the choicest work is done while achieving and bequeathing to posterity examples of industry, probity and tenacity to life's purposes.

Among the strongest evidences of a designing providence is the happy arrangement whereby occasions give birth to men of just such characteristics as the times demand. When dangers approach even the most peaceful community they are met by heroes; and (say what we

may about design) in looking into the history of our country, all along its lines of development in legislation, statesmanship, science, religion, and through its wonderful discoveries and progress, and then to its very foundation, laid by its hardy pioneers, and which required purpose, will and courage of the most enduring kind, no one can deny that the men most identified with each part of the work were born when their characteristics were most needed and could be made most available.

There was a time when our country rested upon an aggregation of small communities having very few relations with each other; communities on which individual impulses wrought with great influence. Those were times which required great abnegation of ease and comfort, and the exercise of frugality, industry, will power and steadfast principles. It was in such a time that the late J. C. Robinson came upon the scene bearing a name which led the list of judicial and executive officers in the state in the very beginning of its existence. Born of a sturdy, revolutionary stock, he inherited the will and spirit of the men of '76, for his father was an officer in the army of what is now becoming the ancient revolution.

Although these circumstances gave him prestige and a benefit so far as they imparted to him a heart to undertake and a will to accomplish yet they had little to do with his success. He possessed a higher nobility. The nobility of labor, of independent achievement. He

possessed those qualities which most need mention and development in these days. He was strong of figure without grossness, unusually athletic, self reliant, determined, and in his sentiments absolutely independent. He was fixed and steadfast even to partaking in some degree of that obstinacy which belonged to men of his day. His purposes must needs have been fixed, for life to him was real and earnest. He exercised that exactness, without which men's dealings one with another would be lax and undesirable, granting to others what justly belonged to them and asking in return a like respect for his own. He had a clear practical conception of public affairs, and although he was constantly called into town affairs where his work could be seen and appreciated, and where he held official positions, still he was unpretending and slow to seek preferment, and seemed to dislike personal and political schemes to that end. In referring to his early days he wrote "In selecting their officers they looked for the best men. They asked, Is the candidate capable? Is he honest? But now the important question asked is, Is he available?"

Born and reared among old customs he was yet alive to all progressive ideas. He was foremost in the revolution of the old school system, in temperance, and in all moves which seemed to him to promise advancement. As a member of the General Assembly he was zealous and quietly persistent, and from the entrenchment of his principles he was never driven out. He was not a public

speaker but "in Committee" and among his associates he was efficient and influential because he made legislation his whole business for the time.

His father came from Connecticut in 1800 and he was born in Holland, Vt., January 23d, 1804, among the first children born in that town. His good Christian wife, who shared with him the hardships and joys incident to pioneer life died more than 20 years since; and his only children were E. C. Robinson and Sarah A. who married Judge D. S. Storrs in whose home the old man died amid the kindly offices of her who is next to wife or mother in times of sickness and of death. More than half a century has gone since he allied himself to the Methodist Church, taking his family on the backs of horses miles through the rain, the mud, and the snow to attend services, contributing generously to its support with money and gifts, and ever remaining firm in its doctrines. He was an ardent Democrat, for wherever he was he was pronouncedly there.

Amid a multitude of lives which were often damaged (sometimes wrecked) by storms, his voyage was most prosperous. He knew neither want nor the anxious cares which wealth brings. His days of willing exercise brought him health and comfort, filled his barns with wide and high mowed hay, and successive herds of growing kine, his granary with golden corn, abundant wheat and all the cereals of the land. His own trees gave him cooling shade in summer and in winter his glowing fires. By day, he

had hope and life, and peaceful sleep at night. He had a good, old old-fashioned home, with neatly kept rooms, the frugal housewife's constant care and pride, blazing fires, looking into which he dreamed of still brighter days. In brief, he had all those comforts which inspire the heart and nerve the arm, and for which old men sigh when those good old fashions pass away and are lost in the less substantial things which more modern times are substituting. He was a princely farmer. "He owed not any man" and was content.

At last there came a change. The fire still burned brightly upon the hearth and he remained — alone. His wife was dead, his children gone, but he did not murmur or complain. He said "It needs must be." He wrote "Surely one generation passeth away and another cometh. It is the natural law. It is well." His time for reflective old age had come. He was finishing an ideal life. He knew it. He wanted a retreat from daily contact with the time which he had come to hardly envy. He told me so. He found one which if he had designed it himself would have been but little changed. There, during a few quiet, peacefully pleasant days he waited the messenger without dread or fear. He knew he would do him no wrong or violence when he should "softly disengage the vital cord." At last the message came, but only brought him quick and peaceful rest. As our friend was strong and manly, envy him. As he was true to wife, children and friends, emulate those his virtues. In

his strong convictions and perfect fidelity to society, to party, to his church, and his God, honor his memory.

But it is not fitting to shed tears of anguish for either his timely coming, his fruitful staying, or his painless going. If tears do come let them be bidden only by gratitude for such a life and such a death. In his parting words he said "I am better now." And so he is, and let all *mortals* leave him so.

JASON CURRIER.

JASON Currier was born in Wendall, N. H., in 1810. He came with his father who had been a soldier in the revolutionary war from Barton, Vt., to Brighton, probably in 1827; the father with seven children. Jason married Susan Carter about 1832 or 1833. They commenced clearing what is known as the Currier place and reared a large family. Maria, the eldest, was born in 1834; she married Oliver Perkie but is now deceased; Alonzo J. in 1835, was a member of the 3d Vt. Vols. in the late war; Melvina, (Mrs. Chas. Dinsmore) in 1836, now resides in Auburn, Me.; John H. in 1837, now lives in Fairfield, Me.; Mary in 1838, died in 1840; Isaac S. in 1842, also a member of the 3d Vt. Vols.; Joseph L. in 1844, and he too was a member of the 3d Vt. Vols.; Enoch N. in 1845; Sarah J. in 1848; Herbert E. in 1852; Frederick in 1853, since deceased; Merrick C. in 1854, who is now an engineer living at Wells River, and Amelia in 1856, wife of Ora Thomas, now residing in Philadelphia.

Although the father of this family was very democratic in his notions, and most loyal to our primitive institutions, yet he had a great admiration for the English system of manorial homesteads, and the hope was ever uppermost in his mind that he might some day be enabled to arrange his residence so that it might be an attractive centre, around which would gather the many family associations engendered by such numerous offspring. But the boys as they grew up began to experience a restless spirit which was born in the grandfather John, and intensified by his participation in the revolution; and so three of them went through a brave service in the army of the union, and all into some of the most enterprising sections of the country. Isaac S. displayed such a business capacity and fidelity in conducting his interests in a large trust company in Philadelphia that the results exceeded his own expectations. Joseph L. and Herbert E. are also in Philadelphia, doing a most prosperous business and are among its best citizens. All of them are so busily engaged as to give time only for a fondly passing glance at the old homestead with all its childhood memories. But the old man, reluctant to leave his home, where the wife and mother died some nine years since, remained in it until last autumn, when the sons inviting him to spend the winter in their comfortable homes in Philadelphia, he prepared his hearth with kindling ready to be lighted on his return, and left the faithful old mastiff to friendly care, so that he too might go back to his accustomed place in the old firelight.

* * * * *

But there is no blaze upon the hearth; the faithful animal wandered into the hushed and subdued assembly with decorous yet startling instincts before anyone discovered his presence; and no one now knows how much he knew of what had happened. Witnessing his demonstrations all knew that he must have known at least that the occasion was sadly strange. And there let us leave the mystery of many things.

Seldom does there come an occasion bringing with it such compensations and consolations to a family for the loss of one of its members. A long life had been granted to him. He had accomplished his own hopes and ambitions and was living in those of his children. They had grown to manhood and womanhood, and with industry, honor and fidelity to life's grand purposes they had become woven into good social relations. He had given to the world boys brave in the country's defence and in the enterprises of peace, and daughters fit to repeat the primitive virtues started in the home of the good wife and mother, waiting for him in a path that is

"Lost to human eye among the bowers
And living fountains of a brighter land."

When the messenger came he was surrounded with all the care that brave and competent men and kind and affectionate women can bestow. It was a pleasant, peaceful time to die. But was his situation and his life work so desirable as to leave no opposite considerations? When some one of us is indicated in whose heart there is not a bitter consciousness of ten times more and greater

faults than we ourselves ever knew in him I will send my charity to starve in a hovel and answer that. He was somewhat rigid in his ideas. He was characteristic of the primitive time in which he lived, and which is called in a more fawning and compromising period, arbitrary. He was the very last of the founders of this town who are separated from its more recent inhabitants by a distinct line. He lived in a rough time, the rustic memories of which suggest substantial realities, when life was not regarded a game unrestrained by principles of right, when perjury was a crime, and the forfeiture of business words was dishonorable; and he was true to the substantial features of those times, loyal to his country, true to his friends and faithful to his engagements, and withal one of the most hospitable men of the times. He did not go selfishly through the world forgetting the old injunction.

As he lay quietly surrounded by the living results of his life, how could the good parson forbear to portray in kind and appropriate words the certainty of death and the measureless significance of living, or the hopeful thoughts of those who came along in life with the now silent man, and who will join him soon in the general throng, moving on to the accomplishment of the universal purposes for which mankind is destined! What words of solemn mockery would he have uttered if he had said that the hopes and joys and destiny of all these beings which this man's life had brought along ended right here; that earthly life is only real, and all else is empty,

hollow nothingness! We pause before a mystery; but gladly turn from such thoughts to where hope kindly lights us toward the grave.

Now that we have paid our final tokens of respect to the memory of the last of the pioneers of this town, let us be careful how we make deprecatory allusions to those times in which they lived, lest we may lose sight of the growing indifference to private honor, selfish intrigues in public affairs, heartless designing, family paucity, and the general decadence of those good old New England customs and institutions.

EBER C. ROBINSON.

HEVER have the people of this vicinity been so suddenly and universally shocked as they were at the sudden death of our townsman, E. C. Robinson. His relations, business and social, to every portion of our community were so numerous and varied that the startling news agitated every heart as it suddenly passed from one to another. About half-past ten in the morning he was walking about the streets of our village, here and there directing about his various interests, when feeling a little indisposed he walked a short distance to his residence, and in about ten minutes from the time he started he was dead in his house. He was conscious when the doctor, who was hastily summoned, arrived, and with characteristic coolness and judgment remarked that he should not survive the attack. The gloom cast upon the community is deepened by the fact that nearly all of his numerous relatives, at the time of his death, were in different parts

of the country pursuing their avocations and journeys with no apprehension of this or any other like affliction. So intimate were his relations in one way and another with the whole town that it feels the affliction as if it was one family and had lost one of its principal members. Of course in saying this we are not unmindful of the fact that there is a little tender group in the midst of all who feel this sudden bereavement deeper than it is possible for others to know or experience; but business stopped, and business men stood mute, as though the operations of nature had been suspended. The whole workings of the business relations of our little village were paralyzed and disarranged, and all hearts were turned in sympathy, and in all the consolation which human impulses can afford toward the family so suddenly and peculiarly afflicted.

As president of the bank, one of the principal managers of two extensive lumber enterprises, an active member of a firm doing an extensive business here and in the west, deputy collector in charge of the port of Island Pond, superintendent, with others, of extensive public works, and alone of numerous lesser enterprises, he gave his utmost energies up to and including the day of his death, to the accomplishment of results from which he took nothing for himself, but all of which he left for others to take, publicly and individually. However we may look upon his life, he gave to the world many years of sober industry, care, competency and extraordinary labor, for which it has given him nothing in return except

his means of subsistence while in its service. It would indeed be unkind, uncharitable and ungrateful for the world to regard with indifference the work and productive life of any such industrious and enterprising man. To what purpose faithful, toiling lives are given we may not know. Reason only tells us that energetic life work is noble, and is a contribution to some grand design; and it further tells us that an idle, indifferent existence here on earth is contemptible. Mr. Robinson was born of that honest, hardy class of men who as pioneers in north-eastern Vermont, shaped and fashioned its moral forms and ideas. His grandfather came from Connecticut to Holland in 1800, where his father, J. C. Robinson, was born in 1804. In this town Eber C. was born on the 11th day of June 1832. He married Eliza Bartlett April 4, 1855. She was a daughter of Jarvis Bartlett, one of the most prominent and exemplary men of his times. To them three children were born, Lilla, now Mrs. A. W. Bosworth, Jr.,* Mamie, deceased, and Alice G. now Mrs. Story. Mrs. Robinson died August 15, 1875. On the 5th day of September 1877 he married Clara M. Stewart, daughter of the late Hon. Emera Stewart of Derby, who with her daughter, Belle S.,* survive. He moved from Holland to Island Pond, in 1866, and died there June 26, 1894, at the age of 62 years.

Standing in the old Derby cemetery, by which are silently passing amidst so many interesting years, all its

* Since deceased.

quiet but pungent memories, mellowing, ripening, growing rich and falling away in the passing years with each individual who bears them into the great unknown; memories growing in intensity and interest in the hearts of the living, but plucked away at short intervals by death until soon no living memory of its beginning will remain; standing there men and memorials take imaginative form and congregate about each guest as as he takes his silent chamber. It is true our friend was not to this "manor born", but he so corresponded to its characteristics that he seemed to have been, for so interlaced are the relations of that locality with the surrounding country, so connected was he by business associations and by consanguinity to it, and so firmly were those rigid puritanical sentiments that the grandfathers of the town entertained impressed upon his mind by youthful education, that he carried those early convictions through life. They were rendered less active of course, but little modified by an intense and absorbing business life. He shared equally in an appreciation of the intensity and earnestness of life with even men of such virility as was characteristic of that locality. Standing here and calculating the results of men's lives and the loss experienced by the living when they die we find a similitude in some respects and in a degree to this subject.

We call to mind one of the grandest men that ever lived in New England and who now lies sleeping here. The sage, the patriot, father of the town. He assumed

legislative, judicial and executive functions. He was stern, rigid and exacting, so sharply so that his life would cut away the softer lines where a man's life and relations touch his fellows as they are laid out by modern times. There was little in his life to please, to lightly touch or soften the world. No sentimentalism gave effect to his going; but his going severed so many ties, broke up so many relations and took away so much of mental substance that all felt the void. A firm, practical judgment was gone, and in its absence men felt lost, lonesome and less secure and confident. This was all because the old man was in touch with the interests, and hopes and fears of so many others. Just so it was, and is, in respect to Mr. Robinson's business relations. His work was characterized by intense interest, application and vigorous execution, which coming in contact with less energetic natures was sometimes called harsh. Discipline and enterprise when jarring sloth and confusion never receive a kindly or welcome greeting. Besides, great energy, so productive of material prosperity to a community, begets occasional rashness which must needs be endured because such forces move the designs of a community and continually supply force and material for its plans and purposes. These are the substances of men's lives and the tender sentiments are their ornaments.

We have no occasion to dwell on the former in our reflections on the life of our friend only to complete the character, for it was full of the latter. In his official or

business relations to men under his control or direction there was no personal friction or antagonisms, no unkindness, but only that necessary and just discipline so essential to those enterprises to which it was applied. His social relations were genial, and his friendship frank, conciliatory and pleasant. He was happy in the details of his home life which was sacredly excluded from the world, and all his ways were pleasant there, where no want or denial ever came. He was fortunate in those tender and peculiar relations which, when a man is blessed with them, always form the inner circle of his life, and rise in gentle defiance to the colder world without and inspire and warm his whole being with tender but efficient courage; and he never did violence to them.

Man's nature is twofold. Each side has its counterpart, and the stronger and the more pronounced each is, and the greater the contrast between them, the more impressive will the man be, and the more will his absence be felt. And so when grief broke forth from hearts beyond restraint, and when strong men filled with emotion struggled for the mastery over unseemly demonstration, we knew that death had found a place in many hearts never found there before. And when the morrow came men stopped as if waiting for his coming, forgetful of his death. But he came not with the morning. It brought along instead the empty chair, the noiseless house in which reason had just begun its kind offices, the vacant office, the open book with unfinished page, and the un-

finished work, but no plans or designs for the day. Then all who were connected with the life that was, knew and saw and felt the loss, and paused and stood where they should begin the work again. But the lesson of his life has taught all to cheerfully take up their burdens, assume their new relations, begin again the noise of life, and go bravely on in the hope

“That good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all.”

ARBA JOY.

DEATH is constantly exhibiting what seems to human minds to be peculiarities. During some periods its visits occur at regular intervals and are made to persons of all ages and conditions alike. Again, in quick succession it takes individuals of some particular age or class. This is possibly one thing which makes its calls seem unexpected. Of the latter kind its visits to our community were at the time of Mr. Joy's death; and they were made with dispatch, and to our substantial business men. On June 21 he was suddenly stricken down, and survived in a semi-conscious condition, dying about 2 P. M., the next day at his home in Island Pond. He was 73 years old at the time of his death. He was born in Putney, Vt., and came to Brighton in 1845. Soon after he came here he went into the lumber business (1850) with John Cargill under the firm name of Cargill & Joy. About that time he married Almira J. Cargill, who died

March 1865. Their children were Orpha O. born September 2, 1853, died March 15, 1865; Annie A. born June 16, 1856, now the wife of Charles Farr,* and Laura L. born June 4, 1859, who married A. P. Cobb, March 1879, and died April 1, 1894. In March 1866 he married Sylvina Marsh. Their children were Ida I. born June 3, 1867, now the wife of Rev. Francis T. Clark; Ollie O. born February 28, 1870, now the wife of E. E. Blake, and Alva Arba born October 29, 1873, and died in 1889. Of relatives, besides the wife and living children, he has only a brother who lives in Sheffield.

Mr. Joy's life and character were somewhat peculiar. His beginning here indicated an enterprising and extensive business. The old Cargill & Joy mill (over the dam of which what is called the iron bridge was built and out of the building of which came a sharp litigation) was in those days a very considerable establishment. It was looked upon with great expectations; but other like enterprises sprang up, which left it in the race and it proved a failure. Mr. Joy, with characteristic integrity, faced his obligations and saved from the wreck the stubborn and unyielding farm on which he spent his life, every year of which bound him closer to it. His marital relations were such that his life partners were content and happy to remain there so long as he desired. He could have acquired a farm of much greater value with comparatively little work, yet he persisted in bestowing upon this rocky soil an almost incredible amount of labor. He

* Deceased.

was as firm in his purpose to remain there as were his farm and hills not to yield him rich returns for his labors, and so he toiled on, absolutely honest, unassuming, conscientious and persistent. He was content to let the world alone, and yet he had many strong social qualities. His determination to subdue his farm and discover a rich mine in a mountain on it became the all-absorbing purposes of his life, and attracted much public attention. Flattering indications of rich minerals in it attracted the attention of our best geologists, and so promising were they that they would have given any reasonable man hope of success. He never found the treasure, yet his purpose cannot be criticised, because success or failure is not the true criterion by which to determine a man's judgment in his pursuits. If he had succeeded, laudation of his enterprise and wonderful persistency would have been unlimited. Out of failures as well as successes have come the richest discoveries that ever benefited the world. Notwithstanding his reticence, he had some traits of character which held most close and genial companionship with sentiments which surrounded him and which kept him almost continuously in local offices and positions of responsibility. He was thorough in business, deliberate and cool in judgment, absolutely fearless and without favor in action. In politics he stood by his democratic principles as firmly and as steadfastly as he did by his other life pursuits; but they never led him into personal bigotry or intolerance towards his fellows, nor

interfered with his social relations. He was elected to represent the town in the legislature when strong characteristics were required to offset those of the opposing candidate and to ensure success to his party. He was holding the office of postmaster at Island Pond at the time of his death.

The currents of ostentatious pride will never bear human sentiments completely away from an admiration of the stern, hardy characteristics engendered by rustic and frontier life. An undemonstrative man who presents a rugged and even forbidding exterior awakens greater pleasure and admiration in the observer when the latter gets near enough to observe the nice warm sentiments beneath, made brighter and warmer as they shine through the openings of the first presentments. The man who bears inspection is to be envied when compared with him who first strikes the view favorably and then degenerates on closer observation. In looking for fast colors and strong characteristics in the inhabitants of this town we turn involuntarily to its fathers and founders, and find none faster and stronger than some in his character, and in his death we meet with a new loss to the substance of this locality.

MARIE PRIOR VALLEE.

THERE is something about childhood that stirs the finest and liveliest sentiments of the human heart, and awakens the tenderest emotions. The smile of a child will lighten the gloomiest ideas and soften the ruggedest features of strong business men. The picture of boys and girls playing in a street warms the most indifferent passenger to brighter and pleasanter conditions, and to willing confession of sensations, which some foolishly call weakness. Children are playful lights, shining on the dark, rough and vicious sentiments of the world, and revealing the benevolence and humanity which soften and cheer the lives of men and women. Their lives are the flowers of the world's sentiments, and display an innocence in pleasant contrast with maturer lives. And when one of these little lights goes out, even its going awakes a pleasant sadness. There is no one so rude as to say "why was she sent here at all, to suffer and to die?" for

her little errand is apparent even now, and will be more fully disclosed when the multitude of human influences and their purposes shall be fully displayed. Her coming would be welcomed if for no other purpose than to impress upon us the sentiment

"This lovely flower so young and fair
 Called hence by early doom ;
 Just sent to show how fair a flower
 In paradise might bloom."

There is a kind of pleasant sadness. It is a pleasure to know that the transient little being has done no injury in the world ; has been the cause of no enmity, jealousy or wrong, and that she is beyond the reach of all harm or reproach. As keen and sharp as are the pangs which thrill the hearts of those who felt the presence of the child, there is no shade or feature of their sorrow that does not find its consolation and compensation.

GEORGE FITZGERALD.

THIS locality has met with a great loss in the death of Mr. George Fitzgerald. He was born in Fairfield, Me., August 1, 1811, and was married at the same place to Miss Betsey Nye Rolfe in 1835, who with a son, George H. Fitzgerald, and daughters Emma (Mrs. John H. Gerrish) and Evelyn* (Mrs. William B. Causebrook) survive him.

In early life he taught school, was a surveyor, and finally engaged in the lumber business. During all his life in Fairfield, Canaan and Island Pond he held various town offices. He was of that peculiar, candid class of men whose opinion and advice were much sought, and whose conciliatory offices were most highly appreciated. After living in unusually harmonious marital relations, his golden wedding was celebrated May 21st, 1885, four generations of the family being present. His is the first death which has occurred in the family.

* Deceased.

He was a member of the masonic fraternity, and had that calm, consistent, yet deep veneration for its principles so characteristic of all his relations in life. That considerate kindness with which he viewed and treated the tenderest family associations went with him in his more formal relations to the outer circle and into his sterner duties to the public. He was undemonstrative, but absolutely fixed in his notions of personal conduct and public policy. Unobtrusive, he was never influenced in his action in respect to his treatment of any subject or situation. His kind approval of the right, and just condemnation of a wrong, were equally marked, and were expressed more by his actions, mien and living than in words. He had that peculiarly indescribable influence which warmed and cheered his surroundings without noise or apparent contact; an influence, the subtle workings of which no one can explain; in the vain attempt to do so, some call it that character or presence which always begets esteem, respect and confidence. His condemnation of a wrong course of action was sternly yet kindly severe, for he had no personal envy or malice that would exceed that of a child. So the thought is in every soul that a kind, good old man has gone.

When death comes to one on the angry sea amid the cries, fears and agonies of its victims, when it hovers above them, enclosed in an immense cavern with monstrous swelling waves below, and blackness above, when it comes to one in the freshness of life by means of sud-

den and unexpected violence, or through cold, or by hunger, want or desertion, it is terrible. But when it comes, as if gentle and considerate, to an aged man, who has gone through a long life of probity and industry, successfully accomplishing all the plans conceived by him in early life, and who has enjoyed a calm, reflective old age, and is found sitting in a glorious country amid the comforts of home, the deep respect and good warm friendship of all around him, when it comes to such an one, who sits in patriarchal grandeur, the first of four links in the endless chain that binds generation to generation in the everlasting march of life, it hardly seems like death.

How happy is the lot of him whose life in our too nomadic land and age culminates in such pleasant surroundings! Four generations, though linked together by closest, tenderest ties, are not rudely disturbed by gently dissolving the foremost link and uniting it to the chain that reaches to the bank of the river on the other side. Such lives as those do not seem to go out, but just to go on in their preappointed ways in the fulfillment of all human destinies, calmly consistent with the great plan which has in it the "common fatherhood of GOD, and the universal brotherhood of man." In entertaining these sentiments, friends are not unmindful of the sad features of this sorrowful event; of the venerable old man going out from the midst of those clustering homes so rare in these times of family separations and wanderings, and of

the joys of well placed love cultivated many years, and ripening in bright autumnal days, then vanishing like a dream, leaving her, the most dependent one, to travel in the stubble of the harvest field—alone! All know that as the brightest days of autumn cannot furnish compensation for the loss of a season's labor, so the boundless kindness which others will bestow on her cannot fully compensate for such a loss.

But as the aged man turned his last lingering look upon the generations moving in grand procession, and saw his own marching in such unexpected prosperity and comfort, he died content, the envied father of so long a line. All the world is covetous of such coming and going. Then what cause for mourning! Nor can she, the beloved mother of living generations, complain, because after such a peaceful, happy life she is asked to wait amid those scenes a little, till the appointed time when the two shall sleep side by side.

THOMAS A. BROWN.

THE startling and unexpected circumstances resulting in the death of Thomas A. Brown awakened the deepest sympathies of the people all along the line of the railroad, increased by the fact that great dependence was placed upon the industry, management and care bestowed by the deceased. His father had recently suffered the loss of a son, and is in failing health. A young and interesting family was entirely dependent upon the deceased, and his care and advice extended quite a circle beyond.

While it is the duty of every man, woman and child in the universe to be constantly making provision for whatever loss or misfortune may befall them, there are events too sharp and sudden to be forefended against. But at the same time it is the duty of each one to seek earnestly for considerations which will fortify him in times of loss and trouble. As impulses are allowed to get

the mastery, or are controlled, so is affliction lessened or increased. Take away from a man all his imaginary troubles and his real ones are very easily encountered. But in a case like this, when the clouds seem to settle down on every feature and circumstance in it, when a young, vigorous and industrious man, a consistent and considerate son of aged parents who are growing feeble with long, frugal, hard working lives, when the devoted and affectionate husband and father all the energies of whose being are entirely absorbed in making his dependents comfortable and happy, is suddenly cut down just at a time when sickness, previous sorrows and most tender and delicate conditions render his immediate survivors without apparent consoling resources, the first impulse is an arraignment of the wisdom and goodness of Providence. Only this one in whom so many relations, dependencies and affections are centered is seen, except as his taking off is contrasted with that of some one which might have been, one on whom no responsibilities rest, in whom no other life is centered, and to whom life itself may be a burden. But if the afflicted stop right here they would sink in despair. Godlike courage most noble in difficulties and in action would lose its noblest qualities. Troubled souls would wrong themselves, dishonor the memory of the dead, discourage the living, lower the standard of manhood and womanhood, and stultify fortitude growing in what is now helpless infancy. They must remember that death has not

sought out these peculiar and tender conditions as a place on which to strike. Death spares no conditions; its hand is never stayed by wealth, power, or influence. It works by inexorable and undeviating laws, created for wise purposes in the beings and destinies of man which on account of their very nature are unseen by mortals.

In the deep mystery of our lives if we should question the justice or equality of such a variety of destinies as are accomplished in the lives and death of men we would get no answer. The animal and vegetable kingdom, and all the material things that exist are developed by an ingenious and subtle Designer, built up by slow accretion, or by a combination of materials, and then destroyed, now by gradual decay, and again by violence, like that induced by fire, flood or accident. From this rule human beings are not exempt, for there can be no exemptions from a rule created for the accomplishment of a general purpose. Therefore this is the time for reason to assert itself. Heaven grant that in no single instance it may be dethroned. Everything has its compensations in the great mass of events which make up human existence.

Those of us who are growing old will soon pass into the assimilation of unknown conditions in which no sorrow of ours will have any individual materiality. The working brethren of our late young friend are already returning from the last token of respect to an esteemed co-worker, to leave, as in flying trains, the past behind them.

Good dame nature quickly heals the wounds of sorrow inflicted on young hearts, and the grief of the one on whom the blow falls most heavily will be kindly soothed by time and softened into deep and sad, yet tender, calm and consistent memories of him at whose death she would have shed no tears if they had not been called forth by the kind, good and true acts which he did because they were for her.

GEORGE E. STORRS.

 ON the 28th day of November, George E. Storrs, second son of Hon. D. S. Storrs and Sarah A. (Robinson) Storrs, died of pneumonia at Bethel, Vt., after a very brief illness. He had just completed his academic course at Norwich University, having passed an examination which showed he was most thoroughly equipped for educational work, and had taken charge of Bethel Academy, and organized it for work with such masterly skill and industry as to excite the highest expectation of his friends. Senator Arnold, one of the school directors, writes:—"Even in the short time he had lived here he had gained the love of all with whom he came in contact. It will be a long day before we can find any one that will take his place." The remains arrived here on the evening of the 29th in charge of C. S. Carleton and P. R. Hoefler, members of the Theta Kai Society, and F. C. Davis and William G. Huntley of the Alpha

Sigma Pi of the Norwich University, of which societies George was a member, and on Saturday funeral services were conducted by Rev. G. O. Howe of the M. E. Church. The services were attended by an immense number of sympathizing friends, and so deep and universal was the grief that many were scarcely able to contend against their feelings and gain sufficient mastery of themselves to utter the memorial words belonging to the service. Even the songs and prayers of the living trembled and almost died upon the lips of many. But grief seemed unavailing. Profuse floral tributes could not lighten the crushing blow, for the bright, hopeful, ambitious boy was gone. It would be sad enough if only his young hopes and ambitions had been crushed in their beginnings, or even if an indifferent life had gone out, or if a less ardent and lively existence had ended. There are times and periods when men and women having accomplished their own hopes, purposes and ambitions in life, whether humble or otherwise, begin to live again in those of their children; and so when the children die it seems as though they themselves had died. They seek in vain for palliating circumstances. They charge themselves, even when the fact does not exist, with something they incorrectly imagine that they have left undone which might have prolonged a life, the early ending of which it seems to them in the order of nature ought not to have occurred. All this is usually and almost always simply imaginative. Yet it heightens grief as much as though the fact was so.

Almost always there are controlling circumstances and conditions. In this there seems to be little in avoidance of the sorrow occasioned by the sad event. It calls directly on the afflicted for courage; that courage demanded by duty to themselves and to the living; that courage by which we sustain one another; that courage which is the opposite in its results of those produced by despondency which lets all down. There should be no letting go of life's duties even if all its hopes are gone. The dignity and honor of manhood and womanhood should be and must be maintained. It is a duty that all men and women owe to themselves and their Creator. Life at best is brief and it belongs to all, to each one's duty and destiny, to make the most we can of it. Besides, there is and can be no death without its consolations and compensations. Are we not thankful that our young friend was bright, warm hearted and full of social joys! Are we not grateful that he has contributed so much to those young and pleasant sentiments which make life so cheerful! Are we not glad that to the communities which his young life has touched there has been given even briefly this young scholastic example! If he had never lived we would never have mourned his loss. Then can we wish he had never been! Then let us at least be thankful that he was. He left no crimes to stain himself or his; nor has any dishonor blurred his name. We do not mourn for *him*. He has had the brightest days of life. The perplexities and cares of middle life, the pains and deep

regrets, the lonesome bitterness of age, all these he has escaped. To aching hearts, rest and peace will soon be given. Then while we live let fortitude and courage bring reconciliation and consolation to the living.

“On his young promise Beauty smiled,
Drew his free homage unbeguiled,
And prosperous Age held out his hand,
And richly his large future planned,
And troops of friends enjoyed the tide,—
All, all was given,—but life denied.”

Reflections on the Death of a Young Friend and Protegee.*

JUST when we begin to think we have accurate conceptions of life, the purposes of our being, and the conditions in which we are, fortune turns the kaleidoscope, and out of our own conditions, out of ourselves, comes a combination of sentiments and impulses entirely new and which seem to change for the time our whole being. This is perhaps the reason why single circumstances are so often the pivotal points on which the whole of so many lives are turned. If we knew more of the subtle influences which direct individual courses we would indulge in less criticism concerning our conditions and surroundings. To say unqualifiedly that force rules the world is a saying unworthy the great man who said it. It is an impeachment of the works and mission of the sublimest being the world ever saw, and makes even the gentle influences of Christianity secondary to gross force. Force simply holds the world in condition so that the

* Hattie Dale Butters.

milder influences may come in contact with it. Sometimes impulse moves us much more than reason, and is equally important in the courses we take and the distance we make. Of course the building requires firm foundations and strong cohesive force, but its convenience, elegance and even the beauty of its architecture are just as essential to its purposes and to the comfort and happiness of its occupants as is the strength. As society grows more and more cultivated, force, strength and the grosser elements are less and less invoked.

It is no longing for a purely sentimental or idle existence, nor devotion to any person born to such conditions, that occasions these reflections; but it is the loss to friends and society of a beautiful, consistent, considerate and Christian girl and woman, who was adorned with the choicest, simplest and yet most queenly virtues with which nature crowns her finest types of womanhood. To be beautiful and to be unconscious of it, to be artless without art, to be kind without affectation, to be ever doing kindly offices of good to all around her without designing any returns, and to have a faith free from worldly considerations are the crown jewels which nature bestowed on one I knew—one that we found and lost. I saw and watched her as a tender child; for in rude winds she was as an exotic in a northern clime. As day by day, or, rather year by year, in her tender mind the world developed, in her confiding fancy men and women seemed to move about designing no ill, but softly touching each

other. In these gentle conditions a rough and sturdy kinsman often found her; and so by widest contrast, as nature sometimes curiously works, she came to be very much to him. The gentle influence of her life and death on him and others has been more than the force and mental strength of many giant men.

I am sitting now where forty years ago many of us were amid early loves; none of which seem to me to have been as beautiful, as amiable, as patient or as good as she has been. She has come and gone since then. We say "poor girl!" Alas! we know not what we say. The noisy honors that strong men and intellectual women win by rudely pushing and keenly cutting each other, or the harsh rattle of their gains, is coarse and gross when compared with the elegance, the beauty and perfect amenities of her womanly and Christian characteristics.

Grief has its compensations. Let us look on the blessings which its cause has brought us! Take any view of life we may, even if we now see all there is to be of our existence, then let us be thankful for the coming and going of such a being. If we do not now see the utmost boundaries of our existence then let our gratitude be as boundless as our vision shall be. We did weep. We will no more; but only look to the blessings she has brought us, to the purpose of this grief; and then the calm resignation which follows after. We banish sorrow and draw the folds of comfort close around our hearts.

There is no sickness of the body or the soul without

its antidote. A peaceful death was hers. She made life, and even death beautiful. She did not seem to die. To me her going was not like death. She said "I will be better when you come again." And so she was. Once before she went away and then returned from her Pacific home, stopped, then went again, noiseless, as she came. She will not again return. Her last journey was too long. Coming from the west they said she had reached her home. She had not then. She has now. It is a home in one of many mansions. Look not in the casket. She is not there. To us mortals she is only a pleasant memory on which she patiently worked all her days to carve these words: "*Life is sweet or bitter as we make it.*"

R. C. BENTON.

IN the decease of Col. Benton another of a strong and characteristic class or family of men who have deeply impressed Essex County with their energetic lives has gone. Col. Benton was distinguished in the field of law, letters and of arms. He was a strong and vigorous man. Much strength is seldom begotten without huge underlying causes or elements out of which vigorous manhood is developed. But if a man possesses even the grosser elements of human nature and controls and moves them by fine discriminating, humane and just instincts he is a blessing to mankind.

As a soldier Col. Benton was brave and efficient. He exercised that boldness and all those stern characteristics which manifested those qualities that stood like a wall of fire around the great heart of the republic in its terrible emergency. If human attributes are created for a purpose most heroically did he accomplish with those bestowed on him one purpose of his existence.

But when he turned from warlike purposes and entered the domain of law there was nothing about him suggestive of physical influence or force save a large figure. Mentally he was strong, broad and forceful; but he possessed also the finest, clearest and most exact mental qualities. His mind ran naturally and easily along the most delicate educational lines. Soon after he came from the army he began to attract the attention of the supreme court of this state through the genius and originality of his arguments. He talked law more as though it had been told him and he had grown up in its traditions full of life and enthusiasm than as though he had read it mechanically in the books. Not only were his conceptions of the law accurate but his expression of it was exact and comprehensive. He was not simply educated along certain legal lines, but he had a comprehension of the law as a whole. He had its general essence and theories. His acquaintances may in some respects distinguish him from other legal minds in Vermont, perhaps more especially in the science and art of special pleading. He was in the very nature and practice of it. He conceived quickly the most advantageous issue to be made in his case and directed his pleadings to it, often almost entirely independent of the books. For a time I saw much of him, and I never observed him misconceiving his issue or misstating himself along the line of his pleadings. On one occasion he was defending a man whom he thought was deeply wronged. Some lawyer

expressed the opinion that the defence could not possibly succeed. The Col. quietly remarked to his associate that they would succeed at that trial at least, unless the other side was pretty keenly alive to the situation. The defence was unprepared at that time for trial. The court refused to continue the case. The trial proceeded and when it was too late to recognize for that term Judge Peck began to enquire what the nature of the issue was. Col. Benton stated it in a general way. "But" said the Judge "what of it! If this issue is found either way what will it amount to?" This pricked the bubble. And so a case that was not ready for hearing, and in which a client was being unjustly crowded to trial, was disposed of for that term on an issue that was absolutely immaterial but so ingeniously stated as to almost completely conceal its immateriality. But his ability as a lawyer was not confined to hability of motion in certain directions. He could comprehend, harmonize, analyze and apply law, fact, history, conditions and the purposes of the law with great readiness and skill even when they were all involved in one case and were in a mass of intricacies. To illustrate this I have only to refer to his masterly review of the land grant controversies between the Green Mountain Boys and New York which has been recently circulated in pamphlet form and in which is reproduced not only the incidents, the heroic features of the occasion and their detailed history, but also the legal essence of the whole controversy. Col. Benton's Vermont work will al-

ways stand high in the respect and esteem of his surviving brethren here. He was too "blunt" and "outspoken" to have ever been the recipient of ease or favoritism.

There is something in his life and surroundings which challenges our admiration and excites our deepest sympathies. He had scarcely struggled with great efforts through the University of Vermont and begun his professional career when the war shattered his health and scattered his small beginnings. He had just got warmly into the confidence and esteem of his brethren, and the courts, and was expanding in the legal atmosphere of his native state when moved by an enterprising and adventurous spirit—as well as by unpleasant local political controversies which had sprung up about him—he moved to Minneapolis. There he immediately entered into a prosperous career which more than filled his expectations. There was no clientage that he could not command, no position beyond his reach, and no respect which was denied him. In that far off North Star State, with his fortune and his fame, he had enclosed a happy home, nor heart, nor hope, nor wish could ask for more than he had achieved and possessed. He was connected with his new and adopted conditions by all the ties that could bind a man of various capacity, with strong, deep and rugged affections woven into a will and purpose which give tenacity and substance to the tenderest loves ever born in human hearts.

And then the most golden fruitage of his life (with

hers who was a part of all—even of his very self) was the growing infancy and youth which gladdened their home and hearts. Just here the shadows fell. The children died one by one till all were gone. Then heart and hope began to fail. But with characteristic courage concealment was invoked; that concealment which always brings added anguish. It may look to some as though while no live associations failed him, or were false to him, the strength of such a man would not falter; but each one is dependent on his own conditions. Strong and even rude men are often stricken most by tenderest sorrow, and if repeated it grows to be intolerable. The finest silver cords are loosed, whether they be connected with the heart of the strong man or the tender wife, when young and older life are separated. It is not alone the weak and tender who suffer from sorrow. By it the strong are racked, the weak depleted, and each equally tormented. Our friend bore the semblance of his strength nearly to the end of his life. To the outer world he seemed strong, stern and almost forbidding; but those who were within the radius of his inner life were in touch with sentiments and sensibilities that were as fine as the externals of his presence seemed to be rough or rugged.

COLEMAN J. FLAHERTY.

COLEMAN J. Flaherty was born at Brighton on the 8th day of August 1861, and died January 25, 1895.

In many respects he was a remarkable young man. He was a marked and always suggestive type of a certain class of his ancestors who were born just after and out of a period filled with sentiments as enthusiastic and heroic as ever burned in the hearts of an intense people, and he inherited the impassioned and imaginative style peculiar to that time and people. He possessed certain characteristics which were not pushed upon the observation of others, but which while he was yet a boy attracted attention and suggested a life of more than average attainment and accomplishment. Without means at command, and in conditions which would naturally suggest and encourage the reverse course, he caught up those elements of a common school education which were within his reach and began to read law. Being remarkably tracta-

ble, imitative and observant, with a keen mental appetite, he made rapid progress. Like other live young men he had peculiar characteristics which were interesting in their moulding and development. These things are in their nature undemonstrative, and being in the inner life are not exposed to general observation, yet they are constantly living and thriving. The development of young minds is one of the most interesting experiences of life, and of all the disappointments that come to us it is to see them, just as interest is being centered in them, dashed out by early doom. Our young friend carried his book to the mill, to the office and wherever he could fill a spare hour with it. In 1892 he passed a creditable examination and was admitted to practice. Being of a vivacious and highly social nature he soon created a local interest, and that class of business which is always within easy reach almost instantly filled his time. Nor did he have to wait long for a better class of business. But after two short years of unexpected success, and before more than a few friends even knew that he was ill, it was announced that he was dead, having been attacked by a disease of a pneumonic nature, partially induced by a disease for which the passions, prejudices, cupidity and hypocrisy of otherwise good men are with the fault and misfortune of the victim equally responsible.

Death never seems to neglect or seek particular victims. It would be sacrilegious to say that some live too long and others die too soon. It would be impudent

to attempt to arraign the supremacy of nature. We cannot, however, be insensible to the contrast between our emotions when we see the aged retire willingly to rest, and when we see youth torn from its hopes and expectations; nor can we fail to experience in each new occasion the inability and negligence of men in their individual and collective capacities to throw round the young those guards which experience never did and probably never will, send out on picket duty to guard itself. When all the hopes and expectations of a young man grow old with him, or are transferred to some succeeding one, he goes with reconciliation; but when days and years of interested care are bestowed on hopes and expectancy of a fruition like that others have made their own, and then, just before development is reached, a sirocco comes with pestilential breath withering it all, it looks as though all hopes, anticipations, and endeavors were in vain. But this, of course, if not a false, is at least an unprofitable view to take of the subject. For every thought, every sentiment, or human attribute developed by men either is a contribution to the universal stock and goes into the great plan of the universe, or else our living is purposeless and worse than useless.

Most stinging and grievous sensations come when young men die, even to those having no personal relations with them, for then a common loss is felt. Although he was intimate in the sense of familiarity with but few, except in jocund, ready and willing intercourse,

many had such general interest in him that they will be much disturbed by the absence of our late friend ; many besides the father who began to feel a comfort and a pride in his new designs, or the sisters so sensitive to his quick though humble successes, or his brothers whose fortunes were becoming more and more dependent on his, or his associates whose purposes and aspirations were so like his own.

His life was zestful and enthusiastic. He had not reached the results of his expectations. His hours of disappointments and vexations had not come. It was a pleasant time for him to go. And so, looking through a window in his father's humble cottage into the bright sunlight, with his latest breath he said, "This is a pleasant day in which to bid the world good bye," and then went into a long silence, unbroken by any sound of envy, scorn or reproach.

WILLIAM H. HUNT.

THE news of the death of Hon. William H. Hunt, which occurred at his home in St. Albans April 9, 1895, is more to the people of Vermont than a matter of general information. There was probably no man in the State from whom there ran into every part of it, even the remotest, more delicate or pleasant sentiments of friendship than from the late Senator Hunt. He was an ideal man. He was of that type which attracts attention, awakens admiration, solicits confidence and cements friendship. He possessed a finely constructed yet lively and strong physique. His tastes and conceptions of the proprieties of life, business and social intercourse were cultivated to the highest degree of perfection, but not to fastidiousness. His ensemble was very harmonious and accurately balanced. He was lively and pleasant, but his wit stopped at the line of vulgarity, and his familiarity ended before it bred contempt or destroyed that charm

which feeds on something not yet revealed. His personal ambitions stopped at unjust rivalries and his impulses of friendship ran squarely on the line of duty. His genial influence as a legislator was bounded by prudence, and the freedom of his intercourse stopped at flattery and fawning, which his fine nature much detested.

He was a man very difficult for a rougher nature than his to describe. Most artistic language is required to bring out the traits and qualities of this man, who seemed to me to differ in some peculiar respects or details from those of any other man I ever met. We see many men of noble traits who have offsets, opposites. Fine, harmonious and full developments are very rare and choice. But underneath all the fine qualities that made up our late beloved senator was an efficient motive power which made him an energetic legislator and man of business. He was the model figure from which the word artist chiseled the words *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. His acquaintances have lost as true and tried a friend as ever lived, his associates in business a wise counselor, and the State a hopeful, conservative legislator and an ornament. I cannot mourn for such a pleasant coming and going as his was. I will not envy him. I only ask of kindly nature that time and failing sense may never take from me while I live the rich memory of such a man with whom I went so little way and yet so pleasantly.

LITTLE DAVID H. BEATTIE.

IT seems but yesterday, nor scarce as long ago as that, since a once strong but then declining man died amid as firm friendships as were woven in his day. And now finer and more delicate cords are loosed. The former was strong, vigorous, intellectual and enterprising; the latter, weak, helpless, precocious and comprehensive beyond his years. It is curious how human traits and characteristics are reproduced. And when such reproduction is not so subtle as to prevent recognition it is marvelous and intensely interesting to see one's friends live again in other lives. How strikingly is this illustrated by two lives we now have in mind! They are so associated and interwoven with each other that to speak of one always recalls the other, for one was the exact reflection of the other, but in more delicate form.

The imagination is quickened and the nerves thrill at quaint and unexpected though familiar expressions of the younger man reproducing the exact thoughts in form and substance that are among our cherished memories of the ancestors. Born with like traits the mind of the boy ran quickly back amid ancestral associations and he

seemed to be one in all the friendships there. The few remaining friends who lived in those older days greeted him very kindly, glad to see such a perfect miniature of an older friend that was, and whose name he bore, though he was so frail that the name seemed too heavy for him.

Men who lived in the days of the grandfather saw that "this little abstract did contain that large which died" in their old friend. To all who knew these two lives their recollections of the boy are sad, sympathetic, and tenderly pleasant, because his life gave such manifestations in model courage and little miniature desires and passions to be what his young fancy told him others had been. He is now. None are in more favorable conditions than he is now. We will not listen to any pessimistic allusions to his suffering life. It would embitter our memory of him and our lives. In what other conditions could he perform his little errands here? He taught the strong to tenderly regard the weak, to exercise one-half the courage that he in his weakness did. He knit more closely the tender ties that bound his kindred each to each. He cultivated tender sentiments in the world sufficient to offset the influence of many rough, rude lives. He was the little herald which charity sends before her to teach the strong to aid the weak, and to summon all to do most kindly offices of good, especially to those who suffer not knowing why.

Let all, even the strongest, bow with grateful hearts for the many lessons which this little life has taught us.

CORNELIUS W. HOBBS.

CORNELIUS Washington Hobbs was born June 5, 1826 at Norway, Me. In 1847 he married Miss Lucy Hobbs of the same town. To them three daughters were born. S. Maria, married to A. F. Berry and now residing in Portland, Me.; Mary E., the wife of E. E. Gonya, who died November 7, 1876; Vinnie R., the wife of Dr. J. H. Linehan, residing at Island Pond. Mr. Hobbs was one of the original stockholders of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway Company, and was one of the first who entered into the construction of the road. He came to Island Pond in 1864, where his wife died June 1, 1880. He commenced running on the road as brakeman, and after six months service in that capacity was promoted to that of train conductor, which position he held until 1890 when failing health compelled him to resign. He was a charter member of Oxford Lodge, F. & A. M., in his native town. He was a man of robust

constitution, and so full of life and vitality that his life was continued for five years, many times beyond hope, expectation or seeming possibilities, even surviving a severe shock of paralysis, which completely prostrated him for twenty-three weeks before the time of his death.

The terrors of death with all its attendant imaginations of evil, sombre, mysterious and gloomy forms and beings, are fast vanishing before the rational and cheerful light of intelligence and civilization. Death is an event which is getting to be looked upon and met in a more consistent and philosophical manner than formerly. All are more and more realizing that it is but a step in the process of human destiny; and that it is only a great natural evolution in the being of each individual, so fixed and certain, and regulated by such unerring and exact laws, as to exhibit a design which though beyond human comprehension yet excites, even in terrestrial minds, wonder and admiration. At the same time we are capable of comprehending some of its exact workings and many of its apparent purposes. It is occasioning less and less apprehension and gloomy mysterious superstition. As we grow older we seem to be growing into ideas of continuous relations, the better reconciling and adapting us to the fact of our own going. Perhaps this comes from the fact that our associations and associates are passing us and congregating beyond us, thus naturally attracting us thither. When a friend dies we do not now with unseemly lamentations as the heathen do, say

he is lost, gone for ever, but simply that the great transition has occurred which, if our minds conform to the conditions of each case, brings peace and rest to the dead and comfort to the living. To be indifferent to death or to human responsibility is ignoble. To embitter life with superstitious fears is imbecility.

We are freshly reminded of these things by the death of our kind friend, the long time conductor towards whom the faces of friends and the traveling public turned for almost half a century, and whose life extended over nearly seventy years, each of which was filled with kindly offices to all. Death is teaching us much of its philosophy through the decease of our friend. Not so much in the silver of speech as in the golden silence in which he lies so peacefully, soothed and relieved by that process through which come perfect rest and peace. He was a kind and indulgent father and husband, a true, unselfish and uncompromising friend. Socially he was affable and unpretending, pleasant, charitable and full of condescension, kindness and courtesy. Although suffering and battling for life through long years, never was affliction met with more ample compensations than in his case. Everything which human love or ingenuity could procure or invent was furnished him. Care, which cannot be purchased with money, medical skill, bestowed with most friendly devotion, came to him as free as air and more constant than sunlight. And even death itself came with kindest consideration. Its coming could not have been timelier.

The wife of his youth was gone. One child was sleeping beside the mother, and both the other children were engaged in new hopes and individual life purposes, but from which could be spared all the care and consolation a declining father could wish. He was patient and cheerful in suffering. He had no need to stay longer. He felt so. It was his time to die. And so death permitted his friends to look upon his still face and form so wonderfully like what he had been many years before. And as they looked upon that face so calm and lifelike, grateful hearts said "It is well. Some unseen power has here done all things well."



Offens

DAVID S. STORRS.

TIME "the tomb builder" does not herald his coming. It is true that there comes sometimes to men, dying, a prescience of the approach of death and it is often so accurate as to almost enable them to measure his footsteps. To others in high expectant life he comes and in an instant they are not. He needs no formal announcement. He requires no *eclat*. He brings his own keen essentials. Why this is we cannot know. It is immaterial. It is vain to fret about unknown designs and purposes. They are beyond the hills, the sun, moon and stars, beyond the comprehension of man who vainly leaping to reach them only falls back to earth bruised and wounded. Our friends pass through a mystery. They reappear apparently in perfect rest. They pass again from view. We cover them with the warm bright memories of the living which, though as pleasant as the flowers which cover their graves, fade almost as soon, while each

takes his place an atom in the mighty past. Thank Heaven what is lost of individuality goes into the accretion of the great volume of human being teaching us how little life is in the abstract and how much in the concrete, and how vain man is, putting himself against the universe.

Reason is our asylum, whither we flee from madness and misery. It gives us hope that the bad in us will die and the good forever live. It strengthens us, but it does not hide the sorrowful situation. Even through it we see that not in anger nor to please, in silent awe but not with concealment, neither welcomed nor opposed, time has again sent his messenger to stir in our hearts sensations greater than which have not been experienced in our community in a long time, to tell us that Judge David S. Storrs died at his residence in Brighton July 2, 1895.

He was a son of Aaron and Eliza (Smith) Storrs. He was born at Randolph, Vt., Dec. 4, 1834; and educated at the local schools, at the Orange County grammar school and at Meriden, N. H. He read law with Lyman C. Chandler at Rockaway, N. J., with Hon. Philander Perrin at Randolph, and with the late Col. R. C. Benton at Hyde Park, Vt. June 1, 1861, he was appointed Deputy Collector of Customs at the port of Island Pond, and in 1864 he resigned that position and went into full practice. He was State's Attorney for Essex County from 1864 to 1868, and then postmaster for the town of Brighton, which town he represented in the state legislature in 1874. He represented the County in the Senate in 1876. He was

Judge of Probate for the District of Essex from 1880 to 1884, and was again elected to that office in 1892, and again in 1894. He was tax commissioner for the unorganized lands in the county for many years and was constantly engaged in other offices and business. He was a prominent member of the masonic fraternity.

On the 7th day of September 1863, he married Sarah A. Robinson, a daughter of the late J. C. Robinson. To them were born two sons, Carl R. and George E. The eldest married a daughter of Lieut.-Governor Mansur, and is connected with the Wild River Lumber Company. The younger, a brilliant and scholarly young man, became principal of the Bethel school and suddenly died, amid sanguine hopes of the future, on the 28th day of November 1894.

As a lawyer Judge Storrs was fearless and thorough, close, epigrammatic and terse. As an office lawyer he was among the very best. He was naturally reticent, thorough, impulsive, but was strong willed to back his designs. Although he had high ideals of professional accomplishments and rewards and was somewhat impatient at their slow coming, he quickly adapted himself to realities, surrounded himself with pleasant family, social and business relations. He very soon brought respect for his work and opinions, and himself into close contact with his surroundings. Energetic, impulsive and incisive, he entered into public and private designs with such practical zest that he became a party interested with al-

most every man he knew. Outwardly he did not seem to invite confidence but somehow he was the confidant of many and he was true to every confidence reposed in him. His life seemed short and busy. Yet almost every bark that started on the sea of life with him went down before his, and whether in storm or in calm, on the wave or in the hollow of the sea, he never lost his courage or his fidelity to friend, client, party, or cause.

Looking back through the passions of our lives so full of little zestful encounters (and we were nearly always opposed,) I see no bitter thought. If any ever came, it went with every little strife. I have seen those among the truest, but quite such long and constant friendship I never knew. He came and traveled with me and went just before. Of all the lawyers in practice almost 40 years ago he was among the oldest in the local forum and almost the last to go. He saw the animated forms and faces with whom he talked and worked in his young and stirring years almost all pass away. He saw a multitude of new replace the old, the nature of professional work entirely change, new forms, methods and technics adopted, political issues become obsolete and new ones substituted, creeds varied almost beyond recognition and a new life with varying sentiments spring up all around him. But his habile nature kept him in harmony with all these changes.

He held a lively interest in and kept time with the impulses and purposes of the times. He took special

interest in the prosperity of his town and quickly caught on to many means for its advancement, and in his dying day he saw it filled with more strong men and fair women, more girls and boys playing in its streets, and a greater multitude of village sounds than he had ever expected. No man went from him unheard because of poverty. He despised no man's cause simply because others did. He did not fawn around the rich and trample in scorn upon the poor. He did not court the strong and push away the weak. He had no contemptible hauteur. In all his encounters with others he was incisive, plucky, and sometimes rash, but always just and generous. If he ever rained bitter words, they cleared away at once and were followed by demonstrations most kind and friendly.

Many men meet life's duties by avoidance and by compromise. This too often breeds imbecility and inefficiency. Our friend met everything in life squarely, and he met death with consistency and courage. Against most forms in which death comes the victim has aids and reliefs. In battle the sight of death is lost in excitement or arrayed in a glory through which its terrors are unseen. In coming suddenly it brings quick relief. In the form of most wasting and long consuming diseases it gives its victims flushes of apparent health and restoration, and lures them on with cheerful hope to the very end. But when it attacks its victim in open field, inflicting long and continual torture with intervals which only give the sufferer time to feel its mental pangs and to get reassur-

ance of certain death, then when it returns to its attacks with open purposes and designs, and compels the man to constant resistance for many long months with a full knowledge of the terrible odds against him, ever pursuing him, never retreating, always afflicting, never relieving, and in the midst of its overwhelming impositions strikes down a valiant son by his side, it is terrible, and incredible that it can be met with consistency and courage. Yet it was by our friend who in his last hours as calmly and as deliberately considered his situation as he ever did any subject in his life. How can his sorrowing friends be despondent in the presence of such magnificent courage, and while they remember him saying, "For myself I am content; I only feel for those I leave behind me." His trials are no proper subject of grief, for like all past suffering they are immaterial now. He sorely felt the loss of him who went in youth before him. Many go before others, but how the purpose of their going relates to others coming to them we cannot know. Is it wise, or sane, or good to indulge in a sorrow coming from a mystery?

And she, the saddest of all, has much besides to comfort her, including happy reflections on two continuous, true and faithful lives, with no cruel angry waves tossing one here and the other there, no broken vows, no confidences turned awry, no love turned to scorn, and no blossoms on the altar crushed. A separation it is true has been ordered, but not by man; and she passing that

way will learn that it is a temporary decree and will find it so recorded in the sacred Court of Heaven.

A Scene of Unusual Sadness.

IT seems to us that the death and burial of Judge Storrs was attended with circumstances and conditions, which if not as sad as any ever known, were beyond the experience and observation of any man or woman who observed them. Here was a man who had been fighting for nearly forty years, overcoming but hardly ever escaping obstacles which fate or accident could throw in his pathway. During this time he had patiently unravelled the little business complications and given advice and counsel to almost every man he knew. Thus he toiled, making the interests of his friends his own, oftentimes to his own disadvantage financially and otherwise, until disease fell upon him. He did not surrender then. After a long confinement he rallied, and though fully informed that his days were numbered, he worked steadily and constantly up to and including the day of his death. During this time he supported his family with a remarkable coolness and courage through the loss of a father and grandfather, of a brother and uncle, and stood up heroically in the loss of a son, one of the most brilliant and promising young men ever in our town. Even on his dying day he exhibited a courage which instead of seeking support gave fortitude to others.

In all these circumstances so well calculated to and which did make the minds of everybody keenly sensitive to the slightest touch of any occasion for renewed sympathy, he died. While his body lay in the bed in which he died, and while the people were engaged in the enthusiastic festivities of the nation's holiday, the cry went through the crowd announcing the fact that the house containing his body was on fire. With a wild rush a multitude of men, women and children went towards the burning house which, before scarcely anyone could reach it, was enveloped in smoke and flames, and almost everybody believed that the body was a prey to the devouring element. No pen can describe the consternation, pity and desperate solicitude of the people. No one can adequately appreciate the wild frenzy which exercised itself in frantic efforts especially to save the family souvenirs which were being pitilessly licked up by the cruel flames, that seemingly in cruelty and wrath exercised their fury in consuming first of all the favorite horse, a gift long ago made by the grandfather to the enthusiastic boy. It was indeed comforting to everybody when it was ascertained that the body had been by quick yet considerate action tenderly removed to the house of a friend and neighbor, and it was also equally solacing to reflect that the body of him who was the centre of all solicitude lay peacefully unconscious of the fear, awe, anxiety and terror which had been sweeping and swirling around it. And when the twilight came it found the festivities of

the day interrupted and gone. It revealed the silent eloquence of the smouldering embers of the home, the mourners watching with kindest friends, but not in their own home. Night fell with aching stillness on the scene, and when the light of another day returned each heart said "Thank God it is morning now to us all." And we hope it is so to him who has gone from us.

HARRIET COE ROSEBROOK.

HARRIET Coe Rosebrook was born in Burke, Vt., in 1825, and was married to Hon. Wm. R. Rosebrook March 29, 1855, and died at Brighton February 20, 1896.

Appreciation of the virtues of a great majority of people who live, grows out of demonstrative elements, something assumed or actively operating on others to make impressions. It is not because of anything of that nature that the whole community feels very deeply the loss of Mrs. Harriet Coe Rosebrook, whose death occurred as above stated; but it is because of the rich, deep and silently interesting associations of the early days of this town and county which her death calls up in the minds of all who remember the local incidents with which she had been connected for nearly half a century. She and her husband, who survives, were both connected with families which engraved their characteristics on the societies

of which they were a part as firmly as any who have sought this country, and have left as lasting impressions of old time virtue, probity, industry and frugality as any by whom these communities have been blessed. And in the exercise of quiet, unassuming patience, generosity, hospitality and womanly fortitude, and of courage in working out silently, and with that graceful modesty which nature only gives to woman, those problems of true home life which most adorn and honor womanhood, she had no superior. The two, he a princely farmer, were surrounded by a wide acquaintance and numerous and honorable relations all over the country, and blessed with the rich and plain abundance of a country home which all in the more adulterated currents of life so often sigh for; and yet these conditions never for a moment moved this grand typical New England woman to lessen her sympathy for or eloin herself from the needy and most humble. In sickness and in health, in success or disaster, she was always the same patient, toiling, generous, devoted wife, friend and neighbor. When the life of one of those humble but grand pioneers goes out, a shade of subdued but deep sadness comes over the mind of everyone who has seen those interesting rural scenes passing in common life for nearly half a century. It is history, romance and fancy converted into realities. These things are not as intense in books, though written with a pen dipped in the most vivid imagination, as when written by deeds and lives on the hearts of living men and women. And as

this good woman, so dear to numerous relatives and friends, so treasured in the tender memories of all, and so warmly cherished and approved everywhere, exerted those silent, sacred and womanly influences in a gentle, humble way on earth, in a way in which only one who does no wrong to others can, so she has quietly passed into the presence of that great hereafter, sure of that approval of which the proudest and most pretentious being on earth would yield all earthly possessions to be assured.

ABIAH BLAKE.

MRS. Abiah Blake, widow of Charles Blake, died at her home on Derby street April 9, 1896, after an illness extending over a period of ten years, aged 61 years and eight months. For some time past her suffering had been intense and prolonged, yet she was uniformly cheerful and resigned. Four sons survive her, Charles E. of Los Angeles, Cal., general agent of Wood Harvester Co.; Harry W. of Chicago, Ill., assistant manager of the same company at that place; Edward S. of Fargo, No. Dakota, general manager of the same company there; J. Arthur of St. Paul, Minn., superintendent of department of supplies for the same company at that place.

Mrs. Blake was the daughter of Warren and Jane A. (Morse) Mansur, and a sister of Col. Mansur, and the wife of Charles Blake who enlisted August 27, 1863, in Co. D., 6th regiment Vermont volunteers and was mustered into service the same day. He was killed at Winchester, bravely fighting, September 19, 1864.

Mrs. Blake and her husband belonged to a large class of silent heroes in the late war. The visible and vaunted heroism of those times is constantly before the eyes of the people, while the greater heroism exercised in those perilous days has scarcely a voice to speak of individual bravery, suffering and sacrifice. He who went into the storm, moved by adventurous impulses is admired for the life and enthusiasm that inspired him, but at the same time he may not have been possessed of a high appreciation of the sacrifice he was to make, nor of the deepest convictions of devotion or duty. He who went from no settled life plans or purposes, induced by gain or the novelty of the situation, is entitled to credit. He who went for honor and promotion and to make himself a name, and knowing that whether he fell or survived his name and fame would be secure, is entitled to high eulogium for his spirit and enterprise. But he in whose mind quiet sentiments of peace have been cultivated from his birth, who is tightly enlaced in little rural plans and purposes which engross his very life thoughts, who has united himself with a life companion and whose ways are begirt with growing infancy, and who stirred by a stern sense of duty breaks away from those tenderest ties, from all his life plans, and goes into a storm of war, an occupation for which he has no inclination, and which to him in the abstract is horrible, stands in point of patriotism and devotion over them and over all besides. He, going, sees no possibility of but slight return. He knows that where he falls he

will lie unknown, "perhaps uncoffined and unsung."

But as great as was his devotion and unselfish sacrifice, it was not as great as that of her who survived him for a time. The exercise of warlike qualities are stormy, impulsive, moved by the surroundings of the individual who exercises those qualities. But the storm, the stirring music of the march and strife, a touch of the enthusiasm of the thousands that surround him, are all helps, bearing him up in the performance of duty. But when sacrifices are made and duties performed in silence and alone, and accomplished by the individual rising up, aided only by her own feebleness, and enduring through many weary days and long nights the silent struggles, deprivations and the loss of every fixed hope in life, she is in the exercise of a courage and devotion unsurpassed by any other conceivable condition. And when compelled to wander almost distracted and alone through the long and weary space which intervenes between his and her final going, then the sacrifice is almost immeasurably increased. His was the grand effort, a sublime accomplishment, and terrible storm, the sudden silence, and then a peaceful sleep. Hers was the waiting, the watching, the terrible suspense, the days, weeks, and years of gazing into the silent, gloomy life that suffered most by its prolongation. Such it is true are the lives of thousands of others, but particularly impressive are the lives of these two beings. We cannot exaggerate or perhaps adequately appreciate their contribution to the happiness

of the living, or the deep and tender respect and gratitude due them. Is there no compensation in exchange for lives like these? They neither asked nor expected any. He earned the truest and highest rewards that can be bestowed upon a brave man, and she the richest returns that can come to one who spends her life in the endurance of suffering and the exercise of unselfish devotion, and those womanly virtues the memory of which are revered and tenderly cherished by men everywhere.

JOHN WILLARD HARTSHORN.

HON. John Willard Hartshorn, a son of Colburn and Elizabeth (Fay) Hartshorn, was born in Lunenburg, Vt., October 1, 1815, and died at his residence in that town April 22, 1896. He married November 16, 1840, Ann Smith, a daughter of Chester and Betsy (Hutchins) Smith of Lunenburg, and sister of James Sumner and Frank Smith of Lancaster. Mrs. Hartshorn died March 10, 1883, in the faith of her fathers as a member of the Congregational Church. The children were Hon. Elden J. of Emmetsburg, Iowa; Elizabeth, (Mrs. G. H. Emerson, deceased); Cora, (Mrs. Edward Lowell) of Lewiston, Me; and Henry C., whose wife has devotedly and patiently cared for the Judge in his last years. Judge Hartshorn was the seventh son of twelve, nearly all of whom lived to a good old age.

At the public schools in Lunenburg the boy John W. rapidly acquired a limited, but practical education,

which, with quick impulsive enterprise, he at once put to use. With rare judgment and quick perception he purchased a farm for \$800, which, when its somewhat latent qualities were developed, he sold for \$6000. For many years farmer Hartshorn was known all through the county and far beyond as an extensive farmer, stock breeder, drover and auctioneer. He was never idle. He was always using his means to develop some local enterprise. He built the "Hartshorn Block" in Lancaster. In 1872 he bought the material for printing, and established the Essex County HERALD. He was actively engaged in positions of town responsibility, settling estates, adjusting private controversies, and taking a lively interest in every direction. He represented his town in the state legislature in 1852-3, was Judge of Probate in 1856-7, was senator for Essex County in 1870-1, was one of the directors of the state prison for several years, and was holding town and local positions of responsibility continually.

The situations and conditions in his life were such that his going demands more than a passing notice. He lived and died in the town in which he was born. He was imbued with those frugal, calculating, industrious and exact notions of business so peculiar to early New England, and exercised the careful and useful employment of capital, at home, except as the western currents moved him a little in his later years. He was a member of one of those large families so numerous as to resemble the grand patriarchal groups of olden times, and which were

among the most interesting features of New England society. He had the energy, push and adaptability which the rugged and primitive times in his town and county demanded. He made just, lawful and moderate use of his money. He exacted his own but was just. He was quick, blunt and plain without dissimulation. As an opponent he was open, aggressive, impulsive, argumentative and denunciatory, but he had less malice in his speech and methods than men of more designing and polite demonstration. He was alive to the point of seizing every opportunity to benefit himself and others, for he was as ardent in others interests as he was in his own. And when his steps grew tired and the hill more steep a loss of the impulses of his wide surroundings was plainly visible. He lived in intensely interesting days. The men born at his time, and who grew up with him, were energetic, vigorous and enterprising. They were so situated as to produce peculiarly faithful and friendly relations to each other.

During the very first days of my acquaintance with our friend the main portions of this county were thrown together in a vigorous and united effort to prevent its dismemberment. In that controversy friendships were born and cemented so closely that they more resembled family ties than those between citizens, not only between those on each side of the strife, but between those opposed to each other. With the rest Judge Hartshorn entered into that controversy with all the intensity of his nature.

With him when a contention was over, every trace made where the parties touched each other was gone.

Did our friend ever excite envy? Oh, yes; live, enterprising men always do. No man runs boldly in life's stadium without coming in contact with others. But sitting in the silent presence of friends, beside that still form so indifferent to the emotions, sentiments and memories, which are made almost tumultuous by the deep silence of the occasion, if one envious thought should go out toward the peaceful sleeper it would fade ere it reached him. It would not meet even the lip curled scornfully in death, (for the dead feel no scorn); but that more reproachful, vanquishing, motionless face, now invincible against any sentiment or power of the living. Besides it would shrink away before the nobler qualities of him who was in fact; and is now, in the just memories of the living.

When the storm of war came his enthusiastic endeavors to assist in supplying means of defence to the country were appreciated by all, and his unmeasured denunciation of its foes was criticised by none.

He had as lively and extensive association as any man of his day and generation. He had a firm and lasting constitution that never tired, but was broken by violence. Even after having been hurled to the ground he struggled to recover his active comings and goings, but he reluctantly yielded at last. The wife of his youth was gone. His children breathing the nomadic tenden-

cies of the times were scattered, and it was well. A son in whom he indulged paternal pride had attained distinction. He himself had assisted in making happy homes for his children. He had accomplished all reasonable life purposes. Only one thing seemed to be wanting. It cannot be purchased with money. It is that which strong men least anticipate a want of, namely, kindly offices of tender care for feeble age which disdains its situation and fretfully sighs for the strong days in which it despised such care. But scarcely had that want become manifest when a kindly voice seemed to say "If anything is wanting I am here." And so the devoted, faithful and tender qualities of noble womanhood supplied his only want, and in that care he went patiently, cheerfully, and becomingly through his declining years to sleep amid a multitude of tender family and interesting neighborhood associations, and into that pleasant stillness which succeeds the enlivening sounds of a busy life. And now an enthusiastic and useful life is ended.

"We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds;
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless ages? It rests with God.

ELIJAH W. DAVIS.

ELIJAH W. Davis died at his residence in Island Pond on Tuesday, July 7, 1896, at the age of 55 years and 7 months.

He belonged to a large family, whose parents came to this town almost at the time of its first settlement. He was a member of Island Pond Lodge, F. & A. M., No. 44, and of Erastus Buck Post, G. A. R., No. 78. He also belonged to a class of locomotive engineers, who created and have always maintained so large a portion of the animating spirit of our railroad enterprise; who at the same time are physically hardened by toil, and made generous, kind and tender of heart by peril and watchful care of others; who share the fruits of their toil with those whom they meet in short successive furloughs, ever interrupted by sudden departures; who, like their engines, (which seem to them to be living beings for which the driver has a fond affection), strong as they are, wear out

by their lively, frictional employment. Many, like their machines, go suddenly, and while yet external evidences of failure have scarcely been discovered. Of such was our friend, who belonged to a class concerning which much that would be interesting might be said, but it is of the dead one we are now moved to speak.

It is true that which is said of the dead is a matter of entire indifference to them. They are beyond censure or praise. But the memory of the good that men do in their lives should be sacredly preserved by the living, and for the living. All the pleasing associations, kind and charitable deeds, just and faithful actions of those gone should continue to warm, cheer and correct their survivors. Otherwise the teachings, the merits, the worth, excellence, and even the glory of the past would be lost. In contemplating how much and how favorable consideration shall be bestowed on a man as he goes out of the world, the good brought by his life into the world should be compared with what he got from it in return. This is not a cold commercial calculation, but a warm, generous, and just measurement of a good man's life. The good is valuable, and that should be taken account of, for memories good breed their kind in their influence on the living.

These reflections are the natural inducement which leads to thoughts suggested by the recent death of our friend, and which by reason of his usefulness to the community, faithful care of his family, sound, healthy and strong society and industrial relations, has occasioned an

universal sadness. Some of the most excellent qualities, and most commendable actions were manifest in his life. To say that a man has been industrious all his life; that he has been frugal and thrifty; that he has regarded and practiced consistently and with respect all the family and society relations with which he came in contact; that the restraining influence of the law has never been required by any irregularity of his life; that he has neither by himself, nor any of his dependents, rested in any way as a burden on anybody else; that he has improved every spot on which he made a local habitation, thus adding to the aggregate wealth and comfort of his town; that he has met all his obligations in his individual transactions; and that, without hope of glory, in the darkest hour of his country's peril, he left the harmonious and genial conditions of a peaceful life to face the storms and perils of war,—is much to say of any man. But all this can truthfully be said concerning our friend who has just left us. All his life he labored, and his efforts were productive. He went away before he was a burden to any human being. True to wife, children, and friends, they sadly grieve at their unexpected separation from him. But let them reflect that they cannot wish their grief was less without wishing that he was less worthy of their sad affection. No man's life can be more successful than that of him the plain statement of whose qualities, or the simple story of whose deeds, is his highest eulogy.

CABANA



THURSTON



LOCOMOTIVE
ENGINEERS;

PHYSICALLY HARDENED BY TOIL,
AND MADE GENEROUS, KIND AND
TENDER OF HEART BY PERIL AND
WATCHFUL CARE

OF OTHERS
G.N.D.



DAVIS



ANDREW

Abstract Worth as Typified in a Distinguished Vermonter.*

HERE recently lived in this State a prominent man who seemed to be in many respects or characteristics peculiar to himself—as all men are, more or less. He seemed to me, who never saw him except in the public horizon, to be as guileless by nature as a child; a man who did not seem to have the least idea that he was adorning society with himself, and who was so wanting in artful attempts at impressions, that he had sometimes made remarks so plain and artless as to bring upon himself the criticisms of a time of stern and rigid conventionalisms. He was a man whose natural impulses and human instincts had never been withered by false pride, arrogance, or the foolish notion that occupying a high position, it was becoming in him to assume a patronizing attitude toward the people. Honest and frank, he never

*Governor Levi K. Fuller.

even excited public jealousies or suspicions by standing apart from the masses with little groups seemingly in counsel concerning individual designs. Pure in mind, honest in purpose, too frank in his intercourse with others for the times, he lived less in the cold conventional story mechanically formulated of Vermont's distinguished men than he otherwise would, but as much in the warm and friendly hearts of the people as any other man of his day and generation. No man in his estimation was his superior in consideration of his wants or rights, and none inferior. Men in the remotest parts of the State are familiar with instances in which he has treated a fellow-man (while independent of all his surroundings himself and actuated by no possible motives of policy) with a kind consideration which the stern conventionalists, among whom he stood almost alone, looked upon with disfavor as compromising the dignity of his high position and indirectly that of their own. They did not consider he was doing the most royal acts of manhood. His ambition did not correspond with ordinary aspirations. He was ambitious, but I always suspected that it was borrowed, that it was rather the reflection of his surroundings, the desires and hopes of others seeking accomplishment through him.

No man in his day by his own endeavors and from himself as the direct source, has contributed more to the enterprise, inventive genius, and development of the material interests of the State than has the subject of this

sketch. Modestly and without ostentation he had worked almost with bucket and brush for the cleanliness, order, and economy of our State institutions. He got little credit for it at the time. The reason is obvious. He worked to better conditions in detail. He did practical, out-of-view work. He was in direct service towards actual needs. Much good to others, however, is coming out of his interest in those humane and enlightened institutions; none to him. He needed none; desired none. But he awakened an interest in them, and by the lights he lit in their dark recesses the people are attracted to their conditions. Outer walls are built, more and more spacious rooms are made, floors laid, sanitary facilities furnished, and the unfortunate are let out on to the fresh earth, and green grass, and into the shining light of the sun, and given some inducement to cultivate brighter thoughts, instead of being maddened to curse God, their keepers, and law and society, in gloomy, ungenerous and oppressive apartments. All honor to such a man, who working and reflecting that his work was of no individual importance, yet opened the way for the last efficient gubernatorial administration to effect such substantial improvements as it did, and which will enable the people of the State to expend its appropriations in a constitutional manner, not to give money to individuals and depend upon the uncontrolled will of the donees for as much as they may be pleased to do in return for it.

This man's life also furnishes an example of that

highest and most manly condition so characteristic of New England—absolute independence as based upon a life occupation which stands like a rock, grand, secure and rugged; yet healthy and comfortable amid the uncertain, fretful, and speculative adventures of those who have no fixed place, purpose or business in life, but who catch here and there for easy places, requiring the least hard work and developing the least substantial individuality. It is with proud satisfaction that we contemplate a man who stood unswerved from his own life purposes by the fascinations or allurements of public life; who from his secure position of individual and occupational independence could look with calm but becoming defiance on politics as being merely incidental to the high purposes of his own life.

But there are still pleasanter features in the life we are contemplating than are produced by the sterner struggles for simply maintenance and success, and these are seen in his love of science, music, invention, history, and the world's interesting things of which he was surrounded with rare specimens. Home, kind and tender family conditions, friends, strong and serious enterprising business and public relations, connected, secured and enlivened by the plainest, sincerest, and most cordial social amenities, are among the most agreeable and prominent contemplations of his life. To this may be added the finishing feature, that of a sincere Christian gentleman. "Ne'er yet did base dishonor blur his name."

Clean and clear work wore his life away until he became breathless.

Thus has lived some time in the history of Vermont, [and it is not difficult to tell when] a man strong and humane, aristocratic and just, demonstrative and modest, strong and tender, wealthy and benevolent, enterprising and kind, worldly and reverential, and a man whose name we have no occasion to write here, because it is written in every one of the foregoing words.

CARL G. CATE.

“Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home.”

—Arabian Poem.

WHEN a man from his habits, tastes, and manners is not inclined to mingle in the common stock of social life, he becomes more attached to those with whom he is more constantly in touch, and his relations to those few, and theirs to him, are more sincere than that cold and heartless intercourse in which men misspend the better and sometimes greater part of their lives. And so grief is greatest when most retired, deepest and most sincere when most restricted, most alone. The devotion of a man to earthly objects is from its nature lessened by division and distribution. It may be broadened, diversified, and the objects of such devotion be multiplied, but it is thus rendered diffusive, and loses its strength and substance.

And now in just this situation a little group is mourn-

ing the loss of a man whose life was filled with instincts and sentiments of home, and who after many weary months of care and nightly vigils at the bedside of others, sank down exhausted on his own, and after a lingering sickness, died at his home on Derby street in this village Sabbath morning, at the age of 71 years. Carl G. Cate was a son of the late Earl Cate. The latter was one of the early settlers of Charleston, who going up "the long hill" found and made a very productive farm, which gave him such abundant returns for his honest industry that he soon found himself down in the village engaged in the mercantile business, ensconced with comfortable confidence of his townsmen. But a cruel fire, as if envious of his frugal store, licked up his substance, while he barely escaped, rescuing his wife from the flames. In 1882 the son Carl came to this village and made himself a home, and resided here to the time of his death, living as a quiet, peaceable, respectable, and law abiding citizen, a good neighbor, a humane man, indulgent father, a kind husband, and an honest man. He leaves a wife, formerly Miss Betsey Morse, and a daughter, now Mrs. E. E. Gonya. The funeral was held at his late residence. Mr. Cate died firm in the faith of universal salvation. His funeral services were conducted in accordance with his wishes, he having arranged all the details. Porter H. Dale offered prayer, read appropriate passages of scripture, and concluded brief remarks with the Arabian poem "After Death."

And now that our friend and neighbor has come and gone like others, let us who remain not answer this or any other summons of death "neglectingly." If it comes in fitting time, especially at the time when nature's God has wisely provided for dissolution, let us all move trustfully along with nature's mighty, mysterious, yet harmonious evolutions, each one saying as he goes: "It is well. I desire no man to sorrow for me."

JOSEPH A. MANSUR.

EATH usually finds a place in the hearts of survivors never before known in human experience. When men die it is well for the living to reflect seriously, provided the trend of thought is in a healthy direction. If it is not, then it were better that indifference occupy the mind. To associate thoughts of death with one's self, subjects such thoughts to the passions, fears, selfishness, and all the impulses of self as distinguished from reasoning in the abstract. To base considerations on such a subject, on desires of passionate impulses, is uncertain and illogical. To reflect on death as being the destroyer of all the hopes, ambitions, and life purposes of men, instead of being their accomplishment, only blunts the edge of enterprise, dims the enthusiasm of life, and produces indolence and inertia, mentally and physically. To see nothing but gloom in it, only breeds in the mind of the living, dark, shadowy, and distorted forms of hu-

man beings, listless, purposeless, passionless, and soulless, instead of strong, healthy and cheerful figures of energy, enterprise, and pleasant images of men, women and children with good bright faces turning here and there in life's interesting pursuits. Every man's life has in it interesting features from which profitable and practical sentiments, comforting to the living, may be drawn. Each human being clearly sees them in another only when disconnected with self. This is not a disagreeable reflection, because if individual minds were wholly occupied with the great plan of man's existence and destiny in the aggregate, individual considerations would be lost, each life would lose much of its importance and value to its possessor. He would regard himself as simply a part of a great abstract plan in which he could not consider himself as himself. Every life has its peculiar purposes, more or less important, according to circumstances. Men and women live in groups and classes. They touch each other in common interests. This is the only way individual zest in life can be generated.

This leads us to say that the community is saddened by the death of Joseph A. Mansur, who died in this town, Monday evening, October 19, aged 67 years. He was a brother of ex-Lieut-Gov. Mansur, and Orange Mansur, and was a son of the late Warren and Jane A. Mansur. Joseph A. was born in Morgan. He was educated at the common schools, and was subjected to such toils and hardships as were incident to pioneer life in Vermont.

He was made self-sacrificing in the care of others by being brought in contact with sickness, and exhibited a devotion to a member of the family which brought ample returns to him during his own long years of sickness. He belonged to a distinct class of men like which we have made allusion to, beginning in this county with Joseph Wait, its first sheriff, and extending to the present time. The subject of this sketch belonged to that class of officers at a peculiar time; a time when many of the conditions of the county, as well as of the whole country, were in a transitional state. There are times when men and even society are in such semi-primitive conditions that they do not readily recognize judicial authority and submit to it, when they do not appreciate the executive force of the law and possess and exhibit a feeling of dogged obstinacy towards any official who assumes authority over them. This is peculiar to new communities, and these conditions frequently met court officials in the days when our late friend was in office. He did much to educate men to submit to legal process, moved by the more civilized considerations of respect for the law rather than by the fear of being overcome by physical force.

In the line of those men referred to, could be found most aggressive ones, most cunning, and most sensational operators, but for straightforward, consistent, conservative, safe and experienced work in that official line, Joseph A. Mansur was the equal of any that we ever had. He was sheriff of this county year after year while other de-

serving and competent men were at hand, but he was never intrusive. He was kept in position by common consent. He was honest, faithful, efficient, and at the same time conciliatory, in the execution of the duties of his office. He was in position so long that he acquired large experience in the work. He always seemed anxious to execute the laws with the exact purposes for which they were enacted, without arrogance or assumption, and could not be made a pliant tool for individual schemes outside the law. So familiar a figure had he become in his official character that his influence was much in preserving good order and in dissipating little annoying differences which it had been much the custom to end in expensive litigation. Being county sheriff and deputy for so many years, even during the whole life of the younger inhabitants of the county, he came to be associated with everything pertaining to the police regulations of the locality. He had so long experience in the work, and so thoroughly had he become acquainted with its nature, that he was entrusted with most of the important and difficult cases in the vicinity. So identified did he become with his work and his position that his name became a household word, and was a synonym even among children for rebuke and legal restraint. He is spoken of throughout the county with great respect and cordial memory, especially by his old deputies with whom sickness had prevented him from associating for several years last before his death.

He lived in the most interesting period of the legal

history of the county. At the time of his coming into office the rough personal collisions of litigants were giving place to contentions more important and more methodical, like settling the titles to landed property. The opening up of this northern lumber territory brought business, and other adventurers, into the county. Some classes of litigation became abundant and were conducted with as much skill and proficiency as in any other portion of the State, most of the lawyers and judges coming from without the county. This not only gave the officers of court a high order of business, but excellent training and cultivation. This our late friend improved, and fast grew into general confidence and friendship, and was constantly occupied among the people until about eight years since, when his health failed and he remained an invalid up to the time of his death, which to him was kind emancipation from pain, relief from agony, and quiet rest from suffering.

It is indeed sad to think that those enthusiastic days of middle life could not forever last. But probably each generation, as well as ours, has felt just the same, not appreciating the folly and weakness of such sentiments in the face of the fact that universal law moves as a matter of course one generation forward to make room for another. Our late friend was among the last of the survivors of the period of his active life, and when the few remaining ones consider how unavailing and weak the emotions of human beings are, and that all the sufferings

of the dead are as though they never had been, then amid the silent memories of an old friend, they can wait undisturbed the workings of those great but harmonious laws which so kindly, noiselessly, and gently transfer them into their elemental conditions beyond the reach of suffering, want, reproach, scorn, ingratitude, and all the burning agonies of "life's fitful fever." It will be of no avail after we are dead, but it is a consolation while living, to wish that our sleep may be as peaceful as that of our friend and brother seems, and that our lives may have conformed as strictly to moral and human laws as did his.

W. W. CHENEY.

THE current bears us all along. It stays not for the hopes and purposes of anyone. In a day and even an hour a man is as though he had never been. Well knowing that the fact is not so, he yet feels while living that he is immortal on the earth. His conscious existence so overwhelms him that he cannot realize that he ever will be no part of life or consciousness. This delusion, like many other phantoms of life, was created by a wise providence to keep us from madness, misery and premature destruction. Purposes, tastes, passions and living impulses lead us from gloomy death and despair to life's exhilarating chase, which makes the world glow with health and youth and life. If all men had the same tendencies humanity would become so focussed and wedged that the world would stop. The fanatic, even though he go mad in attempting to turn all lines of thought and action into his own, does not disturb the

working of great nature's laws. The miser, who mechanically and technically lives an economical and virtuous life and sees his friends and perhaps his offspring want, tries to delude himself with the idea that he is doing a work founded in wisdom and sagacity, and one that will endure, but others come after him with different tendencies and quickly scatter his accumulations in revelry and scorn to fructify the common world. Some seek fame, and by arts and wiles get outward show and hollow homage. Such an one will pass a sunny day with jocund fellow reapers, but on the morrow will be unsightly remains, with not even a lip to curl in scorn of the beggar who lies beside him, and who came from contumely to peaceful rest. By going in so many different ways, men level each other's work, then death levels all. And so it is wisely ordained that each man go on in his own way according to his innate tendencies.

Speaking of our friend who died at his residence in Brighton on the 25th of March 1897 at the age of 50 years, we say he was a child of nature. He loved the fields and woods, and the beautiful lakes and winding streams with which his romantic New England home abounded. He was skillful with the rod and gun, a native expert. The romance of forest and stream had a charm for him that was irresistible. It had and always will have the same attractive influences on even the leaders of the world's great events. And so our friend often fished and hunted on the same lakes and in the same for-

ests with the most distinguished men in the land, with more zest and proficiency, and greater capacity for enjoyment in that respect, than the most favored in general privileges. When anyone spoke of that employment he usually finished with the request, or the expression of a wish, to accompany our friend where fish and game were most abundant. Much merit is due to the man who is master of the art he exercises however humble it may be. There is a wide, deep and interesting romance in the lakes and forests so easy of access as are those in this region, and yet which are so primeval when reached. Of these our friend never wearied. Considering the crude surroundings in which he was accustomed to be so much, he possessed many traits of character which commended him to our friendship and respect. He had sincere respect and love for wild surroundings, and never tired of them. Besides, his devotion to nature was absolutely unselfish. He never captured fish or game because he wanted to possess it. He never led his patrons where fish and game were less abundant for selfish gain. He was generous to his friends even to profligacy; he was generous to everybody. He had a grateful heart which always moved him to others' enjoyment. He was a most devoted friend and was hospitable beyond his means. He was an example of hospitality, charity and self-sacrifice to make others comfortable and happy. His genial, generous and skillful services, though sometimes liberally rewarded, were always at the command of his friends.

However free his speech might be there was no malice in him. A better neighbor never lived, and seldom has there been a man among us whose real sentiments have been more misconceived by the world around him. With all his contact with sporting style, manners and language, no one ever heard any profanity from his lips, and none bordering on it except most cautious and gingerly expressions. So reserved was he in this respect that his expressions most approaching profanity were made the subjects of pleasant jests. He never uttered a word that was not expressive of devotion to and approval of any member of his family. And so while our sympathies go out to a family which has lost a devoted husband and kind father, we can unhesitatingly say in the presence of those most intimate with him, that our late friend was as constantly returning good for evil as anyone we ever knew.

HELENA DAVIS.

THE earth is bathed in autumnal tears; but not for the dying year. There is no consistent grief but that which comes from remorse. Nature has or gives little cause for grief, for that comes not so much from what is decreed or is to be, as from the manner in which mortals distort conditions fixed by kind design. Nature's teardrops bedew the earth it is true, but only to subdue and mellow the productions of the dying year. So should ours fall only to relieve and refresh the mind. In all things known are creation and destruction, growth and decay, life and death. Without them, all infinite design, purpose and progress would stop. In vegetable life the loveliest, most tender and delicate formations, pass away first, just stopping a moment with delicious exhalations, while the sturdy oak withstands the storms of many winters. So in human life many strong men and women live far into the winter, while the delicate die early. Does

a kind and sensible nature mourn and grieve because the short life of a flower, to which it is entirely indebted for its supernal beauty, is taken away? And shall mortals in endeavoring to rise above nature, sink below it in mourning, because one is called early.

They say she died of a cruel disease, and was led away by a flattering and deceitful conductor. If it is not by design, then it certainly is by a chance that is beyond human comprehension and credulity, that compensations are sent to assist and comfort the dying. Chief among them are hope and resignation. The alluring blandishments of that suave disease, consumption, although creating vain hopes, yet serve to furnish comfort, without which suffering might end in delirious agony, and almost always buoy up the afflicted with effective though false hope till near the end, then brings sudden reconciliation to death. Just as in tropical climes the most inviting fruits conceal the most subtle poisons, the shade of the most luxuriant tree kills, or as the vampire surrounds its victim with perfumed air while it gorges itself with life blood, so do all the beauties and comforts of life conceal its evils. And although they at times invite to danger by false confidence, it is not so in the case of consumption, for the nurse though never so credulous, is not deceived, even while the victim may be, by brilliant flashes of almost superhuman beauty in women, or temporary exhibitions of intellect in men.

And she to whom tender tribute is now due, always

a kind, amiable and good-hearted girl, grew patient, hopeful, and was inspired by a silent womanly heroism, more intense because silent and secluded. Buoyed up and cast down alternately by hope and gloomy anticipations, she exhibited traits remarkable to those within the range of observation, and which warmed into affection those who did not know her completely till then.

Hearts are sad now. But when that period of loneliness which always accompanies death shall have passed by; when reason shall have pointed out all the consolations along the last year of her quiet, painless, yet exhaustive walk: when friends reflect on the refining process through which she was passing; when they see her sinking so quietly as if to slumber, and then so beautiful in death that kind hearts are moved to deftly array her as if for a festival, although they cannot call her happy, because they do not know about that; when they see her there, so careless, peaceful, restful, and so still that they would shudder if any hand should rudely disturb a single detail of that choice and sacred situation,—mature minds are comforted by such conditions.

But there is a delicate feature in the scene that does not coalesce with its surroundings,—one little heart too turbulent to harmonize with the repose of such an atmosphere. The grief of a little girl child comes from unbounded, unappreciated and unalleviated sorrow, more deep because unknown, unnoticed and neglected, and more bitter because the sufferer sees no cause. While to

others the object of her childish sentiments was one of a class having certain traits common to that class, and a common destiny in the mind of the little one, her idol possessed them alone and bestowed them all on her. To this one, death brought nothing she would accept by way of recompense. But even for such, kind nature has provided bountifully in the despatch with which the sorrows of the young heal, and the object of them blends with living associations until it becomes simply a rich, pure memory, passionless and idealized.

ASA WENTWORTH TENNEY.

JUDGE Tenney, so well and favorably known in Vermont and New Hampshire during his earlier years, died in Brooklyn at his residence, on the 10th of December 1897. One sister was the wife of L. L. Durant of Montpelier, another married a man prominent in financial circles in Cleveland, Ohio, and another was married and lived in the town of Dalton.

Soon after his appointment to the bench he was possessed of a desire to visit the scenes of his early life and wrote a life-long friend to meet him at Lancaster. Pressure of judicial business compelled him to cancel the engagement and now comes the sudden tidings of his death. He never saw his childhood home again.

And now tones of sorrow, like the sighing of æolian harps moved by cold night winds, breathe through the land and murmur sad revivals of those academic memories of old Thetford Hill, of Dartmouth College, and of

the great city of New York, with which he was connected. His death sends a thrill of sorrow through the hearts of the few lonesome survivors of those classic though rustic days when, with burning enthusiasm, he poured forth the songs of Virgil as though he were an ancient bard breathing the romance of his own ancient times. Probably the tidings of the death of no man in New England would stir more extensive or deep personal sentiments and sensations than has this announcement. Born on a farm in Dalton, N. H., his father, a neat, frugal farmer, with a large family, limited means and an abundance of healthy, conscientious sentiments, Asa W. has all his life constantly displayed the grandeur of endeavor, growth, expansion and progress, produced by a motive power solely within himself. Tall, commanding, vigorous, hopeful, and most charitable and sympathetic toward the attainments of others, he came from the little log school house in Dalton to the Academy at Thetford, and at once became one of the boy leaders in healthy sports, in the most masculine branches of study, as well as in art, music and poetry. Being of a fine figure, he quickly acquired those manly accomplishments so attractive in business and society. Passing through Dartmouth College, by constant accretion and not by fitful acquisition, he fast took to himself the best and most useful elements of education, so that when he graduated in 1859 he came from the schools as well equipped educationally as one need be. His assortment was different, because his taste

and nature were different, from those of his townsman, Judge Ladd, but the two (students tell us) gave a proud scholastic reputation at Dartmouth to unpretending Dalton, and gave assurance of high positions to them as prominent examples of what may be achieved by the intrinsic motive power of will. After passing through a course of study at Lancaster, by close application, he became well qualified to practice in any court in the country. But he had struck just that point of time at which every young lawyer is startled by the enquiry "Who knows what I am good for?" He did not stop to dream or doubt, but plunged boldly into the great city of New York and was practically lost to human sight. The ringing laugh that enlivened the still air of academic days was silent or lost in the noise and rattle, the swirl and vociferous medley of a great city, whose currents go roaring in fixed and huge channels and never seek a lonesome adventurer except to dash him on to the pavements or against the huge walls. He was alone in a vast and mighty city, and apparently as powerless as Victor Hugo's victim struggling alone in and with the huge waves of an ocean. But the young adventurer never lost a particle of heart or hope. He opened an office and industriously waited for a drop that the mighty currents might dash into it. Nor had he long to wait before an opportunity presented itself. This was all he required. He at once attracted attention, assumed his place among the best lawyers in the city, established an elegant su-

burban home in Brooklyn, created happy family relations, and was in the full tide of success. But he was in currents that do not bear a man lazily along. For as ocean currents and storms require the greatest vigilance and nautical skill, so a lack of either in those mighty city currents and stormy excitements would soon dash an urban navigator into oblivion. After establishing himself in the courts young Tenney exhibited such coolness and courage in the suppression of those riotous proceedings, which all remember, as to give him a much wider recognition and increased confidence. He was an accomplished speaker, with broad and generous methods, healthy and popular sentiments, a warm patriotism and geniality, which attracted the attention of such men as Beecher and Blaine, and he became a favorite speaking companion, especially of those two men. He argued some cases and made speeches that attracted national attention. He was by three presidents successively appointed district attorney for the eastern district of New York, and so faithfully and ably did he perform the duties of that position that last September, without being urged for the place, President McKinley went by strong solicitations for other candidates, and appointed him United States District Judge. He immediately exhibited great ability and efficiency, and won the love and respect of the bar.

A man into whose life has been crowded more constant energy, enthusiasm, companionship, humanity and yet pleasant and considerate determination, has seldom

lived. And now as he has gone up step by step perhaps to the top landing of his ambition, (for from his beginning he had gone far up,) and just as he had assumed a position which he had attained only by long, exhausting toil, the startling announcement comes to our ears that he is dead—"by overwork." With quick impulses a hand is steadily laid upon the heart or head, and without thinking we exclaim: Oh! men, men, children of a larger growth, this one's blocks are toppled down and strewn upon the carpet. This is not so. Not a particle of the construction of his life has been disturbed or effaced. Man builds not for himself alone. Our friend and brother has been taken away from his work, but it all remains to be continued by others. Let the groveling pessimistic remark that "he died just as his end was attained, and the labor of all life is lost," perish with its utterance. Such degrading sentiments brooded over will make us either drones or maniacs. They are unworthy the noble life of our friend. His work remains; his memory lives; and the greatest gladness in our sorrow comes from the fact that his courage has animated us, his charity enlarged us, his benevolence instructed us, his patience tempered us, and all his qualities warmed us into kindlier and more hopeful conditions. And we are also glad that this has been done through the influence of a man who has been in the thickest of life's battles, and who has fought most valiantly without losing his genial and humane sentiments.

JOSEPH ANDREW.

JOSEPH ANDREW was born in Bradley's Vale (now Concord) June 1835. With a common school education, and a muscular development created by constant toil and exercise, he attained his majority as a well developed, strong and intelligent young man. At the age of 20 years (in 1855) he married Miss Lucinda Jenkins of East Burke, who died January 5, 1880, leaving a daughter, Mrs. Leon R. Cook, of Yarmouth, Me. November 23, 1881, he married Miss Mabelle Peckham of Lynn, Mass. To them four children were born, three of whom are living.

He came to Island Pond to reside in 1856, and the year following he entered the service of the G. T. Ry. Co., and his quick mastery of the philosophy which pertains to the construction and use of the engine soon promoted him to the position of engineer, which position he held until 1895, when failing health compelled him to re-

linquish it. He was a cool, careful, attentive and industrious man in respect to his work. The life and work of an engineer presents a wide and fruitful field for the exercise of a philosophic mind; he studied intently those principles relating to the structure and uses of engines, and the use and application of steam power generally, until he became one of the most intelligent engineers on the line of the road. He was everywhere that he was known recognized as a genius in his line and work. He was a man of exact and sedulous deportment before the public and was much respected.

He represented Brighton in the state legislature in 1868 and 1876, and he applied his characteristic care and industry to the work of legislation. Every bill introduced and printed he kept in order and ready for immediate reference, and he kept the run of the work in the House much better than the average legislator, and voted intelligently on every issue that was made. His judgment was always sound, and he was very firm in his convictions. He seldom addressed the House, but was influential among the members, and was always ready to vote on any measure, and had systematically formed opinions on whatever was before the House.

He was a member of the masonic lodge, and as Master in 1869-70 and again in 1882-3, and in whatever position he held in it, he did thorough, systematic work.

He was much interested in the cause of education and did much to improve the condition of our schools, oc-

cupying different positions in the school system, including chairman of the board, and contributed good work to make the town system of schools popular.

In March 1881 he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in this town. He was highly esteemed by the church for his loyalty to it and interest in its success.

In his intercourse with others he was genial, friendly, kind and accommodating, generous to the poor and unfortunate, and always conducted himself in the presence of his associates and acquaintances in a gentlemanly and dignified manner.

Thus has passed away a kind husband, father and friend, and a man who has left in the memory of all the impress of a positive, thorough and efficient man in whatever he undertook.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

IT is doubtful if a deeper or wider shadow ever fell upon this country and perhaps on the world, occasioned by the death of a woman, than the decease of Frances E. Willard has cast upon millions of hearts. In some of her attributes she seemed to stand alone. She differed in some features of her character from any other woman of her time. Other women may have been as amiable and as disinterested and as pure minded as she. But she had that heroic amiability and purity that in the minds of many distinguished her from all others. Whatever may be said of her ideas or methods, her reputation was as clear as crystal and her motives were so far beyond question that she came in the minds of millions as near the supernatural as any human being could. She differed very widely from many of her sister temperance workers who compromised with other vices thinking thereby to get something in exchange that would be

beneficial to the cause of temperance. She was compelled to exhibit some heroic characteristics in order to accomplish her work. If her enthusiasm sometimes induced her to adopt extreme means and theories, notwithstanding that, her whole life was a benediction. At times she may have shown a masculine strength, but if she had been less so, she would have been less efficient. Considering her line of action, she was not radical. She wanted woman suffrage, but she wanted that which would enable her sex to defend their homes, their honor, their children and families, and that would elevate her kind through such educational means as women could aid in bringing about.

Cæsar's wife is said to have been without suspicion. She was surrounded by all the barriers that wealth, power, and favorable court associations could furnish to shield her from even unfavorable comment. Miss Willard went among all conditions, antagonizing the most vile and designing, now being among the lowly and inspiring the vilest with higher ideas, and again standing in the front rank of the foremost orators in all the world, comparing unfavorably with no one among them all, man or woman, and maintained a spotless reputation and her almost womanly instincts through all the varying scenes of her eventful life.

Joan of Arc achieved a romantic and mysterious fame, stormed defences that the imbecile Charles quailed before, yet her designs and power were a marvel and a secret, and will remain so forever. Pluck not a laurel

from the brow of this strange woman. But Miss Willard, plain, domestic, bright, good-hearted and every day Miss Willard, grew up in a practical, sensible way, amid hundreds who were lamenting because women had no opportunities, and began to work in such a modest, yet inspiring manner, that she at last came to be the foremost woman in the land, if not in the world; demonstrating that the world was full of opportunities for her sex, and at death leaving a vacancy, to fill which the proudest woman on earth could aspire. Hers was a brilliant fame. She gave to common things and common work such a fervor that her surroundings were filled with the romance of real life. With the tender instincts of a woman, moved by a noble energy that rises and executes, independent of sex, she has finished a wonderful career, and impressed on the world the highest type of pure, devoted and enthusiastic American womanhood.

MRS. ROBERT CHASE.

RS. Susan A. H. (Davis) Chase, who died at Guildhall, was born at Pembroke, N. H.; and was married to Robert Chase July 1854. They came to Guildhall in 1865 and have resided there since. She was a member of the Congregational Church for more than 35 years and was connected with this church at Guildhall. A husband, son, brother and two sisters survive her. She is the first of a limited family to be taken away, and many circumstances conspire to make her absence intensely felt.

Hearts are always filled with tender sympathy by the consideration of the situation of a man who has allied himself to a life partner whose fidelity to him and to all her social duties has filled the full measure of his young and ardent hopes, and who suddenly loses the influences of her life. Especially is this so if the loss occurs after their lives have ripened into the full mental enjoyment of and dependence upon such conditions. At this time such general sadness and sympathy is intensified by the great loss to the world of a pure, contented, dutiful, capable and Christian woman.

How weak and unavailing is language in times like these! And yet expressions of tender regard for the memory of the good and the true are sometimes becoming, and comforting to the living. It is well to evoke hope, courage and consolation from such conditions. How full every hour of sorrow and trouble is with compensations if they are sought and made available! How grateful to kind nature or providence should a man be to whom they are always supplied! Can this man look on the past and wish it had never been, that he had never met such a companion, that she had been longer kept in suffering, longer shut out from the rewards of a virtuous life, that she had possessed such attributes that she would have died unmourned, that she had not possessed such resignation and courage, and finally can he wish that the cheerful light of that life had not shone on a pathway in which the shadows have fallen as far or farther than they usually do in the lives of men and women, or that it might not still fall softly and gently where his footsteps shall continue even to his own grave?

Words are unavailing, friendships are powerless, the external wealth and power of all the world have no effect. They are unheeded in such times as these. But down deep in the heart of every one has been kindly placed resources for consolation, of which the possessor is alone accurately conscious, sufficient for the most trying hour. Let them be invoked in this instance. Let them now be invoked.

JOHN REILLY.

THE associations of all the men, women and children that ever were, or are, or will be, fade away before succeeding generations and are forgotten ; and the affections among, and relations between individuals today will soon be to the coming multitudes as though they had never been. This is a fearful reflection unless properly applied. It may be indulged in only for some purposes. If used as a consolation for loss by death of friends, it will impress any philosophical mind with the utter incapacity of grief or any demonstration of it. The very thought of the impotency of tears will restrain them. Let it not be said that this is stoical. Persons of every degree of intellect and variety of sentiment are provided by nature with a kind of philosophy which is emotionless, and they always involuntarily avail themselves of it in times of sorrow and trouble. But let us be careful that this reasoning does not lead us to say that because our

late friend was cut off in the midst of his humble life purposes, his work was unavailing, and that with others he will soon pass from the memory of men, for the dangerous inference too naturally follows that there is no inducement to or reward for honest and manly contentions in life's battles. Such a use of the reflection would discourage mankind, and sink the glory of life, the light of the world, and the inspiring and enterprising energies of mankind, in a mass of inertia; and the great living, moving mass would stop, while the dark world would be filled with the dead forms of men, women and children. All things should be considered in times of sorrow calmly and sometimes coldly ; but let reason be used for comfort, for encouragement, for kindness and cheerfulness, and to engender mutual confidence, hope and courage. Care should always be taken not to encourage repinings or any arraignment of providence or chance for the misfortunes that come upon us. Accidents are sad enough without adding to them fancied aggravations. What will it profit any living being to go back with our late friend, and to look on his fancied picture of a neat cottage home, a little well-tilled farm and weedless garden, watered by nature's pure fountains and shaded by trees of his own pruning, to which he could retire from the rough and toilsome life of a woodsman to quiet industry and nightly repose, and then to arraign that providence by which he was ground by cruel wheels just before he reached that ideal home ? How much we dream and little know what

might come of dreams if they became realities! The best work the memory of individuals can do is to preserve and imitate their good qualities.

Our late friend was unassuming, honest, faithful and true, both to his family and in his social and business relations. He was undemonstrative, but a very efficient and important factor in the business enterprises with which he was connected. He had no fractious impulses, no fawning fear, no envies or rivalries, which come so often from extensive employment in large enterprises. He died without a single known enemy. He was honest, candid, and business like. He was even peculiar in one respect. In stating facts or business conditions he looked at the subject matter absolutely in the abstract and apparently free from personal considerations. This made him naturally and inoffensively independent, absolutely reliable, and gave him great influence in the work with which he was connected. His ideas and expressions of them were not polished or cultivated, but he had crude, broad and comprehensive conceptions of justice and truth, and of an accurate adjustment of things so as to have them right, and in them he was so quietly, inoffensively, and apparently unconsciously uncompromising that there could always be discovered in him the true elements of a man. He lived and died in as profound respect and approval by local business and social sentiment as any man in his station of life who has ever lived and died among us. The circumstances of his death have deeply stirred

the hearts of the whole community. His death was sudden, violent and sad; but his sufferings were soon over. They are of no consequence now. They have gone into the past. His funeral was on the Sabbath. The neighbors said "This was his Sunday home." It was his Sunday home. A home in which he will remain in quiet rest. If we weep for him we shed tears of gratitude for such an honest, truthful and industrious life, and such peaceful sleep. But for and with the living we do shed tears of sympathy and sorrow. It is unavoidable. The loss of a life companion, the father of a family of young and dependent ones just in the early development of numberless little family plans suddenly taken from their midst, stirs every heart with irresistible grief. But kind nature has an antidote for all that. The heart of a sorrowful mother is soon absorbed in the care of and in the hopes and aspirations of her little ones. How soon even the deepest grief is assimilated and absorbed by new developments and conditions! While parents are unduly solicitous about the support and welfare of their children the latter are developing faculties almost beyond human comprehension. They knit so quickly into business enterprises and life's relations as to substitute their own efforts and achievements for those of the parents, take up the work, assume their places, and almost as soon as spring comes and goes, the wounds of their young hearts are healed, and all the toils, anxieties, and afflictions are absorbed and lost in a new generation.

CATHERINE (CONWAY) ELIE.

LIFE has such sudden transformations that human beings often find themselves in as new conditions as though their identity were lost. Human life is ambushed all along its journey. In the logic of our lives grief follows pleasure and tears refresh the heart. It had just been a summer time of luxury in nature, and men, women and children were filled with happy conditions. In infinite wisdom or, to say the least, in most kindly designing accident, the rains had fallen copiously, and the harvest fields and hearts and homes of men were yielding abundant happiness and joy. And, as if to meet the most extravagant wishes of the tillers of the land, the clouds rolled softly away and heaven smiled on the hay makers until the earth was almost parched. From plenty the merchant supplied frugal needs and comforts, the priest and pastor gave thanks, and the physician went on his way with only such occasional remedies as a healthful

time requires. Even the ills of a far off war were scarcely felt. Old men and women, tired by the accomplishment of their own little ambitions, were warmed into new and secondary life by one, two and sometimes three generations, warming, pushing, developing and expanding a fulsome life and demonstration, before which age dissolves and passes on and into the extinguishment of individual identity. Everybody was knit into sympathy with the times and conditions, and into most confident expectancy of life, but no one more than another. Many pairs communed in sacred union with two hearts as one, and which were filled with thoughts of growing infancy, and thrilled with the development of new beings whose young lives constantly refresh and inspire the old. Families and firesides, friends in pairs and groups, united hands and hearts and hopes as night gently fell on pleasant, happy homes in which the old soon went to sleep the sleep that's earned by honest toil, the younger ones to a sleep that's filled with strong and buoyant dreams, and the little ones to the sweet and innocent sleep of childhood. But all went with dreams and hopes of reanimation, reunion and resumption on the morrow.

But when the morning came with its scenery and figures, its hills, valleys, and human forms, the din of life, glad and loving impulses, joyous greetings and reunions, one there was who did not waken. Those lips which in life spoke no words but those of charity and kindness were silent. The still glowing light of the

morning rested gently on the motionless type of a life which suddenly went out just as its social and moral influence was spreading and ripening in its surroundings. She went at midnight from a home guarded by every hope. The messenger met a sharp but brief resistance, in which the strength and skill of man was of no avail. Angels of mercy besought the messenger to spare her life, and in this behalf invoked her kindness, charity, goodness, benevolence, virtue, sacred motherly offices, and all the patient virtues which adorned her home, and cheered and blessed the outer world. But when the morning came, she was gone from where a gloomy man sat embedded in the awful stillness, and children looked wonderingly each into the other's eyes as if awakening in dazed amazement from a dream in which the mother had vanished as in a vision of the night. Except the household and hurried aids, all slept unconscious of the gloom that had fallen there at midnight. But in the morning, when it was told, a shadow fell on every heart and home. All quickly felt the sorrows of others, for they were much their own. But soon consoling memory recalled the goodness in the home and church and social ways of the life that went out so quickly; all recognized that this was a calamity unmingled with remorse or bitter memories, and that this was not a separation worse than death's; but one that came in nature's own appointed way.

When we think of the overwhelming conditions of one man, then of the post mortem messenger speeding on

his way to deal the father in the far west a blow which will fall the more heavily because delayed, we rejoice that nature has implanted in the soul of man that sublime courage and hope that enables him to rise out of a calamity, and to so rebuild that the reconstruction shall be made stronger by the memory of disaster; and given him that cool, solid philosophy on which he can stand firm amid the ruin of all his earthly hopes, thus preventing his lying down in despair and dying like a beast, and causing him to guard against cynicism until death brings him honorable discharge, and which enables him to surmount the ruin of even all his life plans, and still hope for a reality beyond, whether it will ever come or not. Let all find consolation in and gratitude for that hope that somewhere in the dim and distant future the rough, disjointed and broken conditions in life shall be adjusted and repaired, and for the hope (whether it be a reality or not) of a grand reunion and restoration of the individual identity of each. There is another hope; that of a finally happy disposition of all things. Men widely differ as to its nature and methods, but each is allied to those reverential conditions best adapted to his or her wants. To their hope and methods we reverently bow in respectful sympathy and personal sorrow, and leave our friends with tender commendation to the source of all earthly hope and consolation.

T. HULL PAGE.

THE whole state, by which the Hon. Carroll S. Page is respected and to which he is endeared, deeply sympathize with him and his family in the loss of his son T. Hull Page, who died at Las Vegas, New Mexico, of consumption.

When a man of intense conceptions, business and social zest, and energy for quick and hopeful accomplishment, and with correspondingly tender and deep affections, sees the near fulfillment of his life purposes and ambitions and turning to his young succession, begins to live in his children; and then sees one of talent and ability, fit to succeed to and perpetuate those hopes and ambitions, slowly fade and go out,—it moves to tender sympathy hearts most remote from the situation.

It tempts one, even at the risk of being almost intrusive in private sentiments, to express a gratitude that a kind providence which furnished courage and energy

to create happy conditions, will also by the great law of compensation continue those sublime and manly qualities in sustaining the man and also (what is equally important) in enabling him to courageously sustain dependent ones.

* **“Light as a Glimpse They Ran Away.”**

THERE is nothing in life more purely pleasant than association with and the memory of children ; pure in thought, pure in motives and sentiments, and pure in life and in death. The bitterness of life with its enmities and contaminations has not entered into their hearts. They are the ornaments of society and the brightest lights in the home, shining clearer and brighter the darker and more rugged the conditions in which they are, like stars contrasted with adjacent and gloomy skies, or flowers growing in rough and unseemly places—choice delicacies of life ! Quiet, restful, sleeping little beings ! Even death is kind to them. It adorns them with a gentle grace and fills the space in which they lie with a sad, sweet memory. They have no responsibility, no sin, no remorse, no regrets, no envies and no chastisements. They are inferior to their Creator, nearly equal with angels, and far above the wicked kings of

* Suggested by the death of Kathaleen Mackay and John F. Paquette.

earth. They are all that is pure and good and kind and lovely, and nothing that is sour, morose or evil. And yet grief sometimes most unreasonably complains of the only conditions which could make them as they are. Adorn them with flowers. It is well. But use such ornaments as types to cultivate in the hearts of the living the fairest, kindest and tenderest sentiments of the mind, and as a consolation. Pour the most healing balm into hearts so deeply afflicted by the loss of the richest treasures that hearts can have. But do not let grief blind reason or vainly attempt to call back those little departed ones to a loss of their happy conditions, which all the kings of the earth could not purchase with the wealth of all the world. Look on the brighter side and see them going through the dark valley by the only sure pathway that leads to that sunlit clearing on the mountain which we see through the eye of hope. Neither art nor skill will ever unaided coin such choice and sacred words as these, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

WALTER G. VALLEE.

IT is the common experience of life that as men go on from design to design, planning for the future as though accomplishment would be certain, they are suddenly interrupted by death. But seldom in the experiences of life do we find so many conditions, so ardently charged with interest and anticipation, and all contributing to the shock occasioned by his death, as those about Walter G. Vallee, who died at the Stewart House on the 13th of September, 1898.

He was a young man in the intensest and most zestful time of life, a son of Gabriel C. and Stephanie Vallee, who in their declining years were looking with the full and anxious anticipations of parents on the life enterprise of two of their boys. He was linked to a large paternal and maternal family by numerous lines of filial and fraternal affection, and in a wide circle of friends his life was blended with others in warm, frank, open, gener-

ous and genial intercourse. He was industrious, enterprising, and willing to bear his proportion of all the burdens to which duty called him. He was just what he appeared to be without false pretence or affectation. He was 37 years of age and had worked hard all his life. And what deepens the sadness of his death is that he was just in the midst of his liveliest plans and life purposes and almost in sight of the goal he was straining every nerve to reach. His purposes were intensified by the presence of wife, father, mother, brothers, sisters, and the whole community, all looking with anxiety to the progress of a work beneficial to all. Numberless circumstances and conditions awakened in all a commendation of his courage in the affairs of life, which ended in his declaring that further effort was useless and he must die. Just at the time in his life when his presence seemed to him and his friends most important, in the midst of the warmest and most pleasant social and business relations, and in the harmony of domestic felicity, he was suddenly called from a love born of womanly and the most lovable companionship, from the pleasant society of friends, and from the strong and interesting business relations of life, to be resolved into those elements which form the great and universal design. To die in the midst of so many purposes, conditions and designs in which our little community is involved, and in which all were interested, could but awaken emotions of unusual sadness. The news of such a death creates a shock, recovering from

which, all eyes are turned with tender sympathy to a stricken family, and especially do all look with pitying eyes on her who made her companion's hopes her own, and which seem to her to have died with him.



J. Linck

DR. JOHN H. LINEHAN.

WHEN we look at the almost incomprehensible variety of structures, mental and physical, of which the human race is composed, we are astonished at the numberless and wide individual differences among them. And we marvel that out of those very differences comes such perfect adaptation and uniformity to society. Some are made of tough, hard material, with such strong motive power as not to be turned aside or entangled in any knot capable of solution or of being cut. If surrounded by strong deviators, or if they encounter obstacles, they have the directness and force to cut along the line marked by the designer. Others possess a finer mould and temper, keener, but more delicate and refined, with mental order, symmetry, incision, sharp penetration and nice systematic analysis; but of such frail organism, especially in respect to physical conditions, as to be insufficient to stand the strain of intense ambitious efforts

to attain professional excellence and a high standard of citizenship.

Our late lamented friend and townsman, Dr. John H. Linehan, more resembled the latter than the former. He was possessed of fine traits of character, and so susceptible to the influences of education that they were early brought into correspondence with the art and science of his chosen profession. He early studied with intense and curious interest, made great proficiency as a student and graduated among the very first of his class from one of the highest medical institutions in the land. And, although he early mingled in public affairs, became a local party leader and won public confidence, he was wedded to the science of his profession. He procured the best books, surgical instruments and other facilities for his work, and his skill was justly esteemed by the public. In many things he was too unselfish. He even lost sight of compensation for his services and was too sensitive to exact just returns for them. Besides he became at once the friend, companion and counsellor of his patient. Although his keen temper corresponded with his other qualities, never was a man more devoted to his friends, more generous, or free from malice. He leaves only pleasant and sympathetic personal associations, formed and dissolving as a dream. But such is life, formed in intense hope and ambition, then vanishing in weakness, dissolution and death. Many will miss

"The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still,"

while the condition of one, a part of whose very self is gone, we can neither describe nor adequately appreciate. In such conditions the "silver cord is loosed," the fondest devotion is interrupted, the brightest hopes are blasted. But they are not made to be everlasting here. It cannot be otherwise. To expect it would only be arraigning the wisdom and goodness of creation. It is wise and better to apply the antidotes which kind nature has provided for the afflicted, and leave the deepest sorrows to the assuaging influences of time, assisted by resignation, hope, reason and courage.

JUSTIN SMITH MORRILL.

PROBABLY never before since the life of Vermont began has a deeper sadness fallen on her people, and more universally, too, than rested down upon us all when the announcement was made that Senator Morrill was dead. Those who remember or observed the sad funeral cortege of Senator Collamer, the throbbing of social centres when the stirring, striking and abundant yet pungent eloquence of Upham became silent, or when the brilliant, accomplished and elegant though somewhat aristocratic life of Phelps went out, can plainly see a distinction between the grief occasioned by those events, as great as it was, and the present. When like events occurred in former times, they conceived sentiments and emotions of awe and mysterious greatness, and the grandeur of lives at a greater distance from the common people than are those of their leaders and representatives of the present day. In all times public leaders are apt

to have some striking traits, some distinct lines on which their energies and accomplishments run with such intensity as to leave out or obliterate a variety of other qualities; and many times such tendencies absorb or blunt sociability, humanity and benevolence. When such great and good men die there is always public grief. All men are sensible then of a great loss to the public, and mourn with profound and respectful sorrow the loss of eminent and useful elements from the moral and political forces in the State. But the loss of a man who carried for nearly half a century of public life all the desirable qualities of his nature through the most stormy currents of a public career, including the ruffianly days of contention on the line between freedom and slavery, and the civil war, which took many statesmen off their feet, and rocked the republic as with the throes of an earthquake; a man who during all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful career exercised towards all his people the most equable relations, constantly growing in their esteem, affection, (and it is no venture to say) love,—is not only a public loss, but an occasion for individual sorrow. There is not a spot in the state so obscure that its residents do not feel that an almost overwhelming calamity has come, and not a man of any consciousness of her affairs who does not feel a personal loss. The whole state is melted into a great family, silent, subdued and grief stricken. Even fiery zeal and clamor for personal preferment stands awed for a moment before the proud

majesty of a sublime life and the abundant harvest of the great reaper.

Senator Morrill was not only a representative of a generation of bold, sturdy, generous and kindly men, nearly all of whom are gone, but he was one who by accretion, continually took on and assimilated those young and changing sentiments which cheer and inspire public and private intercourse. Seldom was there ever such a young old man as he; or one so suave in manners and methods, and yet so quietly effective in accomplishment. His taste sought rich, plain, substantial things. As a genial, industrious farmer, he steadily increased his store by his own production and development, without taking from others their just belongings. As a merchant, by thrift and honest ways, he did so extensive a business as to benefit the public by thriving on small profits. He entered public life modestly; indeed, unexpectedly, as it appears. He seemed to grow into it, or to come along as if in the natural order of things; and he brought from as far back as anybody knows him, that peculiar faculty of putting himself in personal relations with every one he met. When he went to the little, lively, old Thetford Academy to lecture, about the time he was first elected to Congress, each one of us—its students—felt personal relations to him; and whenever he visited the legislature in after years it was the same. Envious aspirants insinuated that he thus sought favor, and so he did, as good men seek rewards for virtuous actions, as

any prudent, faithful man familiarizes himself with his clientage to know their views and wants in order to win their support and approval of his intelligent efforts in their behalf. He did cater to the farming class, not as a counterfeit presentment, but as one born among them, and willing and glad to counsel with them concerning their wishes and wants, and how he could best serve the interests of a class on whom the foundations of state prosperity rested, as the fabled skies rested on the shoulders of the giants of old. And he never forgot them; not in the excitement of Kansas massacres, nor the storm of civil war, nor yet when he was the foremost workman in framing that masterpiece of tariff legislation which worthily bore his own honored name. And when the news of his death came through the valleys and among the mountains of his beloved state, like the sighing of the winds and the voice of its many waters, there was not a dwelling so remote or humble, containing an intelligent occupant, that was not filled with as sincere sorrow as was manifested by the sad pageantry of more pretentious demonstrations beneath the dome of the Capitol at Washington, or at the capital of the state.

If there ever was a suspicion that he was induced by shrewd designs, his own nature at once arose to vindicate itself, for he could no more present a haughty or fawning attitude even to plebeians than an aristocrat could have kind, considerate intercourse with nice, clean, common folks. He was incapable of intrigue or duplicity,

and if he had ever attempted either, his frank and unrestrained intercourse with the people would have betrayed him. He had no need of political machinery. He was absolutely above temptation. If he exhibited good taste and judgment in sending documents to his constituents, even if he knew it would bind recipients to him more closely, it was commendable. Would that no other means of support than those he used were practiced! He was a man of perfect poise, fine figure and great strength, physically and mentally. He was quietly humorous, yet capable of indulging in keen sarcasm, made more pungent by being masked under a pleasant exterior. He reminded one of the descriptions which the books give us of the republican simplicity of Jefferson, and, like him, the crown jewel of all his qualities was his absolute independence, which he maintained to the end of his life. He lived right on the line between plenty and extravagance, and between satisfied desires and excess, just where the most good lies. Fortunate man! He lived in the happiest land on earth and in its most halcyon days. He heard the voices of Clay and Webster proclaiming "Freedom, Unity and Constitutional Liberty." He was one of the saddest mourners at the grave of Clay, and among the first to rock the cradle of republicanism. He had no specialty. He was all in all, good everywhere, although in finance, architecture, learning and the educational interests of the country, he may have been somewhat specially prominent. He did efficient work in the ban-

ishment of the illegitimate twin barbarisms. He had an intense and universal appreciation of, and zest in, everything in and about his life. He loved his country, its mountains, valleys, lakes and rivers, its institutions, his family, constituents and friends; and was in harmony with them all.

Not only has a statesman, sage, and lover of wisdom and learning, gone, but one of whom it has been written: "It is the crowning glory of such a career that it is absolutely spotless. No act of dishonor or word of discourtesy was ever charged to him." Scarcely can this be said of mortals; and yet the statement goes unchallenged.

It is night now. The lamps are lit; and old men, strong men, tender wives and even children are reading sad lines, and between the lines; and all anxiously hope that the sun which has set on such a good, kind, fruitful life, may rise on a fortunate succession.

*** Reflections on the Death of a Child.**

THE little girl was brought many miles to be laid down to rest among her kindred. There was a noiseless agitation when she arrived. She was placed in a still, cold room, and when her form was revealed her face wore the same sweet smile that had passed unmoved through the cold, heartless and curious passengers and loungers during that long, bitter journey. It seemed as though she ought to be placed in a warm and cheerful room. But she was not cold or lonesome. She was not alone. She had joined and was with the millions of others who would have filled the world if they had not gone on to join the countless throng of "such as is the kingdom of heaven." She was the only composed and self-possessed one in the little group, calm, placid, still and immovable. The mourner's breath could scarcely move the lightest curl in her abundant tresses. She possessed that matchless form and type half baby and half girl-

* A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Lefebvre.

hood, which is not confined to wealth or station but which nature bestows wherever she will, among the humble as well as elsewhere. To see such form, and then to see even death add new lines of beauty to its features, and then to think that the form itself is all unconscious of its graces, adds touches that life does not possess and art can never imitate. If I can avoid it, I will not look on the faces of the dead ; and yet death sometimes hangs pleasant pictures on memories walls. Why does a father weep to look on his girl, pure and beautiful in death, beyond the reach of scorn, or pride, and in happy conditions even beyond the reach of the most queenly of earth unless attained almost always by some kind of absolute ? All emotions serve a wise purpose. Grief for one is a type of sorrow for the many. Each mourns the loss of a different name, but all grieve for the loss of a common childhood, and many and many an act of sympathy and kindness has been performed because the actors were moved by their own misfortunes and necessities ; but notwithstanding all that, if the father going through drifting snows to the tomb, the half unconscious boy who is with him, and the tender wife and mother sitting in her desolate home, looked on this picture as it is, they would weep no more. It is not good nor right to grieve for the loss of those whom the mourners themselves would not dare recall.

CHARLES GREEN.

CHARLES Green died at his home in Canaan April 20th, 1899, after a long decline. He was born in Randolph, Vt., January 16, 1822. On the 5th day of November 1844 he married at Montpelier Eliza A. Brooks, and in October 1864 he moved from Warren to Canaan. His widow, six sons and three daughters, survive him. One daughter died in infancy. For 43 years last before Mr. Green died there had been no death in the family. The six sons and three daughters attended the funeral, which occurred on the 22nd, the sons acting as bearers.

His stirring, aggressive nature placed Mr. Green among the leaders in all local matters. He represented the town of Canaan in the State Legislature of 1882, and besides having other public positions, his individuality was always felt in all local interests.

His sons are the well known Green family of Canaan, who are among the most respectable and enterprising

men in the county, and one, Charles H. Green, is a skillful timber estimator and lumberman, and has for a long time been connected with the famous Russell Paper Co.

Charles Green moved from Bethel to Warren, Vt., October 26, 1848, and at once entered with great zest into the enterprises of Mad River Valley. He at once found warm places in the hearts of such men as Judge Wright of Warren, and by his energy and push commanded all the capital he required. For years he did a various and extensive business, principally, however, in manufacturing and transporting lumber down Mad River Valley to Middlesex by teams. Figured on a basis which had been, it was a paying business, but conditions soon changed, competition grew sharp and railroad facilities increased. His lumber had to be drawn 20 miles or more by teams and the business proved a failure. Mr. Green then went to Canaan, carrying with him the unimpaired confidence of those who had furnished him capital and who had not been injured by his connection with them. He went to Canaan in the last of the fifties. Although he there soon became absorbed in the life plans of his children, he never, till sickness and the infirmities of age compelled, ceased to be busy in his own affairs.

He was a man of very marked characteristics; strong in friendship, and lasting and reliable in his enmities, (and who is not whose faculties are not neutralized and insipid?) and unselfish beyond the bounds of prudence.

As sheriff and deputy sheriff and in other business

he had occasion to mingle much with the people of the county, and the lively, cheerful, and almost boisterous Charles Green always met a hearty welcome wherever he went. What he said was so! and that characteristic was manifest. Judge Barrett once remarked of him: "That witness tells the truth. His assertions have a fixedness and consistency which carry conviction." He was an emergency man wherever he was. His generous impulses were ever saying: "If anything is wanting I am here." The most timid never shrank from approaching him in trouble and were always welcome. He was a brave, stirring, aggressive, restless, impulsive, passionate man, and yet completely tender and considerate to the helpless, wronged or unfortunate. His devotion to his family was unbounded. I never saw before him so deep and anxious solicitude for an offspring and so tender memory of another little one, whose angel visits he could scarcely persuade himself were not real, as he exhibited.

How much there is in any life extending over the greater part of a century! How much of hope and success, of joy and exultation! How much of failure, depression, sadness and despair! How much of good and bad, of noble impulses and high resolves! What a succession of sudden and unexpected impulses driving a man against his will into devious ways! How many days filled with contending emotions, passions, struggles, friendships, loves, gratitude, benevolence, fidelity and their opposites! All these things filled the life of our

late friend with amplitude and intensity. He met a change at every kaleidoscopic turn.

But after all the storms of life he landed where the sun was shining clear. Through all the voyage the mate was constant by his side, cheering, counseling, aiding, comforting and gently chiding. He had won and preserved until death, a devotion more desirable than all the wealth of all the world. He had come to live a little while in prosperous conditions which were not and yet which had become all his own.

How much of good in men, and happiness and compensation in life, may be seen if one is near enough to see in them what a far off stranger is unable to discern !

* Little Shadows in Life.

MAN does not live alone. Life is full of tones, symphonies, elegies, relations, ties and connections reticulating through what is called society. The world is full of the music of life composing a vast orchestral combination, with strings and notes varying from the most lugubrious to the highest most cheerful and enlivening. When the heavy bass is broken the foundation jars, but when the slightest chord is severed a sharp painful sensation is produced by the piercing discord.

When a strong man dies a great void occurs. His memory goes away with a heavy strength and dissolving sound which does not pierce the hearts of survivors with intense acuteness. But when a child dies there is a circumscribed stinging sensation which does not expand as when a man dies, but is all the more keen in the little circle, because limited. If the child dies even before external associations are formed, the internal ones

* Reflections caused by the death of the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bates.

growing out of it are the choicest and tenderest. They become a part of the most exquisite of paternal and maternal associations and hopes coming out of the charmed mysteries of the great unknown. It is the keenest sorrow because borne in silence and almost alone.

If the child lives a little while it climbs up, grows on to and knits into the affections of all who possess natural affections, and when torn away from us we weep for the loss of so much of the young and beautiful succession of human life. This we know is but an expression of common grief. It defies comparison with that of those on whom it falls heaviest. But it can and does go down, as we all do now in sorrow and sympathy for them, to tell them more calmly than deeper sufferers can think it, that death is great nature, working in mysterious ways, bringing to us and leaving in our pathways memories of the saddest but sweetest elements in human life.

ELMER H. CHEVALIER.

THE troop ship Hancock which sailed from San Francisco April 18, arrived at Manila last week, and on the arrival of the vessel General Otis sent the following dispatch :

MANILA, May 11.

ADJUTANT GENERAL, WASHINGTON :

Health condition troops arrived on Hancock excellent ; two deaths en-route, Private E. Jones and Elmer H. Chevalier, companies L and E, 21st infantry, April 24 and 25.

OTIS.

This dispatch occasions the deepest grief in our community. Young Chevalier was born in this town, and passed his early boyhood days here. He was a son of her who was formerly Miss Ada, a daughter of G. G. Waterhouse. The father of Elmer H. was C. N. Chevalier, whom our people will remember as an efficient and very successful railway superintendent. All the family from the grandfather down were highly esteemed by our people, and no conditions could exist in which a death could occasion a deeper and more universal sorrow in our

community than this one. The father and the second eldest son, Ted, were called to a railroad enterprise in Nicaragua, the ability of the former as a railroad man having attracted attention, and while there the son died. On account of the warlike disturbances existing there the father came north and took charge of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad, with headquarters at Ogdensburg, and successfully managed it. The patriotic young Elmer true to the instincts of his family, and moved by a strong military ambition, started for the front, and was taken down with typhoid fever and sent home. Recovering he again started for the front, and as may be seen, died, and was buried at sea. We hear nothing but continual expressions of sorrow and sympathy for the father and the heroic mother, who have stood up so bravely and are now, with such fortitude, enduring the situation of having one son buried in a foreign land and another at sea.

MRS. STEPHEN MARONEY.

IN the death of Mrs. Maroney our community loses a woman whose life corresponded with a large class in a general way, and yet a woman possessed of many distinguishing traits of character. Mrs. Johanna (McMahon) Maroney was born in the County of Clare, Ireland, December 25, 1837, and died at her home in Island Pond, July 7, 1899. She was married forty-four years since to Stephen Maroney, and they have ever since lived together in perfect harmony and fidelity.

Say what we will, and believe what we may concerning human lives and individual destinies, when we see in our minds the pictures of two Irish emigrants, and follow in imagination their voyage across the waters, realize the deep marital affection, the paternal devotion which the condition of their country at the time we have in mind and the natural tenderness and cheerfulness of the Irish natures engender; when we see two such lives grow-

ing into each other and into a common faith and absorbing their whole being, admitting no thought into the inner temple of their lives except what is born of themselves, working with no envy or malice, and with cheerfulness and good will towards all around them, and thus growing into a feeling of security in their faith and in the tender affection of themselves and a growing infancy, and into the delusion that if industry, frugality and devotion to God and each other continued, those conditions would forever last,—to see all this, and the contentment with which such conditions fill almost half a century, almost excites envy in the mind of an observer. No fancy can picture a condition of happiness preferable to the simple grandeur of such real, hearty, zestful lives. Of course this makes the interruption the more grievous and sad, but happiness and family unity and affection, which often flourish most luxuriantly in the home of the emigrant, and even in that of the exile, should not cease to be sought and cultivated because they are perishable like all things else in this world. But there is always some great cause for the continuance of those happy family conditions, and the woman who possesses, with patience, devotion, discretion and self-sacrifice sufficient to maintain happy conditions through a long term of years, has performed a task that never was excelled by the greatest and most queenly woman on earth. This was what this good, quiet, industrious woman did in bringing up a family of eleven children, eight of whom survive.

She was one of a class of women who absolutely deny themselves and devote their lives to others, and pass years and years along their still and patient way almost unobserved by the common world. If it is a quiet and almost unknown satisfaction, how happy must her children be in the reflection that all who knew her work praise it, and condemn neither her nor her precious memory in anything. A model, long continued, united and faithful specimen of family relations, the most sacred institution in the world, and the most perfect and pure among the middle class, has been sadly broken by death. May the distracted husband, father, and the children cherish the memory of a kind, good wife and mother, hope for the best in the future, and thank God for what has been.

JOHN TUCKER THURSTON.

JOHN Tucker Thurston was a son of Samuel and Mary (Tucker) Thurston of Portland, Me.; born there January 4, 1833. He married September 2, 1855, Mary Ann Strong, born October 14, 1832, a daughter of Daniel and Jane (Warwick) Strong of Portland. Four children blessed their union: John Warren, born in Portland November 10, 1859; Frank Melvin, born in Island Pond October 28, 1862; Charles Dyer, born in Island Pond January 28, 1866; Jennie Isabelle, born in Island Pond July 7, 1872, died February 27, 1876.

From an authentic historical genealogy of John Tucker's ancestors, Daniel, from whom the former is the seventh remove, came to this country as early as 1638, presumably from Kent or Essex County. His history seems to be connected with that of Colchester Castle.

In John T.'s boyhood he was in the revenue service

three years, on board the revenue cutter *Morris*, Captain Green Walden. While cruising in the Gulf of Mexico, during the Mexican war, they experienced a hurricane October 11, 1847, in the harbor of Key West, Fla., which wrecked the vessel, and the seamen went into the soldiers' barracks, where they stayed six months. January 3, 1850, he sailed from Portland for Cuba in the brig *G. W. Knights*, Capt. Joseph Munroe. The next day, his birthday, the vessel capsized, and all came near freezing to death, but were taken off from the wreck by Captain Colby of the schooner *Pilot* of Gloucester, Mass., all more or less frost-bitten.

June 2, 1853, he entered the employ of the Grand Trunk Railway Co., serving four years as fireman, and was then promoted to engineer, holding that position until February 1898. He moved his family to Island Pond in 1860, the year following he built the house which has since been his home, and where he died September 30, 1899.

Constantly running on so extensive a line as that of the Grand Trunk for nearly a half century, John T. naturally experienced many changes in railroading, and met a great variety of people and conditions. He ran a passenger train from February 1873 to February 1898, twenty-five years uninterruptedly,—a remarkable record. He received from the shops an engine which he ran for twenty-two years and until he finished his work, an experience probably not had by any other man on the rail-

road. He ran the last engine on the broad gauge, the rails being changed behind him, and the first on the narrow. He used the first coal burner, also the first extension smoke box on the Portland district. His work and running was uninterrupted by sickness or other cause, save once when he met with an accident in the Gorham engine house which incapacitated him for labor for some months, making the mileage he accomplished remarkably large, and forty-three years of it without a single accident in any way imputable to his work. So trusty, and familiar with the whole road was he, that he was often sent to take engines to various points from Portland to Sarnia on the road.

He is sleeping now ! the sleep that knows no waking in this world, amid memories and associations as long, as interesting, and as harmonious as good fortune ever brought to the life of any man who ever lived and died among us.

At an early age, probably before he was fifteen years old, he entered the naval service in the Mexican War. He was one of those men, or more correctly speaking, a boy among those men, who exercised so much bravery and fortitude in almost absolute obscurity. He was one of the last survivors of those who went down to the sea in ships and in most perilous conditions. They had no floating forts, walled or fortified cities, moving on the waters as if by magic, and in which men with every conceivable facility could go into an encounter on the full

tide of health, vigor, and enthusiasm, in full view of the whole world, and with their future lit by a blaze of glory. They did not indulge in engagements almost as though they were mere pastimes which could be interrupted for refreshments, but they met the storms of nature and the perils of war with their own hardy natures in unseaworthy vessels, meanly equipped, and under inefficient naval or army regulations. The same courage, the same patriotism, and the same devotion to country have been exhibited in the former as in the latter conditions. But in one case they were exhibited before the eyes of all the world, and in the other those qualities were exercised along obscure shores, in unseen bays and gulfs, and hidden from sight by furious ocean storms. The valor of those days of courage on the seas in the Mexican War, when it was possible for a commander (who refused to order his men aboard, and whose men were sacrificed) to be court-martialed will never be fully told. Our friend was a part of all that untold heroism, and one of those brave tars whose hearts were so full of the romance of the sea and the pride of conquest. The object of that war is as immaterial in considering the high character of those remarkable men, as it is in contemplating the glorious achievements of men whose renown is now filling the world with a blaze of glory; and their services are just as dear, valuable and revered in all true American hearts as they would be if their memories were being more ostensibly crowned with the laurels of immortality.

Man can have no greater glory than to devote his fresh and early years to the service of his country, binding himself to it by privations and sufferings, at the peril of his life, then going free from the blandishments of ambition, or selfishness of plunder, to the development of the interests of peace, the creation and support of a virtuous home and into the quiet, peaceful and hopeful reflections of his Church, and to a quiet death through which he passes from the world, leaving no just cause for offence from any man.

When the services of our late friend, soldier, sailor and patriot were no longer required in defence of his country, he turned with zeal and earnestness into one of its greatest peaceful enterprises in a manner that for length of service, patient and persistent devotion, and honest industry and purpose, is unexcelled probably by the history of any of his associates. He began with the Grand Trunk Railway enterprise in its infancy, grew into and became a part of its progress and a member of the great railway family. He affiliated himself with its organized and personal associations until it absorbed all his business life. He became recognized as one of its faithful and most trusty employees. His genial sentiments, graphic, and original expressions and declarations, made him in a social point of view prominent all along the line of the road. He was far from indifference, or insipidity, but his frank, abrupt, practical and efficient ways and sayings did not create enmities. His

deep seated and uncompromising convictions in reference to public affairs, political and otherwise, were respected even by those who differed from him, because of his consistency and fidelity to them. Fortunate in the formation of his domestic relations, the united economy, industry and devotion of two beings made, warmed, cheered and beatified that place, the designation of which requires the sweetest word in our language—home.

In the world he leaned on no man's bounty. In the country he had fought for individual freedom and he freely exercised it, but with equal regard for others. Towards his friends his heart was warm and his charity large. Every aid within his means was at their command in time of need. In his Church his faith was as fixed as were his other rocky convictions. His vindication of her was uncompromising, and his efforts and solicitations in her behalf were sincere and earnest. In his masonic and other brotherhood relations, he was true to the utmost limits of sacrifice; tender, fraternal and discreet, yet just, even to censure, if the latter was required. In his home his sentiments were boundless and his efforts measured only by his capacity; and when the circle was broken and a tender link gone from the golden chain, his restless yearnings did not stop short of every means in human reach to furnish substitution by adoption.

He has gone ! and the world seems emptier now. We look with grief and awe upon the places in which we saw him walking or sitting in the yesterday of our lives.

But we do him wrong to grieve for the time and manner of his going. His work was done; well done. His time was up. He went just in season to escape the vexations, cares and nervous fancies with which sensitive and jealous age inflicts old men. He went quietly into an unconscious freedom from the pains and sufferings of death. He was not compelled to stand very long and gaze almost alone upon the seeming nothingness that filled the places where once thronged a multitude of associates who in life's glad time never thought of death, thus lessening in that false and fancied nothingness, faith and hope that life was, is, and shall be, yesterday, today, and on some morrow that shall be.

There is a place of aching silence in the thoughts of each loving friend for her whose heart beat, responsive to its other self, so long a time, ever growing more united and dependent in declining years, then almost stopped with its dead counterpart in the dissolving unison of two lives. In that widowhood which so suddenly succeeds harmonious years she is all alone, for it is filled with that peculiar sorrow which no one save she can know. But as light is most cheery in the deepest darkness so quickly comes the glad thought that the remainder of her way leads along hard by the paths in which her strong willing and affectionate sons and daughters are going. Thank God that so much sorrow is tempered and soothed by conditions growing out of those harmonious domestic relations in which men so often live and die!

LAURA (REED) DAVIS.

RS. Davis was born in Woodstock, Vt., July 12, 1810, and died at Island Pond at the residence of her son M. C. Davis, March 6, 1900. She was the wife of Samuel Davis who died at Charleston June 28, 1888, in his 78th year. They were married at Elmore, Vt., in 1833 and moved to Charleston in 1848 with seven children, all boys. M. C. Davis was the eldest and B. F. Davis the youngest; the former at that time twelve years of age, the latter five months. The wife and mother was then a very feeble woman. There were at that time over forty heads of families in the school district into which they came, all of whom have been dead about ten years except Horace Kathan, who died some five years since. There was no disease upon Mrs. Davis. She was prostrated but a few days before her death, and was troubled with nothing but a difficulty about breathing. Her breath gradually diminished until the long-worn system

ceased to move with life or breath. Always a deeply religious woman and conscious to the last, her departure was but a continuation of the consistencies of her life.

The forty or fifty families among whom she and her husband cast their lot a little more than half a century since were composed of characteristic people. Brave, hardy, industrious and frugal men, solid and fixed in probity, with economical, devoted and reverential women, composed that group of good, solid, unpretending, healthy, happy and social men and women. The subject of this sketch survived them all for five or more years, going entirely alone in respect to them during that period. Of all the companions of her early life there is left only one, a brother ninety-two years of age, who is a very highly respected citizen of Sacramento, Cal., and with whom she corresponded until within a few weeks of her death.

The going of a human being all through the apparent designs of creation, fulfilling his or her complete destiny, with a physical system free from abuse and contagion with disease, and its going on and on until worn and weary it stops from mere attrition, is the complete fulfillment of all hope and design in any life. Longevity is creditable. It is honorable, because it depends on industry, care, good common sense, regularity of life, and freedom from sour, envious, selfish or fretful tendencies. It is usually accompanied by a cheerful, benevolent yet prudent and economical country life. Ninety or one

hundred years ago men and women had as now ample opportunities to protect and govern themselves and to feed on and drink of such substances as would lay the foundation of hardy, robust constitutions, with rounded forms and healthful features. Light, cheerful and inspiring presence comes from healthy physiques. The subject of this sketch was thus blessed. She took a generous and lively interest in all around her. She, like her neighbors with their families, was warmed by clothing and comforts produced with her own hands, and her heart was warmed with pleasure when a neighbor had something better than she had.

Ninety years is a long time to be so useful and busy on this earth. But her long walk is ended; she grew weary and worn and sank to rest. Five years she had traveled since the last of her old neighbors had retired. She had walked to a bright light shining in the comfortable cottage of a son and daughter-in-law, whose devotion to her furnished forth all that age required or feebleness craved. Her children and her neighbors loved and honored her, but would not if they could call her back from her peaceful rest in that land to which all her old neighbors and friends departed years ago.



Mr. Carrier.

WM. M. CURRIER.

WM. M. Currier, son of Amos and Lucinda Williams Currier, was born in Brighton December 18, 1832. April 16, 1861, he enlisted in Co. D., 3d Vt. Vols., and was made sergeant. September 26, 1862, he was promoted to second lieutenant of Co. B., and September 2, 1863, he was advanced to first lieutenant of Co., G., and was afterwards acting captain. He was mustered out of service July 27, 1864. After his return from the war he constantly held local offices in town and was deputy collector of customs for 15 years. He was married to Sarah Smith, of Wilmot, N. H., July 6, 1861. A daughter, Alice, (Willoughby) was born October 30, 1864, and a son, William Lester, was born December 4, 1872. Capt. Currier was the first male child born in this town after it bore the name of Brighton. He was the first enlisted soldier in the civil war from this town, and the first republican representative from this town in the Vermont

legislature. He was a member of Island Pond Lodge, F. & A. M., a past master of the lodge, was also prominent in Grand Army circles, and a past commander of Erastus Buck Post. He united with the Congregational Church in 1886, and at the time of his death, which occurred March 31, 1900, he was a deacon of the church, a position held by him for several years. He was a member of one of the oldest and most characteristic families in this town. He married a woman like him in hospitality and in doing for others, and neither of them stopped short of impossibilities in their attempts to relieve the suffering and unfortunate.

The subject of this sketch was in harmony with his surroundings, although his life was eventful in spite of his disposition. What awaited him seemingly through long years looks now like the dream of a night. The hopes of boyhood and youth, the reality of life, the formation and harmony of domestic joys, happily accepted as though they were to be everlasting, the enthusiastic experience of war, the return and mingling in busy, peaceful pursuits, are all gone now; or rather are all merged into the tender memories of a virtuous, peaceful life, and a rich military history; all of which may be truthfully summed up by saying, "he was brave and generous and kind and good."

Born in an incipient town or community, amid the undeveloped influences and elements of New England, and impressed through infancy and boyhood by the fer-

vid memories of the revolution, which were being repeated by the fathers, and, intensified by imagination and exaggeration, he was deeply impressed with the duties of citizenship. As firmly as the hills of his nativity were fixed in the rugged soil of his country, and the roots of the forest were woven into it, so firmly was he fixed in sentiment in the great American community, and every element of his soul was woven into it. Necessity developed his youth in the stern activities of life and he early took on a driving activity and responsibilities commensurate with his capacity. Connected with a large family, noted for the probity of its members, who possessed rugged New England manners, customs and sentiments, he was early enlisted in, and absorbed by, active business. At the same time, underneath all his absorbing employments, he early developed and constantly exhibited a deep reverence for Deity and a devotion to those grand sentiments which cement and make society strong and good. He was virtuously conservative in all his sentiments. By impulse, instinct and reason, he was always on the side of law, order and morality.

The eventful year of 1861 found him by training, habits, tastes and inclinations, fitted for the peaceful, industrious and contented life of a New England yeoman. It also found in him sentiments of devotion to country, patriotism, faith in God, and the unity of the loftiest and most generous qualities and efforts of men for the common good, as well as many other ingrained attributes so

essential to the development of a brave soldier. And so he was stirred to life by the first sounds of war as if he had been hibernating and was being warmed to life by new and springlike influences.

Coming in contact at this time with Erastus Buck, who was afterwards distinguished as the brave captain, the two became one in sentiment and purpose. As twin sons of Mars suddenly born into new and warlike conditions, they soon became the local personification of the warlike enthusiasm of a time filled with fear, anxiety and passionate devotion. But Capt. Carrier had no time to waste in home enthusiasm, and he was speedily off to the front, where he was soon heard from in that famous charge at Lee's Mills, in which the brave boys waded breast deep in the rushing waters which had been let loose upon them, reaching up to carry their guns to keep them dry and fit for action. Coming to the opposite shore they drove a vastly superior force in numbers from their defences by the most daring acts of bravery and by leaping upon their breastworks and calling for the reserve. But when the enemy saw the ruse and that there was no reserve, and also that they were assailed by only a handful of men, they returned, and when our boys were retiring back across the river, the enemy, secure in their entrenchment, poured a shower of lead upon them which made the water fairly boil. This was not the worst of the captain's experience, nor yet were the many other perils and fortunes which he encountered actively.

The sacrifice of his life began when unable to reach the shore opposite the enemy he and a comrade were obliged to seek shelter in the water by and partly under the roots of a tree where, submerged, and holding on to what they could catch hold of, with just enough of the face above the water to enable them to breathe, they remained watching the slow going down of the sun until under the shadows of evening they could crawl out and get within the lines. Like others from this locality he was in the thick of the fighting, being in more than twelve engagements, until broken in health and crazed with fever, he found himself in a hospital from which with great difficulty he got back to Vermont and plodded his weary way into his home never to be a well man again. Many years he struggled along concealing his sufferings, cheerfully performing the duties of civil life, public and private, (for he was much entrusted with public positions), never complaining, being constantly reduced, to the end. With a brave and self-sacrificing life companion, forming a comradeship more sacred than army ties, he and she held their little fort besieged by sickness and other untoward events, and fully maintained its substance and respectability, till his final surrender.

Notwithstanding the intense desire of mortals to foresee the events in their lives, it is one of the best and wisest things in creation that they are concealed, and that the veil that hides the future from us cannot be lifted until they occur. Thus the ardor of the soldier is

not dampened by looking beyond anticipations of the glory of his country and his own achievements, upon that still, monotonous, toilsome decline, down which he often wearily travels with increasing sickness and suffering to the end. But let us not forget life's compensations, for therein lies human happiness. The captain was full of rejoicings at his country's great victory and its subsequent prosperity. It more than balanced his sufferings.

A natural reticence and quiet pride made him reluctant to apply for a pension, but when completely disabled, he did so at the earnest solicitation of his friends who did all in their power to hurry the matter along, but only after a year's delay, and on the very day and just a few hours before the captain died, the papers came showing that the pension had been granted. It was sad indeed to see a brave man, all warm and ardent in the joys of peaceful life, going, induced by duty, through the thick of a soldier's experience, long restrained by pride and patriotism from applying for a pension, and then to see a whole community waiting with breathless anxiety for what they knew was soon to happen, and not be able to lift a hand in aid, and a country as indifferent to and perhaps unconscious of his situation as if he had not perilled his life for it. But to time, the brave captain, and to the sublime heroism of life, all those things are immaterial now. They only add a sadder interest and a deeper respect and love for the brave and generous, though peaceful soldier, the sincere Christian, the honest

and trusted citizen, the true and unfaltering friend and brother, and the affectionate and indulgent husband and father, whose influence will never end, and whose memory will last as long as the stirring events through which he lived shall be rehearsed in story and in song.

MOODY.

IN the taking off of this great evangelist the world loses as much religious substance and steady, consistent impulse as it ever lost by the death of a single man since the martyrdom of the Sublime One who is over all.

And now that Moody is dead there is much speculation as to what was the secret of his success. His humility repelled the idea that it was imputable to his skill, genius or designs. He chose to have it considered attributable to the power of his cause. But everybody knows that character, methods and certain subtle means accompany every man who moves the masses. Whitefield, Lorenzo Dow, and Moody, each had the same cause, but Whitefield moved immense crowds and produced "white gutters made by their tears which plentifully fell down the black cheeks" of the colliers of Newcastle by his exceedingly dramatic eloquence. Dow attracted multitudes

by the oddities of his dress, manners and sayings. Each reached the hearts of men by different ways ; Whitefield by the dramatic, Dow by calling multitudes together by blowing a horn and then indulging in grotesque and semi-tragic eloquence. The former had qualities which touched a peculiarly sensitive vein which existed in his day. The latter reached and stirred the rough sentiments of frontiersmen to strong impulses and stern resolves. Moody's differed from those of any other man, for he had methods as every man has who is sane.

Moody lived in a time of great religious thought. He conceived the idea that sacred history was more than the dead letter of events. Others, like Whitefield, had sought by art, ingenuity and picturesqueness of description to give life to their work and enliven the events themselves, like dealing with the personnel of the Saviour and his following, their personal passions and sacrifices. Moody simply saw God as the centre of all sacred history, and the plan of salvation as the means of accomplishing His will, and he sought in the philosophy of that great plan the means of advancing the object of his labors. He used the relation of events in sacred history simply as lessons in the great central philosophy of his life. He used the songs of Sankey, as a farmer uses the stirring up and smoothing implements of husbandry in preparing the ground for seed, to stir up and smooth the sentiments of his hearers and fit them for his words. But the seed he sowed was of his own selection. He assorted it by the

light of sacred history.

He lived in a time when old religious theories were tottering on their foundations. Many had been thrown down, for which others had not yet been substituted. This gave him more room and opportunity to plant the simple principles of the primitive faith in the hearts of the masses, and in such simple forms of administration as to be easily assimilated by the common mind.

But the great strength of the man, so far as his individuality was involved, consisted in his whole-hearted, benevolent, unselfish, charitable, and in every way deep conviction that he was in the right, and in the belief and feeling of the masses that he was sincere and without the least suspicion of any sinister design. Added to this was an independence not arrogant like that which is asserted by the will, but that which emanates from and is vindicated by the nature of the man, his conditions and environment. So that when his own work and talk, by contrast, exposed defects more or less concealed in organized religious bodies, however they may have felt rebuked or chagrined, they had no cause for complaint. He was peculiar in that he stood alone, unaided and untrammelled by any organized censorship or support.

No man has stamped his individuality on the period of religious history last past more unconsciously, or involuntarily, or with deeper or more lasting impression, or given in the same time a greater exhibition of one man power, than Dwight L. Moody.

BISHOP LOUIS DEGOESBRIAND.

WE are constantly losing valuable men who are distinguished for their work along some line or in some particular calling, but in the death of the venerable Bishop Louis DeGoesbriand the people of Vermont and this country generally have lost a man of the most valuable, general attributes. He was distinguished as a scholar, an efficient organizer and disciplinarian, but through all his stern and necessarily earnest work ran the kindest and most charitable sentiments. With him everything belonged to the cause and nothing to self. He was incapable of rebuke that was not tempered with a gentle charity, and his absolute independence was always expressed in terms of the utmost courtesy and consideration for others. In the death of the Bishop his immediate followers have lost the father and friend of many long years and the State a model citizen.

AUSTIN H. HALL.

"Soldier rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more ;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking.
Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

AUSTIN H. Hall was a son of Ransom and Annie (Caswell) Hall. He was born at Waterford, Vt., October 31, 1839; married to Samantha E. Stevens June 22, 1869, and died at Island Pond April 24, 1900. His wife and two daughters, Mrs. Agnes H. Wilson and Mrs. Rena B. Carten, survive him.

He enlisted June 20, 1861 in 3d Regt. Vt. Vols., a private in Co. D., was made sergeant July 16, 1861; re-enlisted December 21, 1863; was made second lieutenant Co. I., 3d Vt., August 4, 1864, promoted adjutant October 18, 1864, and was mustered out of service July 11, 1865. He was wounded at Mayre's Heights May 3, 1863, and again at Cedar Creek October 19, 1864. On one of these occasions as he was loading his gun he took

hold of the ramrod to send the charge to place, when a bullet from the enemy shattered his hand, which with skilful treatment was got into fair shape so that although never flexible he could write well, but with non-elastic motions.

Soon after his return from the war he entered the customs service and remained in it almost all the time until a few days before his death, except during democratic administrations. During the time he was out of public service he purchased and greatly improved the Stevens farm, which was the old homestead of his wife's parents near Island Pond village, and raised some fine horses, in the management of which he was skilful. At the time of his death he owned also a residence in the village.

Home from the wars, safe from their perils, courage and patriotism secured, in a country prosperous and happy, its brave veterans honored and cared for; united to his life companion in the midst of bright hopes, blossoming in growing infancy; walking in that comradeship which grows ardent with age; taking a part in everything that was going with all the zest of his eager nature,—he suddenly stopped and fell into the arms of wife and daughter, whose care and tender ministrations filled every hour and minute as the forms and figures and thoughts of life gradually grew dim and dimmer, until they were lost in eternal night.

As a soldier he was enthusiastic, hopeful, positive

and uncompromising; and when the war was over he earnestly entered into all the purposes, associations, memories and feelings with which home, country, society, or the touch of a comrade's elbow, could fire in any human being. He was in a country full of the blessings of civil, social and domestic life. He was where he could night after night join his brave comrades in telling stories of the "battles, sieges and fortunes they had passed" until memory deepened into reality; and what seemed to be, to them was. A few days since a file leader disappeared, and now he is gone! The camp fires are low. Silent, thoughtful and sad the martial rites are performed. But hope and joy and pride rise above the sadness of even such an hour; the hope of glory in the eternal camping grounds, and joy and pride in sublime lives that we all know are realities. Men and women would be weak and ignoble if they should flinch or despair at the loss of one of those who made his time heroic. Such was adjutant Hall as a soldier.

As a man, he was blithe, and of that various humor that on occasion (and he never let one go by) he was just the man to cheer up a heavy time or give added eclat to a lively one. Like all such natures he exhibited nervous relaxation, almost to austerity, but which quickly gave way to bright returns of cheerfulness and snap and jest and lively and humorous conditions. In body and mind he was tasty, agile, and fruitful in active and efficient resources and attachment to friends, and contemptuous of

unfriendliness. His designs were clean cut and developed with care, vigilance and thoroughness.

He was a valued member of the masonic fraternity and the G. A. R., and managed the financial department of the former for a great many years with absolute exactness. He was a worker, always zealous and prompt, spurning negligence, rebuking indolence, adjusting irregularities and touching up the electrical currents of the orders. A long time in the customs service, his work for neatness, dispatch and accuracy, was excelled by that of no other man who has ever been engaged in such work at this port.

Now he has passed away from all those things which were everything to him ; but although his individual life and contact with the world is ended, the results of his contributions to the common good remain. Considering the countless millions who have and will people the earth it is not so important how much one has contributed to maintain freedom, order and religious liberty, as that he has contributed something ; and he who fought in the army of the republic is adjudged by all mankind to have made such contribution. Against this no criticism of the donor, not even the memory of faults, can stand. Like the lamented Currier, and many others, the subject of this sketch would have been alive now but for the effects of army service. But let us not wander to the gloomy side, staying rather in the beneficent. If we could look more to the compensations of life, and cease to

regard death as a misfortune, how much happier the world would be! And so in deepest mourning and sorrow there is comfort and consolation even where the loss of our late friend and brother touches hearts most keenly. Would the companion of his life rob his memory of a soldier's fame and honor, even if their procurement did abridge his day? Would he have authorized that daughter, watching each look and motion as he was passing away, to blot out the memories and facts of his life in exchange for a prolongation of his days; and would she have asked it? Would the other one in the far west, even while looking through the loneliness which distance from her home added to almost irreconcilable grief, have exchanged what he had done or what he was for a few more days to be added to his life? Neither would sorrow prompt anyone to arraign the wisdom and goodness of creation by receiving its benefits and repudiating the cost of them. The memory of the dead would spurn such an idea. And so it is well! He sleeps in that universal gratitude awakened by valorous lives, in the affectionate memories of his family, and will be fraternally remembered by that little band of veterans until there shall be none to feel the touch of the elbow of the last survivor.



W. J. Nelson

WILMOT G. NELSON.

A rustic little town, in a sense widely, but rudely romantic because situated on the line between two immense countries, and surrounded and covered by a wealth of timber which formed a dense forest, seemingly interminable and inexhaustible, yet which now is almost exhausted; a young man there going into trade with determination, patience and remarkable thoroughness, yet with a geniality, sociability and generous sympathy for others seldom equalled, are the outlines of the picture at the commencement of the business life of Wilmot Greenleaf Nelson.

He began with others in rude conditions, but on land which if it was new, was watered by the purest streams. The adventurers breathed the most healthful airs and lived in the invigorating influences of a live little community, in which to have been idle would have been loneliness and disgrace; and as thrift always follows frugality,

our friend grew into most happy conditions. He early allied himself with one who not only cheered him in the details of his daily perplexities, but also shed a cheering influence over the community. She soon found time to inspire a pride and sentiment in the minds of her good friends, whose generous response, united to her own efforts, built a little church close by her happy home. She was to her husband a source of pleasant and joyous inspiration, and to the little community what a cheerful fireside is to a home. Thus nestled in most inspiring conditions, and in the midst of a people moved by rough, but fresh and strong impulses, ever in sight of the little church, typical of a love for him next (if not equal) to a woman's faith in and love for heaven, surrounded by growing infancy, and absolutely hedged in by the entire confidence of the small community, it is little wonder that Judge Nelson had grown to be all unconsciously, to a large extent, the director of the affairs of the town, and the friend and counsellor of every man in it.

In every town in our country nature has created different men for the development of separate but common interests. The solid and more material work is usually for the more stern, hard and unsocial in nature. The educational falls naturally to men of capacity along certain other lines and is limited to them; and so men of peculiar adaptation work in community in different elements of development. But our friend possessed to an unusual degree a very great variety of qualities, adapted

to nearly every want in the little settlement which became almost absolutely dependent on him. Stern and determined almost to wilfulness in vindicating what he thought to be right, firm and immovable in his convictions and friendships, yet he was cheerful, social, jocular, tender and hopeful in all his sentiments toward and intercourse with others, and as willing to undertake the task of helping a friend out of difficulty as he would have been to help himself. Never were the poor people of any little town touched with keener sorrow for the loss of a good friend than are those he ever hastened to the relief of when, as always in a new country, there was a multitude of wants. He was constantly loaded with the unnumbered details and perplexities of those around him, which he disposed of with cheerfulness and patience quite unusual.

All through his life he was constantly alternating between deep seriousness and anxiety, and emotions and demonstrations of cheerfulness and merriment. One always bore away from an interview with him an impression of earnestness, and also the delightful memory of harmless jokes and merry laughter, but seldom, if ever, an impression of anything coarse or vulgar. He never sought political preferment. He willingly assumed the arduous duties of town offices, which were constantly imposed upon him; and was twice elected without any solicitation on his part assistant judge of Essex County Court, and he tried to relieve himself of

that office. He did not attend even the sessions of the court except when his attendance was absolutely required. He was in the mercantile business for himself for many years. At length his success and capacity attracted the attention of A. M. Stetson, a wealthy man who owned the town of Norton, and operated a large supply and general furnishing store as incidental to his business of lumber manufacturing, and for the accommodation of the public, and Mr. Stetson made him general manager of what was known as the Stetson Store Co., the interest of which company he purchased almost two years since. He was just emerging from the liabilities incurred by that purchase when he discovered that he was in physical trouble, in which he suddenly declined, just as he had lived, alternating between despondency and hope, anxiety and cheerfulness. His case was in the eye of medical skill hopeful almost up to the time he went suddenly out. A sadder or heavier time than then never fell upon a family. A town or community was never more universally involved in grief than was this town the day he died. The lines of men soliciting his trade, moving quickly to and from his place of business, were never stopped for a moment's sad reflection by the announcement of the death of a man with whom they had ever had more pleasant business relations or honorable dealings. The common and worldly friends of no man were ever moved to more tender sorrow than by the death of this friend. His death does not only seem like the going out

of a busy man whom we respect, and the loss of whose business relations we feel, but it gives one a feeling of loneliness and awakens peculiar sensations of affectionate sorrow. To us all who respected and loved him there is left only hope: to his friends, the hope of a warm hand shake and hearty greeting beyond the river; to the wife, the hope that true love cemented and made durable by the perfect devotion of two lives will continue in a pleasant and bright hereafter; to the children, the hope that paternal affection will forever animate the soul with which they themselves will soon be immortal; and to all, the hope that the rich sentiments and associations so dear to men and women will be preserved for future enjoyment. Let us make the most of such hope, so as to go bravely on amidst the great sorrow through which we must pass and cannot avoid.

LUTHER LADD.

MR. Ladd was born at Danville, Vt., in 1829. His father was Joseph Ladd, an ingenious carpenter. Luther Ladd began building toy mills and similar structures as early as boys begin to seek playthings, and at a very early age began wood working in earnest. In fact he was born into and continued that occupation as long as he lived. He came to Island Pond in 1854, and with his father commenced building a house.

In 1855 he went to Peacham and married Martha Ewell, who was born there in 1832, and whose father Isaac was, among other things, an inventor. To them were born Martin B., Bertie C., Hattie M., and Harry J. Martin B. and Harry J. only are now living.

Luther Ladd belonged to a family the members of which as skilled artisans possessed marked characteristics. He was one of those men who did something useful and effective. A man with artistic designs is always a benefit

to any place he touches. His life and presence is suggestive of and contributive to taste, culture and improvement; and when he has also industry, energy and ability to execute those designs, his life becomes a double blessing to a community. Such was our late lamented friend. He belonged to a class of men (most eminent among whom was his own family) who possessed peculiar genius. Those men were not only born architects but trained ones. By birth, tastes and inclinations they devoted their whole lives to that ennobling science and art out of which sprang the beauty and majesty of wondrous cities, high monuments, immense viaducts, as well as the humble structures of a village, requiring equal skill and judgment. Our friend had such skill and system in planning his work, and imparted so much proficiency in it to his son, as to enable the latter when scarcely more than a boy to frame a large mill, setting out each piece offhand in such a manner that the parts were united without the malformation of a single piece. Those men took pride in their work and the community was proud of it. The question of who excelled among them (especially the Ladds) was never settled in the mind of the public except that each excelled in some particular line of work.

In order to get at the character and accomplishment of those men it is necessary to consider the times and conditions in which they lived. In the early days of this community only the crudest and most scanty materials were available. Those men did not then have the present

facilities for manufacturing, especially the ornamental parts of a building. The means of their employers were also limited. So that their work reflects more the Doric style than any other, because simplicity, strength and economy were best adapted to the comforts and necessities of pioneer life. Even if they had possessed true conceptions of the more delicate, ornamental or Corinthian styles, or had been, as they were, capable of arranging the Composite, those were not adapted to the conditions of those early times. But notwithstanding these considerations the styles of those times were characteristic and do not suffer in comparison with the more pretentious and expensive ones developed now by a composition of the different orders of architecture. And as the former were better adapted to the comfort and means of the builders of old, so it may be that they would be in some instances to those of the builders of the present time; for as "Old Hundred" was the grandest music in its infancy, so it has intrinsic merit enough to be so now. Besides, in architecture, as in law or medicine, more originality and invention were required fifty years ago than at the present day. Now models corresponding to the highest conceptions of a Ruskin are made for general and particular application, and the best facilities for manufacturing the most difficult and delicate parts of a building are in the hands of men trained to the highest skill along certain lines of work; while formerly every part had to be wrought by the same hand and designed by the same

mind, by the aid of only the most general outlines of architectural work.

The first house built in this town by Luther Ladd and his father is as firm on its foundations as it was when built, nearly half a century ago. The cellar wall was built of cobble stones and is of such frail appearance and yet such actual strength, durability and ingenious construction, as to be an object of curiosity and surprise.

But the good work of our friend on earth is done. He built homes for many and brought no discomfort to any. He attended to his own work and meddled not with others. He was not a sentimental man, but firm, energetic, accurate, honest and industrious. As with his work, so he believed in an accurate and fitting adjustment of his affairs with his neighbors and all with whom he came in contact. We have lost an honest, skillful and good man, who yielded to everyone just dues and was defiant only to the extent of his exact rights. To a man who has done good to a community and no detriment the public owes much, it largely shares the grief of his family at the loss, and longs to do or say something to lighten the blow where it falls heaviest.

It is a relief to look at the compensations nature has provided for sorrow. In this case the wife looks only to the fidelity, care, earnestness and furnishings of an affectionate husband; the children look comforted upon the watchfulness, zeal and anxiety of a fond father to furnish them all the comfort and means of education in his power,

and to transmit to them, with a pride equal to that of his own young life, his ability and skill. They can reflect on a home founded by the energy and care and cemented by the devotion of parents which comprised a circle never disturbed or broken except by the hand of death, whose cruelest messages are filled with mercy and consolation. And he has left to all a rich legacy, a life steady, consistent, uniform, long continued and useful, enterprising and vigorous, filled with kindness but not demonstrative, honestly proud of skill but not vain, and which is distinctly stamped upon the construction of the town and village and which will last with the memory of the first half century of the happy days of our town, and until all his companions shall be united and mingled in the results and purposes of their creation.

NICKERSON WARNER.

NICKERSON Warner who died at his residence at Island Pond, October 4, 1900, had a more enterprising and eventful life than his later years suggest. He was born at Montreal, Que., December 21, 1819. His father moved from Walden to Montreal, and died there when the boy was three weeks old. The father was just recovering from a severe attack of smallpox and was attracted to a burning building. He voluntarily rushed into the flames to rescue a victim and was so drenched with cold water that he soon died. Nickerson's grandfather brought the infant, his brother, sister and mother, back to Walden in January, in a sleigh. At nine years of age Nickerson was bound to service and at twenty purchased the remainder of his minority. He went to South Troy and with his brother George entered into the hotel business. From there he went to driving lumber down the Connecticut river, and was later connected with build-

ing the Holyoke dam; after which he was engaged in building railroad bridges between New York and Hartford. Returning to Troy he purchased the stage route from Troy to Lowell and Hyde Park; later he purchased and conducted the route from Derby Line to Island Pond, with a branch route to Willoughby Lake. About 1855 Mr. Warner came to reside at Island Pond, where he lived until his death.

He was a man of remarkable endurance, coming to Island Pond late night after night heavily loaded with passengers and all sorts of errands, he would sit down and catch a little sleep, and be off early in the morning for the 9 o'clock train at Lyndonville, where he would get a little more sleep if he had time. His work during the war was enormous. His was regarded as a direct and somewhat secluded route for subjects fleeing to Canada. He carried loads and loads and flourished, and made an otherwise undesirable route pay. At the close of the war he sold the route and found himself with a snug little sum of money. About 1867 he purchased the Green Mountain House and entertained the public until a few years since. Among other enterprises, he was interested in the Vermont House; and owned and operated a theatre in Montreal.

On the 7th day of October, 1867, he married Miss Sarah A. Aldrich, a daughter of the late Judge Elias Aldrich, who many years in succession represented the town in the General Assembly of Vermont, and who recently

died at the age of 96 years. She being a frugal, industrious and capable woman went into business when Mr. Warner closed the hotel, and has since conducted a flourishing little trade, dealing in a variety of merchandise suited to the wants of a country town. They were both constant attendants upon religious services, and took great interest in their (the Congregational) Church. To them was born a son (George), who died October 3d, 1893.

Mr. Warner would have increased his accumulations faster after he left staging, (if he did at all) but while he kept a public house many a destitute traveler came to his door and never went away hungry. His door and his heart were always open to the poor, and his honest, unsuspecting nature often exposed him to impostors and impositions which he met with generous thought, as he would say, "Well, we must all have something to live on." At every opportunity his hand was turned to help somebody and lighten some burden. And thus he took up many burdens and failures of the poor and improvident and carried them himself. Prosperity never had a particle of influence to lift his ideas or associations above his friends and old companions. His notions were plain, simple, practical and just. He was bound to his kindred and friends by those strong ties created by knocking about the world and meeting alternate favors and rebuffs. He envied nobody and did not seem to care to attract attention. He went about his daily affairs interestedly

and industriously as if doing unseen work was the end of duty and inclination. He walked quietly to church with his good wife as if he enjoyed a cleanly, restful day for the real good there was in it, never seeming to think of the faults of others or his own goodness in doing so. He simply followed duty induced by his honest inclinations. And so he was a plain, good man. He met with some ill luck. But coming out of it all he settled down with a little (all he needed) into a domestic life of comfort with a fit companion who stayed devotedly by him until his death, as did his kindred and friends, for he was a true kinsman to his blood and scarcely less to all who knew him. He lived to see his brother, his associate in business in early life, well fixed in a comfortable western home, with healthy, enterprising children, and also a daughter in her happy New England home. A shadow passed across our dead friend's life from a visitation which took away an only son, just coming to a helpful age. But in the old man's decline he had no lack of kind hands to gently lead him to his journey's end.

After a long, toilsome and useful life the old man is at rest. Rest? Yes. It is true, as to him, it is an unconscious rest; but it is not immaterial, because to the living it seems like rest. That is a comfort to a friendly eye, and none other will ever look on the resting place of Nickerson Warner.

But every care in human possibilities has been bestowed on the dead. And living hearts now turn in sym-

pathy to the living; to her who has followed son and husband to those eternal shades, from which duty bids her turn to life and light again. She has all the comfort that can attend such situations, among which are capacity and means to accomplish her little sacred ambitions in life, to aid where true and generous womanhood desires, and an unwavering faith that a short walk alone will lead her to where she will join her friends in a more genial clime and happier home than ever was breathed and enjoyed by mortals.

ALVIN BARTLETT.

ALVIN Bartlett was born in Morgan November 15, 1833, and died at Island Pond October 6, 1900. He was married to Miss Sarah Buchanan June 20, 1858 by Rev. Jacob Clark, who baptized him in infancy, and was his pastor until he was married. Mr. Bartlett was converted during the revival of 1876. His children are Hon. E. M. Bartlett, Jennie, the wife of Rev. T. M. Edmands, of Mankato, Minn., Mrs. Porter H. Dale, Mrs. E. F. Norcross, Miss Edith, and a daughter was, who died in infancy. He always spoke of his pastor with gratitude, and the date of his conversion as the turning point in his destiny. He moved on to the farm which his father cleared, and remained there until he came to Island Pond in 1866 and went into the store, that is now being reconstructed, as clerk for Bartlett & Robinson, which firm was composed of J. M. Bartlett and E. C. Robinson. This firm was succeeded by A. Bartlett &



Chas. Bartlett

Co., composed of A. Bartlett, and Bartlett & Robinson, and in turn succeeded by A. Bartlett, Son & Co., by admitting E. M. Bartlett. This last named firm was succeeded by A. Bartlett & Son, which continued to the death of Alvin, who so long at the head, and having the principal and active management of the business, seldom was absent from the store, preferring to give his constant attention to the details of the business, and to find his recreation at home with his family and his books.

Christopher Bartlett, the first town clerk of Morgan and one of the first settlers of that town, went there about 1805. In him were the germs of those distinctive characteristics of Alvin Bartlett, his grandson. Of the former, a writer now gone said that he was "upright in his dealings with others and he expected the same from them," and that "he was a strict observer of the Sabbath and all religious duties. If he was more exacting in regard to his requirements of others than was thought to be necessary, he was yet conscientious and sincere."

Jarvis Bartlett will be remembered by those who knew him during the last years of his life, while he lived here with his son Alvin. He cleared up his farm from the forest, and it is said by those familiar with his whole life that his rules of conduct were almost as strict, and his religious convictions deeper than were those of his father.

Thus coming from an ancestry whose lives and associations were woven into the fabric of sentiments, which are always strong in primeval settlements, especially in

New England, our friend came to them by heredity. Like his ancestors he regarded the religious and moral tone of the community to be of the first importance, and as demanding the first care and best efforts of its members. He inherited that perfect and uncompromising integrity and sincerity which characterized his fathers. The most common service for his Master was by him regarded as most acceptable. His care, work, sacrifices and prayers for the upbuilding of the church, were limited only by his utmost capacity. He was unpretending, democratic and plain in his life work, looking for the good and substantial in everything, always seeking substance rather than show. Wherever he did not feel that he could relax the rigor of thought maintained by his ancestry, he was not intrusive with it, but maintained it in such a manner as not to obstruct others in doing good; and therein he had large charity. What he did, he did so quietly, yet effectively, that it will be more appreciated in the future than in the past. He had arrived at that age when his personal plans were accomplished, and was entering into that space in which he began to live for his generations, his children, and his children's children, among whom time will search far and wide for one more anxious for or devoted to religious and moral culture and observances. In worldly affairs, he was a thorough business man, subjecting himself to and demanding of others, open, frank, square and exact work and business intercourse. To his family, he was kind and affectionate. For

them he was frugal, open-handed and generous, encouraging in them a desire for culture, healthy economy without stint, and above all for moral and religious lives. To the world, he was careful, prudent, honest and just. Whoever consulted him got his honest thought. He never betrayed his Master, or his fellow-being by giving false advice to produce momentary approval. Would that we had more such men to stand against the currents of the times.

The bare facts state best the impressions his life makes on the mind. He early settled down firmly and steadfastly into close but easily fitting conditions, relations, and personal and business habits, and into an immovable faith in religious matters, and was never disturbed in them. He never met with misfortune severe enough to disturb the continuity and prosperity of his business, which satisfied his modest and reasonable desires. He saw himself begirt with a numerous progeny which surrounded him with industrious and honorable lives. His worldly store was of a healthy growth, increasing by honest accretion. His church was between himself and all the world beside. His domestic relations were lively, sincere, earnest and true, but always exercised and playing in harmony with his nature. The undeviating lines of his life were drawn by deep convictions, so deep as not to admit of any doubt, (in his mind) or compromise; and so sincere as to completely vindicate him from worldly criticism and to withstand eternal

judgment; and his going was painless, "like one who draws the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." To such a man, death seems to be a tender, gentle nurse, lulling him to quiet and eternal rest.

Sometimes the living, weakened by grief, imagine and feel remorse for some fancied neglect or ill done to a kind, good being who is dead. It is a pity that such grief should come, because it is so fanciful, and yet so sincere, but reason says it ought to cease because it is so unfounded, and besides the dead are beyond the reach of human compensation. No penance can relate to them. Let grief but serve as a lesson to the living. Try to make amends to the coming generation and not to that which is gone, and it will be said that inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of them you have done it also unto those who have gone. You cannot fix the couches of the dead. Each makes up his own everlasting couch, and there is seldom any thorn or thistle in it that the occupant does not put there himself. We think our friend made up his better than he knew.

To live a life of continuous, permanent prosperity, large enough for every want, and not enough to bring anxiety and fretful care; to guard himself and his dependent ones with industry and frugality, to maintain their grateful appreciation, and the constant respect of the community; to see his declining church restored and beautified; to enjoy the perfect harmony of domestic relations through all his life; to see so much new life pro-

ceeding from his own; and then to drop gently to sleep amid the humming noises of a younger life,—just makes a picture to which desire could hardly add a touch or tone.

Nor wife, nor son, nor daughter, nor nearest friend, should grieve that our absent friend was sent into the world, and that he has finished the work for which he was sent, and been called to his reward.

JOSHUA HENSHAW.

THE city of Montreal has lost one of its most universally respected citizens in the death of Mr. Henshaw. He was born in Montreal in 1828, being the son of the late George Sage Henshaw, a well known advocate. He married in 1856, Miss Fayrer, a daughter of Canon Fayrer, Bart., the English scientist. Two of his sisters survive him, Mrs. John Miller Grant, of London, England, and Mrs. Fayrer, of Southsea, England. He leaves also two sons, Mr. H. H. Henshaw, of the Royal Electric Company, and Mr. C. G. Henshaw of Vancouver, and one daughter, Mrs. Frederick W. Taylor, of Montreal.

A wide circle of friends in this locality will receive the news of Mr. Henshaw's death with a sorrow akin to that which is experienced at the loss of a dear kinsman. He had such a vigorous, stirring, searching presence that he impressed others long after they were separated from him. There was no limit to his good will and gen-

erosity. His hospitality was frank, open, and unbounded. He was for many years at Island Pond in charge of the Grand Trunk Railway's wood lands, and superintended the cutting wood from them. He had a log house which was a model of rustic simplicity, but so neat and comfortable, the occupants of the most costly dwelling might naturally desire to exchange with him. His fare was most simple, his manners unpretending, and his greetings so frank that people resorted to his hospitable "ranch," as it was called, in great numbers. He was however, strong, energetic, systematic, and resented any impropriety of conduct or treatment with great severity and indignation. At the slightest suggestion of poverty or distress his old "cutter" would glide up to the door with something very plain and good to eat, and enough of it, and with it would something come to warm a poor fellow creature. He was surrounded by a number of poor families, and none of them were cold or hungry if he knew it. His family lived at St. Hyacinthe while his employment was here. He was dignified and proud of his useful employment and his manner of living, and he was an accomplished sportsman, being the best billiard player in the vicinity. He never indulged in any but manly sports, and despised the low or illicit. His courtesy was such that his life socially and otherwise ran pleasantly and genially along. He was one of the finest types of a country gentleman and many here feel his loss as sensibly as they would if he had died in the midst of us.

JAMES OLIVER B. T. HALL.

JAMES Oliver Buchanan Templar Hall, was born in St. John, Newfoundland, October 29, 1872, and died at Pekin, China, August 15, 1900, aged 27 years and 10 months.

The pleasant and peculiarly friendly relations which have come to exist between the people of Island Pond and the Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Hall, without regard to creed or denomination, have made everybody here mourners with them and the surviving children, in the death of a son and brother.

The deceased was one of a handful of our brave soldiers who fell while engaged in the storming of the walls of Pekin. His body was sent to Island Pond from there, via San Francisco, by the United States government, and reached here at 1 P. M., Wednesday, May 20, 1901. It was met at the station by members of Erastus Buck Post, G. A. R., and, with the American flag spread over the casket,

was transferred to the Congregational Church, in which the funeral services were held in the afternoon, attended by Vermont's Adjutant and Inspector-General, W. H. Gilmore, Col. C. M. Bonett and a guard of soldiers selected from the St. Johnsbury Company, Erastus Buck Post, G. A. R., Col. Z. M. Mansur Camp, S. of V., and so large a number of sympathizing friends that the church edifice could not hold them.

When a brave, generous, young man, the product of years of anxiety, care, and good loyal teaching, the hope and pride of a family into the tendrils of whose hearts his own is woven until each becomes as a whole, is suddenly torn from all connection with others, then, even the heart strings of the living are broken. The grief of parting forever with a friend in our homes in quiet, even amid all the sad types attending death, is always soothed by conditions; and there is a kind of comfort in even the spade, the casket and the tomb, and especially in the fact that the inanimate form is still lying under the care and concern of our own lives; but when the subject is cut down in a far off land, and leaves no sign or token to trace his going, then, there must be a loneliness that the less experienced know not of. And although the deepest grief has its consolations when sought, and the glory of the life and death of valorous men is among them, it is hard for those on whom the blow falls heaviest to see that in the lives and death of grand men there is a flood of consolation.

A soldier's funeral always awakens tender and beneficial reflections. The occurrence was new here and impressive. A slow, still moving line of carriages containing mourners and sympathizing friends, whom the military cortege were escorting with a body to its rest in the cemetery, moved along a street in the stirring and enterprising New England village temporarily hushed and with business suspended, so that no sound was heard save the muffled drum and the measured tramp of a squad of representative military men. The casket in full view was enfolded by the American flag, the ample folds of which seemed to cling to the dead soldier's encasement as tenaciously as though its every fibre were woven into the glory and devotion which the martyred patriot and hero had exercised and enjoyed with it. There was; and why was there unusual sympathy with the occasion? Were there broken or severed relations between him and the community? Why was a distinguished military general here with an escort representing the State of Vermont? Had the fallen soldier been one of them; and had he shared their living hopes and military aspirations? Far from it! Barring the immediate relatives, but few in the procession had ever heard of him until his heroism touched the cord that ran from the summit of that fearful wall at Pekin to every American heart in the world. This little military escort represented the State doing homage to patriotism as manifested by an American soldier. It was the beloved commonwealth not only doing

homage to the devotion of a soldier of the great Republic, but also reflecting the gratitude of the whole country, and recognizing in its great name those valorous acts which make the actors immortal. It is a grand exhibition of gratitude when a state or nation opens its heart and sends through its representatives volumes of recognition of those qualities out of which spring a love of country, and joins and mingles its great sympathies with the personal griefs of the survivors of those slain in its defence. It matters little what the cause of the war is. Heroes are such because they defend and die for the country in any event, and on their shoulders rest all the defence that the weak, the helpless, the beautiful, the amiable and virtuous have from infancy to age. It matters little that war is horrible in its necessities. For it is a necessity. In the nature of things no peaceful theory can stand before it. It is strong as nature and potent as any other result of creation and next in potency to the voice of the Creator. It is stayed by no previous conditions, but sweeps them away and they disappear as frost before the coming sun, or as any powerful condition in nature is swept away by a succeeding one. And so in obedience to nature, and as one of its strongest elements and auxiliaries, heroism acts, and out of it comes the sublimest patriotism and martyrdom. It is true that there is occasionally a soldier who goes to war from a love of adventure, and fights from reckless inducements, but the great majority do not; and the highest type of

manhood, courage and patriotism was exhibited when a young soldier in the flush and zest of life, coming from highly respectable ancestry, trained in conditions of peace, and in cultivated and religious sentiments, in a far off country, amid unfamiliar scenes, most prominent of which were frowning defences, and having every reason to believe that where he fell he would lie unknown and perhaps unrecognized, yet went on, unawed by huge walls or the fires of death, with a handful of kindred braves, to meet most certain death. No wonder that such children lie very near the great heart of the nation; no wonder that through its representatives the State recognizes in such lives and deaths her great dependence on such men, and manifests its grief at their loss. It is true that James Oliver B. T. Hall was not alone the occasion of the State being represented at his funeral. But in his heroic death he was the great contributing cause of the occasion of a scene in which the State, the public, is represented as doing homage, bowing in adoration to those sublime sentiments which induce men to die for the common safety and security. But the state has no sacrificial grief; it has sentiment, but not passion or suffering. Its grief is swallowed up by the glory and strength that living and dying braves impart to it. Not so with that group of mourners. A father's hopes are crushed; a mother's love grows stronger, only increasing its capacity to suffer grief; and over the lives of brothers and sisters this morning cloud will hang, heavy, through all their

day.

On what terrible personal sacrifice of subjects is the State builded, and what sympathy and tender consideration is due from it to those who are contributing so much through woe, sorrow and suffering to establish and maintain it.

MARY ANN MANSUR.

MARY Ann Mansur was born at Morgan, Vt., April 4, 1840, and died at Island Pond August 10, 1901. Her death was a shock to our community because of its suddenness, and also because of the tender relations which had woven her life into so many school districts, families, the church, and into an universal friendship and love of everything that was charitable and kind and of good repute. She was educated at Derby Academy, Derby, Vt., at a time when that school was doing its best, and when it was so pre-eminent in thorough work and rigid discipline, and when its students were most noted for pride and ambition in attaining the excellencies of life. At the age of eighteen years she began to teach, and taught for twenty-seven years, having charge of more than seventy schools which she conducted without exception with great success. She was a woman of remarkable native talent, undemonstrative but keen and zestful in her

conception of the beautiful, highly appreciating all the interesting sentiments of life. She loved her family, her church, her schools, and all the incidents and developments of infancy and childhood. Her devotion to education absorbed her early life. Her native talent for music led her into an ardent desire to cultivate it, and she had the ability to acquire the means to do so. But just here sickness invaded the family, and everything she possessed, and every energy of her being, was devoted to others. From that time on, nothing was hers; for all she had, including her whole being, was devoted to others, with absolute unselfishness, so far at least as any outward manifestation is concerned.

Men seldom lay down all their purposes and ambitions to devote their lives to the care and comfort of others. Some women do, and their devotion is purer, brighter, and more deserving of commendation and gratitude because of its pure, simple and sincere nature; and because of its exercise they are excluded from the world's gaze and toil on unknown, unrecognized and unencouraged, buoyed up only by that pure devotion born of an inexhaustible nature. The chords that ran from her heart to her family, her church, into the homes and hearts of her pupils, and which reticulated through the entire community, were in unison with the noblest qualities of the human soul. How little humanity knows of its noble qualities, so many of them are beyond common observation! This example toiled on and never ceased until

she disappeared, quickly as do dreams. As she slept in her quiet home, mourned by friends, and especially by her to whom she was nearest and who was most dependent on her for womanly and sisterly sympathy and comfort, and the good man talked so appropriately of the sweet comforts of hope in immortality, an atmosphere of comfort was breathed by the assembled friends, while all felt that the destiny of the dead one was secure, and that many and many an one had been made comfortable and happier by her having lived.

SARAH SMITH CURRIER.

RS. Currier was born at Wilmot, N. H., March 4, 1839, and married Capt. Wm. M. Currier July 6, 1861. She died at Island Pond February 9, 1901, after severe suffering, leaving a daughter Alice (Willoughby) who was born October 30, 1864, and a son William Lester, born December 4, 1872.

When the active varieties of a nervous and anxious life have ceased, and the pulsations of a body moved by quick impulses stop, it hushes the circle that they influenced to silence and sorrow. The comparative influence of even a kind, good woman in the whole world is scarcely counted in the great current of human events, but it is everything to those it helps, warms or feeds. Born and reared amid practical New England influences, Mrs. Currier inherited and grew into sentiments of even severity in morals and religion but which, going almost to the borders of intolerance, were always accompanied

by such a generous spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice for others as to soften the rigors of what otherwise might almost lead to criticism. She always stood with vigor, heart and courage by husband, family, friends, church and country. Having been a school teacher many years of her early life, she was awakened and always remained keenly alive to the cause of education, and was so efficient and vigorous in her attitude and treatment of matters relating to education that she was appointed to school offices. If any one was sick or in trouble she never hesitated, but was with them as soon as possible without any seeming thought of the sacrifice she was making. She was united in life with one who had no avarice and who possessed scarcely sufficient selfishness to secure what was rightfully his own. Their hospitality and generosity was so wide as to crowd hard on their resources, and yet Capt. Currier would not consent to apply for a pension even after he had become disabled, and not until he became almost totally helpless. What with the delays and technicalities of the pension department, his pension was not adjudged to him until too late for him to sign his check and vouchers; and Mrs. Currier died just before her claim for it and her own pension was granted. So that a generous disposition of reluctance to ask the government for what rightfully belonged to the brave soldier in the field, and brave woman in the house, was rewarded by delays, immaterial details of requirement, and other causes, until neither of them realized a cent by way

of pension. But fortunately they did not exhaust the little store that they had by industry and frugality laid by, and away from which no worthy person ever went hungry or cold. And so they rounded out brave and independent lives, just as they had often prayed they might do. Her time, care, journeys, anxieties, and vigils to the point of exhaustion, her table, garden, and plants, were always taxed wherever they could yield comfort or relief. With a rare taste for flowers and a passion for their cultivation, she produced them in abundance and bestowed them on others so lavishly as to show that there was not a selfish thought or motion in all her toil. She was a woman of such quick impulses and determined action that her presence in a community was felt more than appreciated while living. She was a friend not alone in assertion, but in deeds and acts. It is not strange that friends and neighbors remembering her many acts of kindness and her quick and vigorous aid in times of need weep for the loss of a dear friend. To them her death is all loss, but to her it is no calamity.

Children mourn parental deaths under all circumstances, for the vine, even if it has taken root elsewhere, is shocked when the original stock is cut off or uprooted; and when a strand is pulled out of the reticulating net work of town associations the whole is pained with grief. But somewhat peculiar conditions attended the lives of Capt. and Mrs. Carrier which make their going reconcilable. There is much compensation for the sorrow of

friends and the poignant grief of relatives in their departure. Born amidst rural scenes and associations, cultivating the strictest habits of regularity, economy and industry, they entered life with a health, strength and zest which took fast hold on the country and its institutions, for which he was soon fighting at the front and she at home. And then as soon as duty in the field was done he gladly turned to the joys and duties of home, church and country in civil life. With marked modesty, candor and judgment he filled the many positions to which he was called, and with her whom all mourn today, fought until borne down by death that had slowly followed him from the army. Happy is the woman whose ambition is fulfilled by an union with such a character. Let us rejoice with them that they died independent so far as worldly conditions are involved, and independent even of the tardiness, inefficiency or ingratitude of the republic. And although so many are retiring that it is getting lonesome now, it is the duty of all to rouse themselves for the remaining duties of life. A toilsome, weary woman is at rest. She has gone to the "land of the brave and the home of the free." In the peaceful chambers of that house of many mansions two are rejoicing. Let us not weep for them, but let us seek to imitate those generous and unselfish qualities by which their lives were so distinguished.

EVELYN FITZGERALD CAUSEBROOK.

MSRS. Causebrook, widow of the late Wm. B. Causebrook, so well known by his long connection with the Grand Trunk Railway Co., and a sister of George H. Fitzgerald, was widely known as one of the most accomplished women in many respects and of great proficiency in her chosen work. She died at the age of forty-seven years, at Island Pond the 20th day of August 1901, after a lingering and painful illness, which for more than a year had admonished her that recovery was impossible. She had been engaged at Burlington, Vt., for some time, in musical work, which she made several efforts to continue, but failing, came back here and soon passed away amid every effort of friends to smooth her final passage. She will be missed from the circles in which she moved in life because of some useful characteristics which distinguished her from others.

She had the advantage of having a model education;

not one which simply enabled her to deal with the generalities of subjects, and employ pat expressions and phraseological discourse; but such an education as induces intelligent thought, taste and expression; such an one as gives to life students a knowledge of the nature, structures and uses of the common and practical things of life; one that elevates and adorns every day things and thoughts. She was eloquent, precise and accurate in outward forms and movements, whether with her pen or on the glassy ice bound lake. With her the most useful pursuits were accomplishments. But where she most excelled was in music. And there also her education led her along lines of utility; and although intensely earnest and ambitious in this pursuit, and exacting and critical almost to fastidiousness, she exhibited an unusual generosity and whole souled benevolence in sharing with and imparting to others her proficiency, and especially with and to those whose limited means prevented them from enjoying and giving to others the pleasure and happiness which their ardent natures so much desired.

The pleasures which the world derives from music are wrung from its unyielding science by long, hard and continuous toil, and enjoyed by the public regardless of what they cost. Much of our friend's work was the art of nature.

"Over that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes."

This she possessed. Although a natural genius she sub-

ordinated everything to system and art so far as it could be done without destruction of the harmony and melody of nature. Her work was characteristic and recognized by musicians as far as it was known. The little musical circles of which she was the center will feel the loss of her energetic and inspiring presence. But the loss of her will be most felt by those who are laboring to elevate the standard of music, and especially by those who in the infancy and youth of their careers were looking to her for encouragement, sympathy and direction.

SAMANTHA E. HALL.

MRS. Hall died at her residence in this village August 17, 1901, aged almost fifty-two years. She was the widow of Adj. A. H. Hall, who died April 24, 1900, and a daughter of Warren and Susanna Stevens. Her father died many years ago, and before the civil war, but a spartan mother led the brave brothers to enlistment, even to the "Benjamin of the family," as Mary Clemmer Ames so beautifully expressed it.

That strong, primitive and country bred spirit of devotion to country and friends that so characterized the family was largely shared by Mrs. Hall, who was ever ready to help and encourage in the hard and dangerous pursuits of life, and who, like many others in those wild times, was overwhelmed with terrible apprehensions and realities which, with others, followed her until, stricken herself, she passed through tortures and sufferings to a final relief. She was active, energetic, and entered with

keen interest into the soldierly sentiments of the war, and was among the foremost in individual and associated work to keep alive in the hearts of the living those sentiments of patriotism and interest in the affairs of life which are the country's pride in times of peace, and which stand around it "like a wall of fire" in times of war.

Death almost always pierces some one standing nearest its victim with its most stinging shafts, and no one else knows so well where to strike. But the keenest sufferer could not be so unkind as to call this one back from her repose beside the companion of her life, and amid the throng so united in great purposes in life, and so peaceful and restful in the sound sleep of eternal night. She, moved by womanly instincts, has passed through all the stages of devotion to and active and zealous action in behalf of her society relations, husband, children, mother, brother, sister and friends, till her day is done.

The brave men and devoted women of the heroic time are fast passing away. They have done the work which they were sent into the world to do and are called to their reward. Men and women in like conditions seem at times to follow each other faster than the common exit, and the survivors of broken couples quickly follow fallen companions as if some mysterious sympathy temporarily hurried them along. On the 31st day of March, 1900, among others, one of our brave captains passed out of sight and soon his busy, useful wife, as if

fleeing from a lonely home, was gone: Capt. and Mrs. Wm. M. Currier. A companion in arms followed the captain; and now his widow, as if impatient to pursue the passing associations which had become her life, has gone. Such hurried goings make lonesome periods for the living, but restful thoughts concerning the dead couples sleeping side by side in that mysterious land to which a majority of the valorous men and patriotic women of our country's most heroic time have gone. Let us honor them and cherish their sacred memories, as they rest in their glorious sleep.

CHARLES M. WILDS.

CCASIONALLY a man comes along through the world whose contact with others inspires peculiar sensation. Charles M. Wilds was of that class. He was very different from the late Judge Steele, but in some characteristics there was a strong resemblance between them. He shed no faint, colorless light in the world. His life was a meteoric, illuminating, yet organized, display. Very few men in Vermont have been brilliant. The soil, climate, and environment have not been adapted to the production of such; and fewer men in the State have combined brilliancy with substance and system. But when one does possess these qualities he is a rare specimen.

Formerly lawyers in Vermont moved in a sluggish yet strong current, full of substance and deep learning. When one rose from the plodding school, exhibiting dash

and genius, he attracted attention, and a clientage having business enough in that line to last a lifetime. But such men were not adapted to a heavy line of work. And cool, calculating men of business requiring a lawyer sought a more quiet, unobtrusive worker. But conditions changed about the time Mr. Wilds came to the bar. Large enterprises had suddenly taken on quick movements and become subject to sudden changes. And men like Col. Aldace F. Walker, to instance, who quickest conceived the nature and operations of the new order of things, came to the front. Just that time required men not alone of quick apprehension and vigorous execution, but men learned in those laws which pertained peculiarly to the new conditions. Quite a class of such men easily distinguishable from the mass, and mostly young men, suddenly developed qualities required by the times. Foremost among them was Charles M. Wilds, who possessed learning, diplomacy and sociability which quickly brought him to the front ranks of the profession. He formed a partnership with Ex.-Gov. John W. Stewart, whose urbanity, legal learning, great common sense and conservativeness, contributed to make the firm one of the best balanced and most effective in the State. Mr. Wild's most prominent work has been so recently before the eyes of the public as not to permit more than a passing allusion to it here. As he was honest in his profession, so was he honest and sincere in his friendships. Interviews with him were always interesting, racy, and seasoned with off-

hand culture. The last time I met him was on a public occasion. The tables were filled, but he suggested a method by which we enjoyed a repast the memory of which is filled with reminiscences of the last touch of a life which gave added inspiration to others; and his sudden death has startled and filled the minds of many with a deep sorrow commensurate with the strength of their thoughts and emotions.

COL. ALDACE F. WALKER.

THE State of Vermont is not only deeply grieved, but shocked by the news of the death of Col. Aldace F. Walker. It is a great blow to the State and especially to those who were in the line of law and legislation from 1870 to 1890. He was a young man of very strong native qualities, which were moulded by the rigid discipline of the Meriden School, the Middlebury College, and the thorough and practical Columbia Law School in New York city.

In July, 1862, the year of his graduation from Middlebury College, he enlisted in Co. R, 1st Art., 11th Vt. Vols., and was elected first lieutenant. He afterward became captain of Co. C, and Co. D, and subsequently was major and lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. In 1864 he was breveted lieutenant-colonel for gallantry at the battles of the Opequon, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, and was mustered out in June, 1864, with his regiment.

He began his career in Vermont in the seventies, having had some experience before, and no man in Vermont ever developed stronger or faster than he did. The noise of the coming of such men as Walker, Barrett, (a son of the late Judge James Barrett,) and C. M. Wilds from the southern part of the state, was plainly heard. Before Walker had been long in the state he and young Barrett were the foremost features, with their business, of one term of the Supreme Court. No man in the state ever rose from local to national prominence faster than did Col. Walker. He was elected president of the Vermont Bar Association in 1885. His address on that occasion was a masterly review of the Dartmouth College case, and of the variations that had been made in the application of the principles announced in that decision since it was made. Although he was exceedingly well grounded in the law generally, he seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of the law of railways that was remarkable, so much so that he was soon universally conceded to be a master spirit in that line.

Mr. Walker was a Republican in politics, and was a member of the state senate in 1882-3, being chairman of the judiciary committee. In 1887 he was appointed by President Cleveland a member of the Inter-state Commerce Commission on the organization of that body, being one of the two Republican members.

He was a man of remarkable apparent health, strength and vigor physically, which renders his sudden

death more shocking to his friends. Most men becoming absorbed in the law, gradually leave behind their sociability and friendly natures, but this man maintained and carried them along to the day of his death, as fresh and as lively as they were in his younger days. It is sad to see such lives as Walker and Barrett and Wilds interrupted and ended in the midst of so much promise for the future. This grouping and association of Col. Walker's, which no one who knew the men can avoid making, deepens the shade of sorrow that now rests upon his native state, and especially upon those who knew and loved him so well.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

THE career of Benjamin Harrison, and Benjamin Harrison president of the United States, differs from that of most any other man in the history of the country. In every other instance the office has magnified the man, and his reputation has depended largely upon his official opportunities. It is true that Lincoln as an individual achieved greatness in his giant contest with Stephen A. Douglass, and it was a greatness attained without any official aid and solely by the individual power of the man. But that did not equal in comparison the greatness of his administration. Grant was even greater as a general than he was as president, but his military greatness he possessed while acting in a high official position. So as a rule it may be fairly stated that all our presidents except Harrison have been greater as presidents than as individuals. Harrison was an excellent lawyer, a modest yet patriotic and brave soldier, a good and wise president,

and a great man. Most men having occupied a high position at the height of their ambition or expectations go off into a sort of "innocuous desuetude," seek some quiet, easy position and pass from the public mind. Benjamin Harrison went from the White House into his legal profession as fresh as though just born to it, and prosecuted his work with the vigor, zest, enthusiasm and efficiency of early life and mature manhood, winning success and distinction, absolutely independent of the high office he had filled. As a simple citizen he began writing and talking to the common mass and taught in the school of political philosophy, with the skill, learning and familiarity of a master. Here is the only place in his past-presidential career in which his experience as president seems to have aided him, for he displayed such wonderful familiarity with the workings of every department in the government as to exhibit to a certain extent the source of his knowledge of them. But except a slight touch here and perhaps at one other incidental point he accomplished a life work that was truly great, corresponding with the beginning, the middle and advanced life work of a lawyer and statesman. And so Benjamin Harrison stands as distinguished in the minds of the people, if not more so, than does President Harrison. It may be said that the prestige he had by having been president made it easier for him to get into the business and favor of the country, but this can hardly be so, because the natural tendency of favor and confi-

dence has been to retire from men who apparently had rounded out their career, and it has been the inclination of the country to lay such men on the musty shelf of forgetfulness. Besides, Benjamin Harrison has done the later work in the courts, where the law knows no favoritism or prestige. And wherever he has been laboring as a citizen or statesman he has even had the disadvantage of rowing against the current of the times, and must be, taking everything into consideration, considered to have been a great and exceptional man.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

THE death of President McKinley has spread a pall of grief and sorrow over the whole civilized world. The American people are shocked beyond expression at the horror of the crime that has taken from us our chief executive. Had President McKinley died from sickness or from any natural cause, the nation's grief would have been as sincere and profound, but stricken down by the hand of a cowardly assassin, there is a feeling in the human heart deeper than grief—a sorrow akin to passion. A week ago the people were dazed with the suddenness of the news of his assassination, but the cheering reports from the bedside had given so much encouragement that up to Thursday it was generally believed that the President would recover. The public was hardly prepared for the sudden change, and the announcement of his death came as a thunderbolt. No public man since Lincoln's time has so endeared himself to the people. His charm-

ing personality, his loving devotion to his invalid wife, his high moral attainments, his loyalty to the people and his great executive ability in handling the affairs of state, have been attributes of McKinley rarely combined in one man. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," may be said of nations as well as men. When the war of the rebellion threatened to cleave the country in twain, God gave us Lincoln, and when the war with Spain again threatened us, thirty-seven years later, the people were glad that McKinley was at the helm. He had done his work faithfully and well—better than most other men could have done it.

The sentiment of the country now, occasioned by the assassination of the president, is so deep and intense that any words of allusion to it are absolutely ineffectual and empty of any element that can affect the heart or understanding. But although no words can affect the great ocean of sorrow some comparison may perhaps be profitably made of this with other like great calamities that have fallen upon the country. Present sorrows always seems the greatest of all, but this affliction to the country certainly seems the heaviest yet. Lincoln, as useful a man and as much beloved as is McKinley, was assassinated in a time of great excitement and just as the country had been deluged in blood and slaughter, when passions and animosities were at their height, and when the issue of life and death was between thousands of our countrymen, and every heart was fired with revengeful enthusi-

asm. Men thought then that they had an excuse for killing one another. When Garfield was shot the deed was done either out of personal revenge for fancied injury, or induced by a crazy brain. In either case the crime could be imputed neither to personal animosity, a desire to injure the individual assaulted, nor to the dementia of the assailant. In this case it is the cool, deliberate, designed and determined act of a man for the intelligent though devilish purpose of destroying the divine institution of human government, by attacking and slaying probably the most conservative, humane and solicitous ruler on the earth. The act is entirely without cause except the hatred which anarchy bears towards everything that pertains to law, order, or the security and happiness of community. The personalty of the unfortunate president, his manner of associating with the people, his peculiar *bon homie*, endeared him individually to his people and every heart aches with sorrow. It makes no difference whether men believe or not in the policy he was carrying out. Those who agreed with him in respect to it were satisfied and felt safe with his calm, determined and consistent conduct of it; and those who doubted the propriety of the course the country was taking felt that if the present prevailing policy is to be pursued at all it was well that it was in the hands of such a man. And so everybody feels that his vacant place can scarcely be filled by any other man. Of course everybody knows, who reasons, that the killing of one man is

in no way destructive of the government he represents; but the president is so connected with the government, and has its purposes and theories so well in hand, that his absence from it will probably injuriously affect the government itself more than has the loss of any man ever affected our government or perhaps any other government. This is where reason feels the great calamity most deeply. But the great heart of America is affected most by the magnanimity displayed by the man in the trying moment of the attempted assassination. The Romans never boasted of a grander specimen of heroism and fortitude than that displayed by him, the sublimity of whose character, as displayed on that terrible occasion, was grander than that of any Roman's; nor has there been a more fervent prayer for the forgiveness of sin since the enactment of the sublimest martyrdom the world ever saw. When the country awakens from the dazed condition in which it now is, it will feel a keen sense of the danger, responsibility and terrible necessity that is upon it as demonstrated by this event. It will begin to ask itself if self-preservation is not the duty of all men in relation to human governments. It will also ask itself if it is better that the beloved president should be slain, and then the government which he represented destroyed, than that anarchy should be wiped out no matter by what means. Whatever means or measures the wisdom of the country may devise for the preservation of the country, God grant that the strong will of the

people may become more dignified and uncompromising in its detestation of a spirit of lawlessness which is too much countenanced and even applauded in these times. It is not a pleasant or encouraging picture—or two contrasted ones—when in the most popular city in the land men cheer and drink toasts laudatory of the most anarchistic sentiments, without any rebuke from the press even, and then a few days after, another representative of those same sentiments destroys the life of a grand man, simply because he represents one of the systems of human government. When all sorts of apotheosis are bestowed on the assassins of government representatives, and murderers are glorified in broad daylight, and in public demonstrations without rebuke, if to meet such conditions and the assassins the words “Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort” are not sufficient, how about amending the definition of treason in the Constitution?

This question will be considered, the threads of business will be taken up, the ship of state will sail on, and the name of William McKinley will live forever as one of the good and great men of the world.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

THE death of Wm. M. Evarts suggests thoughts of a character somewhat rare. There is occasionally a man the vigor of whose thought and originality are so impressed on an age or generation that the character becomes substituted for the man himself, or rather the man becomes merged in the character. Living, Mr. Evarts was a part of Vermont's associations; dead, he sleeps in its sacred soil, and so his memory is worshipped in the imaginative pantheon of Vermont's demi-gods. It is a rare and grand thing to win a secure posthumous fame, and then have time and leisure to reflect on it, and to live separate from, and independent of, one's reputation; so much so that the public, gazing on the character and the impression made by the man, scarcely notice the decline or passing away of his body. Vermont has yet one or more living types of this rare kind of men who are living with posterity in the memory of their own lives, and who do not die when they lie down in the earth.

GLADSTONE.

A peculiarly great man is dead. Some men become great or notorious (and greatness and notoriety are getting to be synonymous) by opportunity, some by accident, and nearly all are elevated and sustained at heights where they attract public observation by some kind of staging, either political machinery, a combination of circumstances, or a quick apprehension and appropriation of opportunities. Very few men have the inherent qualities requisite to rise on their own merits independent of their environment. Some, like Wendell Phillips, become so prominent by working up a single line of universal sentiment that they each become a type of that division of the mental work of the world and become great in that line. But like Phillips, the rounds of whose ladder were made by the finest arts of oratory, they have some propelling, lifting power, independent of the mental material they are contributing to the world's thought.

Gladstone's character stands alone on an individual foundation, presenting a grand facade on every side. He was a great legislator, a great philosopher, a great theologian, a great statesman, a great Englishman, a great cosmopolitan, and what is more than all, a great, good man. He gained no eminence (and he never sought eclat) by riding into public gaze on any particular hobby, but he rose in individual grandeur on comprehensive and universal considerations of the wants of mankind, like his love for the common people everywhere on the face of the earth, and his abiding faith in a government founded by and on them. He was not limited by the narrow lines of a specific theological creed, but had a massive and intellectual comprehension of the whole system of Christian design, which includes all its humanitarian as well as its sacred and mysterious elements and attributes. In a sense he was not an orator, that is, he had no arts of oratory, but his utterances warmed and stirred the souls of his audiences because his sentiments were the workings of nature's oratory, pouring from a living fountain a flood of native thoughts and sensations into the hearts of others. He produced no masterpiece of oratory, like Webster creating and permanently establishing extensive legal sentiments in a single argument in the Dartmouth College case, but the influence of his incessant work constantly increased and expanded till it spread over the whole earth and into the hearts of men everywhere. He was not great as a party leader because he never sacri-

ficed principle to expediency. He was possessed of a fine genius, but it was too general to be concentrated for the accomplishment of individual or class designs. He was one of the world's greatest political economists because he was more willing to bestow unobserved study and toil on those things which would contribute most to the common good than on considerations of individual advancement. To all who revere the intellectually good, the pure and the noble, he will ever remain the type of the true statesman, legislator and philanthropist, and of the most cultured school of Christian gentlemen. Of course some portions of his work will be criticised. It can hardly be expected that his course would harmonize with the ideas and theories of every school or class of men. If it had borne such correspondence there would have been no such veneration for the man as there now is, and there would not have been any such "grand old man" to venerate. No man ever warmed the whole world with his personal influence like Gladstone. No man ever contributed so bountifully to every department of the world's store house as he did. No man ever placed his ear so near the ground to hear the deep toned murmurs of discontent and the recitals of suffering and wrong even from the remotest corners of the world as he did. No man before him ever possessed a greater abundance of learning, sentiment and goodness, and none distributed it with more discretion, intelligence and benevolence than he did. And therefore his death causes world wide personal bereavement.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

IT is safe to say that no woman ever lived who has made so wide and deep an impression on the world as Victoria Alexandrina, late Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, daughter of the Duke of Kent and granddaughter of George III.

Her personality had become universal. Her reign stands distinguished from that of all other rulers in that she had dual characteristics which were so separate as not to touch each other. She was first a bright, sensible, pure and good, yet romantic, girl, capable of an affection so deep that when she lost its object she devoted herself to comparative seclusion, and when she came to assume the characteristics of womanhood, she was a distinct person.

As a ruler she possessed a great, strong, generous and severely just spirit, that ruling sometimes with severity, begat everywhere love and respect; and a courage that shrank from no responsibility. She was capable of standing a tower of strength, yet full of conciliation,

among such men as Peel and Disraeli and Gladstone, and in every crisis that occurred in a constitutional government through more than sixty years her conduct was such as to regulate party spirit and command the respect of all.

Her qualities were of the highest order and of wonderful development, and their influence was more extensive than the personality of any other woman, probably, who ever lived, loved, toiled, prayed and suffered among mortals. She did not, like one of her predecessors, create an Elizabethian age restricted to English sentiment and progress; but she permeated the whole world with the most queenly sentiments, animating a mighty nation moving along through a progressive period never equalled before. What a multitude of virtues she has vindicated! Humanity and charity in government, Christian faith to strengthen the ties that bind a Briton to his constitution and his laws, and a noble pride in the glorious achievements of his country. This she has done as a ruler. But aside from her character as a ruler she had characteristics that distinguished her as a woman. As an individual she has vindicated the capacity of woman. What woman will stand her equal in history? Other good women have ruled England, and other countries. Madame de Stael shone like a meteor in literature. But the Elizabethian age is narrow compared with that influenced by Queen Victoria; one shining quality will not compensate for all the varied goodness of this one woman. There is one thing lamentable in her career, and that is the breaking

down of her great heart when Lord Roberts returned and reluctantly half told her of the horrors of the African war, and she said she could not permit the awful war to continue another day. But she was answered diplomatically, and her career as a ruler was ended when the war began.

No one can allude to any considerable portion of the events that fill the volume of the life of this good Queen. And indeed it were pleasanter to contemplate her virtues shining out, clear and unobstructed, amid political events. One cannot refrain from contemplating how many conditions have culminated in her day. The powers of King and parliament have become fixed and certain so as to leave hardly a possibility for collision between them. The great declaration of principles at Runnymede has been resolved into a systematic adjustment of the rights and liberties of the people. The freedom of the subject has been expanding until personal liberty is as large as in a republic, and more secure. Britain's colonial system has become so humane that she bears little different relations to her colonies than one independent nation bears to another; while in morals, manners, progress, science, wealth and power she stands among the first if not foremost in all the world. But the world is mourning, not thinking of those things, but only of the personal virtues, kindness, goodness, purity and wisdom of a type of womanhood that heads the list of all who have been. The world does well to worship this almost perfect type as it would a goddess.

MRS. STEDMAN D. MORSE.

RS. Julia A. Blaisdell Morse, wife of S. D. Morse, passed away at her home after an illness of six weeks, during which her sufferings were intense.

Mrs. Morse was born in Kennebunk, Me., in 1832. She was married to Mr. Morse at Saco, Me., April 9, 1851, and they came to Island Pond in November, 1858, and have since resided here. To them four children were born, all living: Edwin, of Everett, Wash., Mrs. S. Lindsay and Mrs. M. B. Ladd of Island Pond, and Mrs. Frank Thurston of Portland. Mrs. Morse was a most estimable woman, wife and mother, and a true friend, especially to the suffering and the needy, and was held in the highest regard.

Bereavements always fall heavily on acquaintances, and heavier on those connected with the departed by closer ties; and each sorrowing time has something peculiar to itself. The associations of Mr. and Mrs. Morse

began to knit into this community almost or quite in its infancy, and when they were young; when affection for country, friends, home, husband, wife and children, is keen, zestful, and ripens into enduring sentiments, its interruption seems to break up the whole life of the afflicted. A man and woman who join their fortunes in marital relations grow through many years into a thousand cultivated harmonies, besides those provided by nature; and, when they move along accompanied by children and family friends, with the development of a community through lively as well as the more drowsy years of a long lifetime, they become so fitted into accustomed conditions that it cannot seem otherwise than terribly sad, if not cruel, to disturb those relations. But they are only created for life, and we all know that, from the beginning of our lives. But notwithstanding that fact, they are so seemingly formed to endure for ever, that when they fail it weakens all their connections and plunges a group into deep grief. When, like the one now gone, she has contributed to the peace, harmony and happiness of families and society, all feel alike a common sorrow. There are also times when a community feels the loss of one of its members more than at others, and when death makes it more lonely than it does at other times. This community is walking down deep into the valley of grief. It has been made very lonesome by recent departures. Those who came together early in life here united hopefully, zealously, and in great generosity and good fellow-

ship, in designs every bearing of which was seen and realized except their ending. The father and mother of this afflicted family were among that number. Let us be thankful to a kind nature which veils from us all the realities of the future and makes our plans and dearest associations seem eternal. There is no one who knew her who was so kind and good a woman, and who has gone so patiently in so much suffering, who does not feel deep grief at thoughts of the living and the dead. A peculiar sadness rests on those who have come up with this separated couple from the beginning of a little community's hopes and prescient pictures of domestic and public life and conditions; but beyond our comprehension is the shock to him who stands directly where the bolt strikes. Poor weak human sympathy is all the aid we can render him and his children who are born into this grief, which is ours also. But the few surviving comrades of those early days can recommend to each other courage; that courage which gave them strength in the beginning; that courage, which, exhibited in the decline of life, will give like courage to the children; that courage which will enable older men to look with manly fortitude and resignation on the end of their little life designs, even on their failures, and awaken them to a new life and a living in the joyous anticipations of the high resolves and bright hopes of the children, which are as deep, glowing, and as important as were ours when lighted by the morning sun of our lives.

GRACE DAVIS.

A tender and witching fancy played among the strings of her instrument ; delicate, and smooth, yet thrilling and soul stirring notes fell on the ears of listeners ; and every heart string vibrated with that perfect and happy harmony with which nature responds to its own genius.

A little sun burned girl—a hot day, cool, shady trees on the hillside rising from the winding country road, buzzing insects, singing birds, the hum of bees under the shrubbery mingling a peculiarly sweet odor with the scent of flowers—and a little harmonica, and all blending with the child girl's wild dreams of the realities of her conceptions of a musical elysium, then the fresh ecstasy of young life, the development, fullness and harmony of sounds that rose and fell on the ears of her friends in wonderful exhibitions of genius, and then the dying away of those notes, growing fainter and sweeter in her

ears till they gently harmonized with silence itself; and now finally all the hopes, dreams and passions of that young life have, like the tones of her music, died away and she has come to be only the white marble form and figure of a girl that was. The intense, passionate, longing, suffering little genius has found relief and rest at last.

As the sublimest lives spring from lowly conditions so the richest inheritance of genius springs from the humblest sources. The world's greatest surprises, like the Maid of Orleans, were most of them so developed as to show clearly that they were neither created by their surroundings nor moved by the conditions in which they were, so much as by innate elements that the possessor seems to be unconscious of, but which often direct to most unexpected results. Musical talent created by nature is as high above that which comes from cultivation as nature is above the art of man. When art struggles through musical bars and moves mechanically though accurately through the variations of a musical performance, auditors coldly criticise and approve, but when nature alone or aided by art bursts forth in full melodious tones, both mind and soul join in a mental chorus in harmony with every conception and impulse of human beings. A natural genius that will endure education without losing its inherent power is almost a phenomenon. The little girl down under the hill did this. She was a child of nature. She bore the same relation to music

that Robert Burns did to poetry. He breathed the songs of nature through all the rules and arts of poetry without disturbing the simplicity or grandeur of sentiments. It was nature meeting art in loving embrace and producing a harmony enhanced by the union, while nature lost not a blossom or breath of fragrance. The music of this little genius when a child she played the rude little mouth organ under the shadows of the maples, or concealed in the thicket by the roadside, surprised many a passer who turned to discover that the performer was only a plain simple child, just as one attracted by the sweet notes of a bird of such gentle melody as to distinguish them from all others, discovers that they are produced by a small plainly colored thrush, sweetest of all nature's songsters. So sang our little friend, at least it seemed so to some of us. To the world she was odd, as genius is apt to be. And when this little child of nature was taken from beneath the bushes that skirted her cottage home, and cultivated in schools of music, the charm of her pure, rich native qualities was preserved, and played, free and untrammelled, among notes arranged by art, as when in her girl home she breathed artless tones from the lap of nature.

When through envy, selfishness or contempt we are tempted to despise the aspirations of childhood, especially when discovered in humble conditions and unexpected places, it is well to reflect on the experiences of nearly everybody. While this girl, being consumed by con-

sumption and an irresistible passion for music, attempted to construct a violin from a common shingle, she was a type of childhood everywhere, a type and a mystic symbol that thrills the veins of nearly all of us with the memory of discords produced by "cornstalk fiddles" and bugles made of pumpkin vines, and that carries us back to childish conceptions of grand ideas and achievements to mimic soldiery, and poetic conceptions without form or figure, but so pure, so romantic, so fresh and full of ardor and love and exultation that we would give months of now for moments of then. Oh, time, give back to us if you can for a single moment the wild mysterious ecstasy of the young days that were! Out of such common conditions this odd little genius arose. She was peculiar. Her endowment so completely enveloped her that her individuality was lost in it. If she had possessed the strength to have endured efficient training, there is no height to which she might not have consistently aspired, and as far as her education went, it developed the highest order of talent, to which rusticity and obscurity lent a peculiar charm.

The performances of Ole Bull were in the minds of his auditors properly imputed to art, education, mechanical movements and arrangements, so much so that they were considered excellent by the head rather than by the heart.

When we lose one highly endowed by nature, however humble and obscure, it is a great loss. And when one starts up in life with brilliant exhibitions of high

qualities, and falls, not having strength to endure an apparent destiny, the mind is filled with peculiar regrets and sorrows. But although the world envies such beings, and esteems it the highest privilege to be born to their conditions, yet there is in the lives of most geniuses much to excite our sympathy as well as to merit our admiration. One glance at only the picture of Beethoven is enough to cause the beholder to start in surprise and pity at the deep lines of care and anxiety and nervous tortures written in his face.

Sad and exultant by turns, melancholy and gay, despondent and turbulent, a perfect medley of conflicting sentiments and impulses hushed and concealed from the world, our young friend finds rest and peace only in a merciful death to which she has been conducted by a flattering and considerate disease, which all along her decline constantly whispered hope and encouragement, until (kindly keeping the knowledge of it from her) nature transfused and blended her musical life into its original elements, out of which such beings are born to cheer us as we go our way.

DR. CEPHAS G. ADAMS.

 R. Cephas G. Adams, who died at Portland, Me., April 12, 1901, was for many years a resident of Island Pond. He was born in Derby in 1830, and after attending the common schools and academy, he studied medicine with Dr. Hinman, late of Charleston, who was a man of very deep but latent knowledge and force. After his local studies, Dr. Adams attended medical lectures, and in one way and another acquired a good general and medical education. Being a man of quick perception, keen observation, and being exceedingly aggressive, he started in the practice of medicine in this town, after having practiced for a while in Charleston, and soon commanded the business along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway, which was opened for traffic about the time he came to town. He was well fitted to a primitive community, like what existed here at that time. He was somewhat proficient in music, was a ready conversation-

alist, lively, sarcastic and intelligent. He had a taste for literature, kept up with the times, current events of the day, was familiar with the details of all local matters, took a lively interest in the domestic affairs of the town and community, and was soon in the confidence of the people, and in control of the business in his line. He was industrious, kept to the front in medical literature and in a knowledge of the new developments in theory and practice. He was one of the best medical witnesses in the country and was universally conceded to be one of the best physicians in the country. He had energy, push, and confidence to execute. He was exceedingly jealous of his reputation and fierce in its defence. He had come to be a valuable physician in this community, the individual members of which were not as a rule wealthy, and the doctor's charges were always reasonable.

In the midst of his success he was elected in 1880 a member of the Vermont Legislature. About this time he had formed some acquaintances in Portland, and some professional relations with patients there, among whom were two or three influential men and families, who easily persuaded him that his opportunities here were too limited and that he could maintain himself in a larger field of operation; and so he moved to Portland, where he has been in successful practice the past twenty years—successful not only in his profession but financially.

About two years ago as he was crossing Portland bridge with his horse and buggy, a powerful two horse

team broke from a funeral procession and ran on to the doctor's carriage, demolishing it with great violence, injuring him severely, one of his ribs penetrating the lung in such a manner that it could not be restored to position, and rendering him an intense sufferer up to the time of his death. He visited Island Pond last summer, was fully conscious of his condition, coolly talked with his friends about it, calculated the time remaining to him, pleasantly received the greetings of his many old friends and patients, and returned to Portland with the expectation of soon taking his final departure.

The burial was at his old home, Derby; and he is survived by a widow, two sons and a daughter.

JOHN D. FRENCH.

ALTHOUGH many of his friends were aware that John D. French of Brunswick was well advanced in years, and declining in health, they were surprised at his death, which occurred at the home of his son-in-law, Hon. James H. Beattie, the 28th day of November 1900.

While Mr. French had of late years lived a retired life, he was formerly, especially about fifty years ago, one of the most active men in the valley of the Connecticut. He was for nearly or quite a half century constantly mingling in town affairs and holding town positions of trust and responsibility. He was a remarkably social man, lively, genial and accommodating. He would do anything in the range of possibility for a friend. He had scarcely enough miserly qualities to secure what belonged to him; and through those qualities which he possessed he gained many warm friends. He belonged to those old times and possessed the hospitable and frank manners peculiar to those times, and no survivor of them will hear of his death without deep impressions of sadness.

MOODY B. LOVELL.

A gloom has fallen on the town. A day or two since it was hushed. Men and women walked its streets with measured steps, halted now and again, and spoke to each other in subdued tones, then turned and walked on as if almost dazed. At a social assembly they say no current of conversation remained long unbroken. At the hotel the guests were silently sad. Even strangers who had not learned the cause of such unusual mental atmosphere, partook of the sentiment and were also silent. Implements of country games were left idly lying where they were last used. There was no use for them at such a time. The venerable landlord moved about with melancholy air as if pushed about by the necessities of his guests, ever and anon turning to hide his emotion. Here and there were indications of some one being startled by sad tidings. With the sighing of bleak and wintry winds on the wires and around otherwise cheerful firesides,

every movement and tone was of grief. Some of the more intimate friends walked quietly to the saddest part of the town, fearing to intrude, yet anxious to say or do something comforting.

What was the occasion of this unusual condition? A man had suddenly gone from the earth forever. That is not an unusual occurrence. No. But this was a public man and represented the people, and perhaps you will say that the death of such is also common. But this man was in unusually tender relations, even to the public. There are mental and spiritual relations of warm, good and true qualities, and a genial and cheerful radiation from generous and large-hearted men, that mysteriously permeate whole communities and produce a glow of universal love and friendship for them, which is changed to correspondingly deep gloom by their loss. The highest homage is due to such. The world owes it to them. Nature developed in this one rare qualities, time and chance placed him in favorable conditions for their exercise, and he soon became to all who knew him a companion, friend, counsellor and exemplar, and gave to the world rich abundance of the finest characteristics of a man. He associated the richest elements of character with the living, but they can give him nothing in return. For what to him now is earthly homage! The only way the great account can be settled is by the hope of eternal compensations. Oh the mystery of life! How it overwhelms us when we see a man adored by his family,

united to his friends by pride and the most confidential comradery, and in the greatest confidence and high hopes of his country, taken away! The man was modest and delicate, a Chesterfield in manners, yet firm, judicious, decided and effective in design and action; and as charitable and condescending in his private relations as in his public. In him were united a multitude of public and private virtues. There is a type of manhood to which nature has applied the finest mold. Their manners are made, not cultivated; innate, not assumed; real and not artificial. Even in silence their presence is a social inspiration. The mysteriously subtle and silent influence of their presence is always pleasing, and their words are but the language of their natures. The unusual thing about this man and this occasion, is that, while affectionate intercourse is usually circumscribed and limited to family and a circle of individual friends, his seemed to be universal and universally reciprocated. He was genial in conversation, but free from compromise or flattery, with no rough or vulgar exhibitions, but with a clean and quiet humor that gave point and zest to an anecdote or reminiscence. Scarcely twice six evenings gone, he was in a reminiscent mood and related some pleasant anecdotes in his nice and quiet style, with well feigned cheerfulness in spite of physical suffering. Then he went away and did not come back, but has gone into the cherished memories of our lives which will never leave us while we live.

Belonging to a family the members of which have by remarkable enterprise, push, and probity, won success in business and high positions in public, he was as charitable and considerate of the humblest as though he had not been favored by good fortune. His advice was much sought after, and he quietly directed a large influence in public and in business matters without ever assuming to possess distinguished qualities. I once met another almost like him, and went a little way with him as in this case. Then, as now, too soon we parted; I to continue along the rough and lonely paths of life, and they, fortunately, to lie down in the tender memories each of his own people.

It is sad to part with attractive men just in their interesting time of life, and before the charm of new acquaintance has been disturbed by the division of a single thought; but it sweetens and hallows our memory of them, and perhaps the good qualities we admire in them are brought out by suffering, and the decline and going out of their lives. He was a man in common with others, but great in charity, great in judgment and candor, great in patience, great in the possession and appreciation of all the social qualities of life; and happy in all its amenities, uniting his friends to him by strongest ties, running in strong but finest and tenderest cords to the delicate center of that inner circle into which no tongue or pen should rudely come.

They have laid him to rest with exercises so appro-

priate and so in accord with the harmony of his life that grief seems to be softened and subdued by gratitude for his coming. And there we leave him, invoking the tender mercies of a kind Providence for those suffering inexpressible grief for the loss of the warmest, kindest and truest friend they ever had.

Coaticook, Que., February 1, 1902.

SPRAGUE T. HALE.

IN the death of this man, at Lunenburg, February 21st, 1902, the County of Essex has lost one of its most substantial and characteristic citizens. He was not prominently engaged in its public affairs as much as some other men of his age. But this was not from any want of information, or lack of interest or zeal in public matters. He was a retiring man, with strength of character, always exercising a strong and healthy influence which was widely and quietly felt. He was a great reader; a man who possessed and cultivated a literary taste far above the average of men of his time and pursuits in life. He never aspired to position or office, but was always at his post of duty with the loyalty of a citizen and the devotion of a Christian. The lines of his life were well laid, strong, consistent and enduring. He was united to his family for life, to his party to the full extent of his convictions, and to his church by a boundless faith. The

tenor of all his ways was even, thoughtful, deliberate; but always infused with an earnestness and lively sincerity which made the influence of his life much greater and more extensive than would be apparent to a casual observer. He belonged to that class of Essex county men who, beginning early in its enterprises, seemed to identify themselves with it and to stand out prominently in its work and history; and while others were more prominently engaged in political and other pursuits, Mr. Hale was quietly but none the less effectively engaged in building up healthy political, moral and religious sentiments. His was a substantial life and work. He was a good and true man, industrious, modest, useful, kind and charitable to all. He gave to the world all he had, took nothing from it, and never impeded its progress. He gave to the Union his eldest son, who died at Andersonville, in 1864, and to the country another worthy son who has done, and will do, nothing inconsistent with his memory.

Mr. Hale was born in Waterford, September 14, 1815; he married Nancy Moulton April 4, 1843, and they celebrated their golden wedding nine years ago. His wife died May 27, 1901. He is survived by a son, Hon. F. D. Hale, and a daughter, who is the wife of Judge Savage of Maine, and several grandchildren.

He was a fortunate old man. He belonged to a numerous family characterized by the strictest integrity and the highest respectability; pursued the most respectable avocation in the country, that of a farmer, in which

he was efficient and enterprising and reasonably successful. His personal relations were most friendly and harmonious, and those of his family characterized by quiet but unusual affection and devotion. After a long and useful life, running in harmony with all its relations to the world in conscious rectitude, he was tenderly borne from Maine to his home in Vermont where he went quietly to sleep,

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

RUSSELL S. TAFT.

WHILE Vermont was recently mourning the loss of prominent men representing her business enterprises, and her leading thoughts, actions and memories, each of whom had hastily followed his file leader into the unknown, she was startled by the loss of Hon. Russell S. Taft. He was a man that for many years had been growing, widening and deepening in the judicial system of the state, which has suddenly lost a part of its very self. Beside this an unusual number experience a personal calamity. When a man represents one of our most important institutions, and grows into the exercise of those influences on which the individual happiness and the prosperity of all depend, his loss is second only to the loss of a portion of those sacred principles which a free people hold most dear; and when a man so identifies himself with, and devotes himself to, one feature or department of the social compact as to become specially

proficient in it, he seems to become a part of it. So the state has lost him and a portion of its judicial system.

In society principles become men and men principles. They are merged and become identical. Principles have no vitality until into them is breathed the spirit of man. The extent to which our revered judge and beloved citizen breathed his spirit into the basic principles of the state measures the loss to our commonwealth of one of her most valued and cherished sons.

Looking upon the school of men a little older than Judge Taft, and who were on the stage of action during the most brilliant period of the Chittenden County Bar, we see men of such superior qualities that to rise steadily to prominence among them from the very beginning of an early carer, as Judge Taft did, would seem a thing incredible. There was Levi Underwood, a man with an abundance of legal knowledge, and a thrilling enthusiasm that bore the same relation to political and forensic enterprises that the drum beat does to the impulses of a crowd of men. And Daniel Roberts was there then, with unbounded mental resources, and as much acquisitiveness in the direction of legal knowledge as Grant ever possessed for the pursuit of military methods, and with like persistency and designs. And Edmunds was there, the Socrates of the bar, the great practical philosopher in law and statesmanship, following up many a retreating adversary with a series of propositions each one more destructive than its file leader, and backed by peculiar

demonstration and invective. And the precocious and brilliant French was there, with so fine and superior qualities that they could not endure long. And E. R. Hard was there in his prime, with flashing wit, a rich assortment of illustration, an excellent stock of legal learning, and an unusual kind of reasoning that was neither perfectly systematic nor disordered and made effective by unexpected developments and backed by immense native qualities. And Phelps was there, representing the highest ideal of legal chivalry, a man whom creation fashioned when in her most fastidious mood, and with the greatest contempt for anything gross; he was full of the most innocent artfulness; he ornamented legal principles without enervating them; he refined methods by which theories of the law should be practically applied without lessening their force or efficiency; he was one of the most (if not the most) polished and finely grained and highly tempered man both physically and mentally the state ever produced. It was up among such men as these (who were quickened by contact with the Washington County Bar at its brightest period) that Judge Taft steadily rose.

In the House of Representatives, a slim, youthful member, his body in limited contrast with a broad mentality, and wide, charitable and harmonious association with men and measures, he quickly identified himself with a large circle of friends and their various plans and purposes, and soon became fixed not only in the confi-

dence but in the affections of the people of the state. Then when he went to more important work, he was older, more serious and in nice correspondence with it. He was well equipped, not only in respect to his legal attainments and ability in legislation, but by a wide and favorable acquaintance throughout the state. He was not long exposed to common observation before his fitness for the bench became evident and he was speedily assigned his position in life by common consent, into which he went most fittingly, or rather nature placed him there in accordance with one of her own grand designs. There he at once began to take root and grow. He made no frantic attempt to jump or climb hastily up, but filled his position with contented yet zestful work, and steadily rose upon it to the end of his life. His elevation to the position of Chief Justice was mere form. It seemed more so than in the case of any other man who ever before occupied that position, because he was so much of the materialistic and matter of fact type that he would be independent of form or position. What he was, he would be entirely in and of himself. His personal qualities may not be manifest to a stranger reading Judge Taft's legal opinions, but they can easily be traced in his work by those acquainted with him. He keenly discerned the motives and designs of others, and the subtle influences which moved them, and he dealt with them (according to his approval or disapproval) by directing attention to generalities and results, and to just what would hurry the

fastest to the accomplishment of the purpose, and patiently gleaning up the details of a case, he would take the results and hardly embody even their implications in his statement of the law of the case. He dealt very little in details or inducements to legal conclusions, and seldom in anything by way of vindication of the opinion. In his statements of the law he seemed to assume that everybody reading them would be educated up to the specific point to which he was when he made them. Some men have a clear idea of a principle of law, but when they state it the statement is apt to be not correct law. Judge Taft not only knew the law, but his statements were accurate law, and their lucidity often redeemed them from a want of statement of even the inducement to his legal conclusions. A student not much advanced in the science of law might take up one of Judge Taft's opinions, read it, and not perceiving the sources from which his conclusions came, put it away in indifference, and then take up a less meritorious opinion, in which a history of all its sources is given, and all the interesting processes through which results were obtained are detailed and worked out, and read that with delight. It is true that Judge Taft was not so much an instructor of the people in the nature, origin, growth, processes and purposes of the law as some others, but he was handy and strong in turning a case all up to the light, and getting at the law and applying it with the perfect impartiality of nature, whose favorite child he was. He was inclined to be obedi-

ent to the decisions of Vermont Courts because he thought they knew better the nature of our institutions and our people and their wants than outsiders did. And his analagous reasoning of the law was also largely founded on the nature and situation of its subjects. But how empty and futile seems the attempt of the man who undertakes to analyze the mental qualities of another, he comes so far short of stating his own conceptions of their excellence! We all know that Judge Taft was a very superior judge, possessing very strong native qualities, and an unostentatious firmness in decision, and executive though quiet force, that is truly admirable. He was looked upon most in his character as a judge. Whatever his peculiar notions may have been outside of that, they were scarcely noticed, the people were so well contented with him as a judge. Yet as deeply as he was buried in his work he did not lose his other characteristics. He had as tender and affectionate a side as almost any other man, and his death is a personal loss to a very wide circle of friends. His broad charity and humanity went on undiminished. He never abandoned his favorite authors, who seemed to be to him living associates. His love of his state and his friends kept pace with the development of his other faculties. He took a lively interest in every community in the state. He had visited nearly every town in it, and probably had true personal friends in each one of them. His going anywhere to hold court was looked forward to with warm social anticipations, as

well as great respect. He had acquaintances and friends everywhere in the state, and knew, even to the day and date of their birth, the age of nearly every public man in the state.

His long, steady and uninterrupted growth in the knowledge of law, his happy association with the members of the legal profession and their numerous clientages, and the pleasant accumulating memories of a long life work, had made him so integrally a part of the social, political and legal substance of Vermont, that the news of his death swept like a chilling wind through all its borders. Of those starting with him few are left. He recently named them and gave their ages. They are standing today on the brink, mourning the taking off of one than whom the loss of none of them could have been greater. So many are gone that the survivors have a feeling akin to that of the last of retiring banqueters. So many are gone that long associations with them incline the remainder to seek them, and make those left behind less reluctant to follow those gone before, even into the chambers of death. Let us seek consolation in congratulations on our good fortune in having our paths (though many of them more obscure and less cultivated) extend along so near to the way so industriously and faithfully worked, and so studiously embellished by him.

HIRAM A. HUSE.

THE death of Hiram A. Huse of Montpelier suggests the thought that no man of virile qualities dies without leaving the memory of characteristics which may profitably be recalled to mind for instruction and imitation. Never perhaps since the genial light of the life of the late Dugald Stewart went out have so many individual hearts in Vermont been lost for the time in the shadows of death, as when the cloud rose over the wayside inn where our brother sought temporary and found eternal rest. So agreeable and kindly, and so universal was the radiation of his personality, and so much was he in touch with almost everybody in all parts of the state, that men feel the loss more in common than when only a locality in the state is involved. No struggling brother, with scanty library and limited knowledge of where best to seek for the information he required, ever sought our friend's aid in vain. He was sure to be handed a book or referred to sources of information.

Mr. Huse was by nature adapted to the position of State Librarian. That position kept him in touch with the books and the most refreshing thoughts of the time, and with men all over New England, for whom he acted as interpreter and guide. He extended his kindly offices alike to all. He gave to all who asked much time which he might have coined. He wore his life away, in a large measure, by following the inducements of his noble and generous nature. The social essence of his thoughts and impulses permeated his companionships and warmed and encouraged the wide circle of his comradeship.

But we must not let even tender sorrow for the dead hide the real impress of their lives, nor forget the lessons they have been teaching. The life of our friend has taught us what a man in our country, under our institutions and advantages, can grow to be by simply surrendering himself to the influence of his surroundings. It is true that he was an uncommon commoner. His largeness came by continual accretion, by constant observation and unceasing appropriation. By mental process he always seemed to be transforming external objects into mentality. He did not suddenly discover some bright features in the world of thought and then run and boastingly display them as a personal attribute of himself. But he sat coolly, thoughtfully and interestedly amid the boundless wealth of knowledge which surrounds us all, and out of his own qualities and appropriations from the general stock of knowledge, grew to be one of the most

impressive individualities in the state.

No title or degree sat well on him, except that of—a man. There are some who seem to be a fit and corresponding annex to a title. This is because the title is so much compared with the man. But our friend, though still young and vigorous, had risen above the atmosphere of tawdry and bedizened tokens of worth or eminence. Such men cannot grow in knowledge and strength and virtue unnoticed, and that appreciation comes to them which toiling, patient and modest merit always wins.

Life has three stages; creation, development, and decay. The first and third touch and belong to the eternities, but the second is either the pride and glory or the shame of man. Our friend died in the glories of a common work, a largeness in good, clean, substantial things. He was not trammelled by technicalities, though accurate and systematic. His field of legal and miscellaneous observation was wide. He knew well the history of legislation, not only in our state but in England, from the beginning of legislation, on each subject down through its modifications and varieties to the establishment of what are known as common law principles. His knowledge was that of a plain, strong, common sense and practical man, who gave promise of becoming the most useful man in the state. Meeting him on the street and introducing a subject he began to discuss it, and we walked the length of State street more than once before he concluded, and I left him with the wish that what he said was in print. It

showed so much familiarity with the subject that I was astonished. I soon afterwards heard him deliver an address on a kindred subject, and expected to hear a brilliant effort, but it manifested no more erudition or arrangement than his street talk, although he read from manuscript ; and so I concluded that he was not rich in thought today and poor tomorrow, but that he had a fruitful source of knowledge for every day and for everybody.

If the coming and going of learned and brilliant men was not in harmony with nature and creation, it would produce melancholy reflections to recall the scenes in Washington county courts enacted fifty years and more ago by brilliant actors, up to whom the men and boys of the valleys looked with wonder and admiration, and reflect that they are all gone—Dillingham who sounded all the depths and shoals of pathos and soul-stirring eloquence, the brilliant and scintillating Colby, the subtle and ingenious Redfield, the artful Vail, the strong, learned and persistent Peck, and all those whose voices sounded in those courts in scenes so impressive that we who saw them then can see the actors now as they were when living—are all returned to dust. Not one actor in those scenes of fifty years ago is living now. And the strong and willing men of this generation, less original, less resourceful, less inventive, but more learned in the law and more systematic in the thought and work, than those preceding them, are going one by one.

May the memory and stirring sentiments of those

men who have laid down a wealth of enterprise and learning and gone on, inspire in the minds of the living that studious and consistent courage which the times demand ; and may the strong support the weak where this blow falls heaviest in this heavy time of sadness—sad hearts, sad home, sad brethren, sad friends, and sad common-wealth.

WILLIAM W. GROUT.

SAD tidings at last while the clock is striking eight in the morning. How subdued and solemn the hour seems to strike! It always strikes so when we are lonesome, and when our thoughts are turned to quiet sadness. While the clock is striking now we pause and for a moment contemplate the magnitude and fullness of time, whose horologue has struck off almost unnoticed more than 350,000 hours since the enthusiastic young Grout, and the distinguished Bartlett of those days, came dashing into our village on an autumnal day between muddy roads and bright skies like those upon us now. The latter was exhibiting specimens of horse racing, which Gen. Grout used often to mingle in anecdotal form with those tales of wayside inns which the lawyers of that period were supposed to have on hand for any idle hour to illustrate each other's traits and fill the pauses in their enthusiastic lives. Those were zestful days, when every-

body spoke animating words and wore an animating presence. The pursuit of both enjoyment and knowledge and especially of professional skill, was hearty, intense, constant and enthusiastic. Forty years have made individualities less prominent. To the great credit of today, it may be said that more attention than formerly is given to the building of the whole, to the improvement of laws, customs, institutions, and whatever belongs to the stock of general good. At the same time he makes little proficiency in his work who loses sight of his own advancement and does not feel its inspiration. The judge, the lawyer, legislator or politician, who does not feel a thrill of pride in the beauty, symmetry, harmony and efficiency of his own work, is wanting in the essentials of his equipment. No longer ago than the time of which I am speaking so much interest would often centre in successful individuals as to attract public attention from their work to themselves. He was regarded with the greatest commendation who built himself up with the greatest industry, and justly too, to a certain extent, for no man can elevate himself in the scale without lifting others up.

Such ideas of the individual duties and destinies of young men prevailed to a large extent when the stirring figure of young Grout appeared. His nature was adapted to the times. He was open, frank and reliable. He was intensely ambitious. He was filled with ardent desires for success. He graduated as a legal student, went to the bar well equipped, and soon came to be recognized as

an active, aggressive man. His work attracted attention. As a lawyer and legislator he was somewhat impatient, and studied intensely the most available things for present use. He did not study theories, nor balance nor adjust counterparts and opposites in law and legislation, so much as he secured the field to gather all the information he could acquire, and learn the nature and uses of legal principles, so that he could have means of offensive or defensive contention, and he made such proficiency in their uses, backed by a perfect courage and an undaunted will, that he soon became quite formidable as a lawyer.

He had been laying the foundation of his professional career for four or five years when the war broke out, and like many other young men of the times his path became confused, but not for long. A temperament like his could not long resist the inducements of the stirring drum and so he went into the army, plainly induced by patriotism, because in order to do it he had to lay down the cherished ambition of his life, and his intimate friends know how deeply he regretted the interruption of his life work to defend his country. By a common chance in war he was not fortunate. His experience was unlike that of his brother, the Major, who went into the thickest of the fight and had the satisfaction among other things of meeting Moseby with desperate courage and coming off alive. The General's regiment, composed of the very best material, drilled and disciplined, equal to any emergency, was wanting in opportunities. It was a

source of great disappointment to the General and his men that they had not an opportunity to engage more actively in the war.

Resuming the practice of law, the General found the lines of his life work broken. His was a singular experience; for while yet quite a young man he had been forced by circumstances to take up two lines of life work, and he was interrupted and both of these broken up. Harmonious and happy domestic relations had been formed, and were swept away by the death of an affectionate wife and children. In these seemingly overwhelming calamities he found himself with nothing accomplished by way of permanent designs for life, but with a reputation, a character, and a possession of public esteem which were enviable, and with the remarkable qualities of courage, persistency and will that were never excelled by those of any other man in Vermont. And so he was on his feet again as ready and as fresh as in the beginning; and here is where he began again to build. He once more met defeat, but out of it he came triumphant, and marked the deep line of his life through fourteen years of uninterrupted success, which was more completely a matter of personal achievement than has been the case with any other man in this generation. His lines of thought undoubtedly had been hardened by defeat and constant antagonistic encounters; but through all the outward manifestations of his life he had shown a genial warmth.

He was humane, devoted to his followers, self-sac-

rificing, and has left a long, substantial, eventful, and most beneficial line of work. It will stand a defiance to the world to show that his constituents were ever represented by a man of more perfect courage; a man who ever defended the honor and glory of Vermont more valiantly than he did on many occasions, especially in his encounter with McCrarey of Kentucky; a man more cool, collected, and better up in the fine arts of debate than he exhibited on many occasions, especially in debates on the local conditions arising out of the government of the District of Columbia; a man who was in fuller sympathy with his constituency in their political faiths; a man who made more practical speeches in Congress, or speeches that attracted more flattering attention by their literary and historic merit. And especially does his career defy the production of a man, jealous of his own position of course, yet who would do more to make the benefits of the enterprise more lasting or more beneficial to each of his followers.

No man ever treated the complaints of injured subjects of the government better than he did. Those of the rich and the poor, the influential and the unknown, were treated with the same interest and devotion. He was imbued with a deep sense of the obligation of the government to its defenders, and the rights of the humblest of them were sacred to him.

His political designs and works were peculiar in some respects. They exhibited a most commendable

genius. He grew to be one of the most difficult men in the country to get off his feet in an encounter. He had a flashing blade that struck here and there when necessary to make way for his plans, but his desire to heal the wounds it made outran even the haste in which they were inflicted. His political work was ingenious, impact and in every way marked with solidness. His organization either in design or management seemed to be controlled by strongest inducements to unity. His following was composed mostly of young men of great respectability. His means were above board. His supporters seemed to be bound together by common sentiments, were kept in accord, and he knit each one of them into his designs and purposes in a way to make each feel a personal as well as a patriotic interest in them.

But to tell what a man does, only remotely tells what he is. If he perils his life for his country, does sacrificial acts in its behalf, secures an ancestral home in it, (not as a clannish proceeding, but as devotion to kinship, and as historic), it tells of patriotism, love of country, home, friends, and humanity generally. To see the inner man, one wants opportunity for absolute freedom of intercourse; to know of our late friend's literary taste and acquirements, required listening to him as he read from his favorite poet, Burns, or Bryant, who lately was fast rivaling Burns in his affections, or listening into the small hours of the night to his reading of some new philosophy of life with such busy mind that one could not tell which

had talked the most, the book or the reader. His mind was never idle, and the base and peaks of Vermont's military, legislative, and literary sentiments, show marks of his industrious visitation.

Fortunate man! He lived in glowing times that met the ardor of his nature. His work was speeded to the highest point, and when finished, he fell asleep in his grand old ancestral home in the happiest land on earth.

But for the living it is sad. It is a sad time for Vermont. It is a peculiarly sad time for her old school of men, each of whom has sustained heavy local and state responsibilities,—for their ranks are sadly broken. Six of their number have been suddenly and forever summoned away,

"And like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts comes o'er us
That fills our eyes with tears."

Where is Read, whose voice gave loud warnings of vicious legislation; Taft, the wise, humane and considerate judge; Estey, so largely identified with Vermont's industrial enterprises and progress; Hooker, whose deeds of daring were so numerous and varied as to furnish an illustration of every valorous feature in man; Huse, the friend and counsellor, furnishing a constant feast of law and every day philosophy to those around him; and Grout, the earnest man of law, letters and arms? They are all within the enclosure, beyond the poet's pictured massive gate, outside which those who remain are calmly waiting till its hinges turn for them.

READ



ESTLEY



TAFT

They are all

within the enclo-

sure beyond the poet's pictured massive gate,
outside which those who remain are
calmly waiting till its hinges turn
for them.

G.N.D.

HUSE



HOOVER



GROUT



DEATH taken all in all is not a misfortune.

WHY should we look with abhorrence on that which is an attribute of GOD himself, Who takes nothing from His universe, or His eternal plan !

GUARD the memory of these our friends, and in a brighter clime bid them good morning, for to me resurrection from death is no more a mystery than waking from sleep, save that we are more familiar with the latter.

ASK the god of reason if that can be which man has never seen, and he will tell you that all the years he has presided over the destinies of mankind it has been his peculiar province to make that seem to be which is, and yet is unseen.

DO not cut off the hope of an eternal sunrise on these graves.

THEN let us look on life and death so that our day here will be pleasant, and so that when it is done

“The night will be filled with music.”

G. N. D.

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